



JOHN A. SEAVERN







FOX-HUNTING  
FROM SHIRE TO SHIRE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR  
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## GOOD SPORT SEEN WITH SOME FAMOUS PACKS

1885-1910

With TEN PLATES (SIX IN COLOUR)

Numerous Illustrations in the Text

AND

A HUNTING NOTE BY THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.

EX-M.F.H. BLANKNEY

CONTENTS:—Peterborough Memories, 1881-1909—The Quorn at Kirby Gate—With Frank Gillard on a Lenton Brook Day—With the Cottesmore and George Gillson—A Hunt with the Duke of Beaufort—Good Grey Hunters—Blankney Reminiscences of Six Master-ships—Mr Charles McNeill and the North Cotswold—Two Belvoir and Quorn Joint Runs, 1884 and 1908—With the Earl of Lonsdale in the Woodland Pytchley Country—The Cambridge-shire Past and Present—Fox-hunting Jehus—Yorkshire Hunters and Hounds—With the Cottesmore and Arthur Thatcher—The Marquis of Exeter's Hounds—With the Belvoir from Coston Covert to Woodwell Head—Notes from the Belvoir Kennel.

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THE EARL OF LONSDALE'S TOAST OF THE EVENING AT BARLEYTHORPE  
"THE KING, THE LADIES, AND FOX-HUNTING!"

# WITH MANY NOTED PACKS

A COMPANION VOLUME TO  
'GOOD SPORT, SEEN WITH SOME FAMOUS PACKS'

BY

'WHIPSTER' OF *THE FIELD*

AUTHOR OF 'FRANK GILLARD'S REMINISCENCES'

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY  
CAPTAIN E. PENNELL ELMHIRST

EX-MASTER OF THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY  
AND 'BROOKSBY' OF *THE FIELD*

WITH THIRTEEN PLATES (SIX IN COLOUR) AND  
OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS THROUGHOUT THE TEXT



LONDON

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON AND CO.

1912



## P R E F A C E

MANY of these chapters have been prompted by kind friends and companions of the chase, to whom I am indebted for instructive hours spent with hounds. That the experiences of sport enjoyed with the Belvoir and many other packs, now appear as a volume, is due to the fact that it has been my privilege to chronicle the doings of the chase for the sporting-press, during many seasons hunting. My best thanks, for courtesy received from kindly editors, to reproduce many a story and picture of sport, I gratefully subscribe to the *Field*, *Land and Water*, *The County Gentleman*, *Graphic*, *Daily Graphic*, *Vanity Fair*, *Sporting Pictorial*, *Crown*, *Grantham Journal*, *Peterborough Advertiser*, *Sportsman*, *Baily's Magazine*, and *Fores Magazine*.

Two of the illustrations from the pencil of my father, the late "Cuthbert Bede," are of historical interest; for many made at the same period have been acquired by collectors. To my brother, the Rev. H. W. Bradley, vicar of Wrenbury, Cheshire—ex-whipper-in of beagles, and follower of the Belvoir and Cheshire whenever a horse is available—I am indebted for valuable help, when editing this volume. Lastly, I realise that Captain Pennell Elmhirst, "Brooksby" of the *Field*, for forty seasons the acknowledged chief of hunting correspondents, has

bestowed a great honour to these efforts of mine, by writing the Introduction. Once more I would thank kind sportsmen and critics who last year made the first volume of this hunting series—"Good Sport seen with many famous packs, 1885-1910"—an encouraging success both at home and abroad.

CUTHBERT BRADLEY.



"Forrard," the watchword of the Chase



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## INTRODUCTION

“ Help us to read in the pastime we treasure  
Something that raises mankind as we write ;  
Something above a mere craving for pleasure,  
Shade of Whyte-Melville, it'll lead us aright.  
Help us to find in the soul-stirring chorus,  
Which rings through the woodlands, and floats through the sky,  
Something that brightens the pathway before us ;  
Spirit of friendship ! still stir us to try.”  
—Mr W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS, M.F.H.

To combine talent of pencil with facility of pen and story, is not given to many—but the author is so gifted—and his readers may enjoy the best of sport in these galloping pages. The power of worthily depicting a foxhound on the flags—as he should be, or in the individual instance, as he may be—alone puts Mr Cuthbert Bradley in a foremost place. He knows, and conveys the why and wherefore of requisite shapeliness, as perhaps only a pupil of Frank Gillard could, to the satisfaction of modern-day critics. It is a creed that the best at Belvoir is the best of foxhound symmetry—each section of the admirable frame being specially adapted to the carrying out of the work required. The foxhound in action is another study, so that an artist must be also a sportsman, and a practical rider to hounds, as in the present instance. Add to this, that the volume is embellished with character sketches of well-known hunting men in many

counties ; it will be granted that there is ample material to gratify the eye and rouse the interest of the sportsman. Works on active sport are all the more attractive for being fitly illustrated—fox-hunting especially lending itself to such development—and when the illustrations are in the hands of the author, they lighten and brighten his story.

“ BROOKSBY ”

(Captain E. Pennell Elmhirst).

BLISWORTH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,  
*December 1911.*



Frank Gillard, 1870 to 1896, huntsman to the  
Duke of Rutland's Hounds

# FOX-HUNTING FROM SHIRE TO SHIRE

## CHAPTER I

### PETERBOROUGH AND THE FITZWILLIAM HUNT

The King patron of the Peterborough Foxhound Show—Sport and agriculture meet in the summer at Peterborough—The ancient history of the Church and the Chase, by Cuthbert Bede—Bishops and Abbots hunting their packs of hounds from parish to parish, 1100—The multitudinous duties of the clergy to-day, 1911—The Bishop of Peterborough's sympathy with the chase and Tom Firr's testimonial—King Edward VII. subscribes to a huntsman's worth—Mr Hugo Meynell's hounds matched against the Milton hounds, 1768—The Fitzwilliam from Milton win at the first foxhound show held in Yorkshire, 1859—Winners again at the Peterborough jubilee show 1909—The speech on the occasion by Earl Fitzwilliam, D.S.O., M.F.H.—An opinion on hound shows by Commander W. B. Forbes—The old Milton kennels and huntsmen who have served during the past 140 years—Mr George C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam the present master, and his ancestors—Mr C. B. E. Wright as a huntsman and hound-breeder at Milton—Conservatism of the pack—Antony Trollope a follower of the hunt in the 'sixties—Frank Gordon—Alex. Goodman—The Duchess of Hamilton—The Marquis of Huntly—The Woolpack Inn, Connington Lane—Tom Sebright, huntsman from 1821 to 1861, his method of handling a pack, his strains of blood—What the Druid said about the influence of Milton blood for other kennels—George Carter's, huntsman 1861 to 1888, style of getting across country and his favourite hounds—What Mr G. S. Lowe said about the influence of the Milton blood to other kennels—Mr George Fitzwilliam's and Will Barnard's triumphs at the Peterborough hound show, 1910, with Rector and Frantic—The Milton puppy shows and the 120 walkers—The names of those who ride with the Fitzwilliam, past and present—Covert owners—Mr J. M. Richardson's 'varsity days with the Fitzwilliam—The late Lord Chesham hunting from the Haycock at Wansford—The part he played in the South African War—King Edward VII. suggests the Imperial Yeomanry helping England in her darkest hour, 1899—Colonel the Hon. W. A. Lawson's speech—A tribute to Lord Chesham's noble character—The new grounds for the Peterborough Foxhound Show in Coronation year—The record gathering, and record show—Grafton Rakish the foxhound star of Coronation year.

“ And after the hunting was over there came  
 A time when Ranter was covered with fame ;  
 For the Peterborough verdict was ‘ special and cup ’  
 For the hound that we reared at the farm as a pup.”

—*Rhymes in Red.*

By W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS, M.F.H.

“ But of all the best sportsmen who rode in the van  
 There was none like the Master, and few like the man ;  
 They came out from Milton a glorious clan,  
 And went like the deuce in the morning.  
 With his toe in the stirrup its hopeless to try  
 To overtake ‘ one George,’ for he seemeth to fly  
 The ‘ other,’ though heavy, will give the go-by  
 To many good men in the morning.”

—*Old Fitzwilliam Hunting Song.*

“ THE King’s health, God save the King !” the first toast at the annual Peterborough Foxhound Show, is the signal for an assembly of sportsmen, representative of the United Kingdom, to rise as one man to drink the health and long life of “ the Patron of fox-hunting,” King George V., who succeeds King Edward VII.

The noble pile of Peterborough Cathedral inspires lofty sentiments when modern-day pilgrims, the elite of every hunting country in England, wend their way annually to take part in the premier event of the foxhounds of Great Britain. It is a solemn assembly of expert opinion which foregathers in the Cathedral city, around the judging ring of the foxhound show, to decide the merits of the pick of the kennels of England, and set the type and standard for the modern weapons of the chase. That sport and agriculture, year by year, hold high festival under the shadow of the Cathedral, is in keeping with the best traditions, doubtless bringing many virtues in its train. From time immemorial, Church and the Chase have been the two great humanising influences in the existence of



man, possessing a common origin, for the dignitaries of the Church in ages gone by were the pioneers of the Chase.

My father, the late "Cuthbert Bede," was all his life the incumbent of various country livings in the Fitzwilliam, Cottesmore, and Belvoir countries, and—as did the late Canon Kingsley—took the keenest interest in hunting lore, though he never rode to hounds. The following is a quotation from one of his writings<sup>1</sup>:—"Dean Stanley, in his Historical Memoirs of Westminster Abbey, tells us that Edward the Confessor, with ecclesiastics in his train, would spend days together hawking and cheering on his hounds. The Clergy, as a matter of course, took part in all sports of the field; and despite the prohibition of Councils, they continued to hunt and hawk with a determination not to relinquish their popular pastimes. Mitred bishops and Abbots gave the lead to the inferior Priests and Deacons; and as Bishops and Abbots were, at that time, feudal lords, their vassals looked to them to countenance the sports of the field. Walter, Bishop of Rochester, in the tenth century, was a vigorous episcopal follower of the hounds; and, even in his eightieth year, would not forego the favourite sport, neglecting his diocesan duties in order that he might gratify his love for hunting. An Abbot of Leicester, in the eleventh century, is recorded to have been an eminent hunter of hares. Abroad it was the



<sup>1</sup> From an article by the late Rev. Edward Bradley—"Cuthbert Bede"—author of "Verdant Green" in *Fores Magazine*, 1888.

same, and when the Abbots and Monks of St Denis had been forbidden to waste their time by hunting, they represented to Charlemagne that the flesh of hunted animals was salutary for sick monks, and that the skins of the slain were useful for binding their service books.

“When Bishops, at that early period, made an Episcopal Visitation of their diocese, they took with them hawks and hounds, as indispensable portions of their baggage, so that they might agreeably vary business with pleasure, and mingle the ‘utile’ with the ‘dulce.’ When a Bishop did not take in his train his own hawks and hounds, he looked for them to be supplied to him, either by the leading laymen of the neighbourhood, or, failing that, by the local Priest. The Archdeacon did the same at their Visitations, which made the tax upon the country clergy still heavier than the later payment of Synodels and Decretals. Indeed, so burdensome became the grievance, that when the Archdeacon of Berkshire made his Visitation, the Clergy were specially exempted by Alexander the Third from providing him with hawks and hounds. The Archbishop of York, in 1321, was a mighty hunter, and had in his train a pack of hound and two hundred retainers. The various Abbeys on his route were required to support both retainers and hounds; and the jovial Archbishop enjoyed himself by hunting from parish to parish, at the expense of his hosts.

“During Lent, hunting was stopped both for Clergy and Laity; and the Good Sergeanty—as he was called—of the fifteen buck hounds that formed the royal pack in Northamptonshire, in 1317, had to maintain the hounds at his own expense, but was recouped by a grant, rent free, of seventy acres of

arable, a house, yard, and twenty-four acres of wood. . From the time of King John, the manors of Pitchley and Gidding were held by Sergeanty for the hunting of foxes and wild cats in all forests in Northamptonshire, Rutland, Leicestershire, Oxfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Bucks. But, in 1373, an enquiry had to be made, that, in consequence of the tenants of the manor of Pitchley and Gidding being ladies who did not hunt, the whole, of Rockingham Forest was full of foxes." Then my father, who resided in the Peterborough diocese, for about forty years, goes on to say :—

"In these days of clerical activity and supervision, when so much is—very properly—expected of a clergyman—when he is periodically looked up and examined by those who are set in authority over him, as to his parochial work and duties, with long strings of questions, to which he is expected to give definite answers,—when he has to attend Episcopal and Archidiaconal Visitations and Conferences, and Ruridecanal Meetings, Church Congresses, Clergy Retreats, Diocesan Associations, Mission Services, Boards of Education, and what not, in addition to Schools, Clubs, Societies, Institutes, Mothers' Meetings, and the like—in a way that was utterly unknown to his bewigged predecessors in the early part of the century—there does not seem to be a fragment of time, or the ghost of an opportunity for a town parson, and very little leisure even for a country parson, to devote himself to the pleasures of the Chase."

It is a congratulation to all sportsmen who cherish the best traditions of the Chase, that the see of Peterborough to-day is presided over by a Bishop—the Right Reverend the Hon. Carr Glyn—whose sympathies are with fox-hunting, and whose

leisure moments have been invigoratingly spent in the saddle. The signature of the present Bishop of Peterborough was one of those most prized in the testimonial headed by the late King Edward, subscribing to the worth of the great Tom Firr, "the finest huntsman who ever blew a horn."

Peterborough is a name we instinctively associate with the foxhound, just as Newmarket is with that of the racehorse ; moreover, for the last quarter of a century the famous city has established "a half-way house," between one season and the next, where hunting people from all over the world meet at the hound show during the first week of July.

The history of the chase and the Fitzwilliam Hunt, whose kennels are at Milton by Peterborough, are inseparably linked together, for it is one of a few great family packs which came into existence rather more than 150 years ago and has never changed hands, though others have *pro tem*, held short periods of mastership. As far back as 1768, it is recorded that ten couple of the Fitzwilliam hounds were matched for speed against Mr Hugo Meynell's, which were considered the best of their time, but Milton Darter and Druid outpaced the lot, and won the match. The pack also had the honour of being shown at Redcar Hound Show, instituted by Mr Tom Parrington, on September 9, 1859, during the mastership of Mr George Fitzwilliam's father, and two hounds, by name Hardwick and Friendly, won first prize at this the first hound show open to all England.

Illustrating how the far-famed Milton blood has maintained its supremacy, as a potent factor in breeding the best animal of its day ; at the Jubilee show of the Foxhound Society, at Peterborough July 7, 1909, the winners of the silver cup pre-

sented by Mr Thomas Parrington for the best couple, dog and bitch, was won by Milton Saladin, 1906, a light tan hound with family characteristics, well sprung ribs, good bone and substance, the sire of Saladin being Potent (1901), a son of Wentworth Proctor (1898), and Tynedale Ardent (1898); and the dam Sanguine, a Peterborough champion (1906), by Analyst, out of Sacred, by the Duke of Buccleuch's Somerset.

The bitch hound shown with Saladin was his daughter Saucebox (1909), from Tactless by Melrose, a winner the day before in the entry of her own kennel. The other packs that competed for the Jubilee cup were the Cattistock, Cleveland, Essex and Suffolk, Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire, Meynell, Southdown, and Warwickshire. The judges were Captain W. Peacocke, M.F.H. and Mr J. Maunsell Richardson. The President for the year was the present Earl Fitzwilliam, D.S.O., M.F.H., who in a speech at the luncheon, said: "It is singular that in 1859 the cup was won by two hounds from Milton, which were shown by Tom Sebright—Hardwick and Friendly—and that this year the special prize has been secured by the same kennel. We live in strenuous times, which appear likely to become more strenuous, for they affect the land, and through the land, fox-hunting. All ought to look not only to the sport we are enjoying, but to the future, and it is evident that the future of hunting depends upon the behaviour of fox-hunters themselves and the goodwill of everyone concerned, whether hunting continues. The countries which show the best sport are the best organised in every way, and they are the countries which concerned themselves most with regard to the interests of the non-hunting as well

as the hunting men. It is fifty years since the foxhound show was started, and we hope that it will be fifty times fifty before this show experiences an ending."

Commander W. B. Forbes, R.N., "Maintop," author of that delightful standard work "Hounds, Gentlemen please!" has written, "The utility of the Peterborough hound show has been questioned by some, but it appears to me most desirable, as I have already said, that a standard type of foxhound should exist. Wise men have decided what points are desirable in his frame, and they can do no more; but this type one ought to be able to see at Peterborough if anywhere. Visitors to the show may keep the winners in their minds, and if they have hounds at home may get hints as to what kennels they should go to, to seek for blood that will correct any very glaring faults in their own. . . . There is an extraordinary fascination about the 'cult of the foxhound,' and if the Peterborough Show did no other good, I am sure that it has helped to make many folk take an interest in hounds, who would never have done so had it not been the fashion to 'go to Peterborough.'"

The Milton kennel, as befits such an historical pack, has an old-world look about it, more suggestive of an ancient ivied fortress than an up-to-date kennel. Sheltered by magnificent oaks, which are a great feature of the park, and some of the largest in England, it is an ideal setting—with its herd of deer and heronry—for the home of a pack possessing so splendid a record. When staying at Milton to enjoy a woodland day in the huge forest of Bedford Purlieus by Wansford, Mr Fitzwilliam showed us a fine collection of pictures, which in-

clude a life-size portrait of his father's favourite hound, Bluster, hanging on the wall of the smoking room, resembling in type the present occupants of the benches.

Like the Belvoir, the Fitzwilliam have been well managed by huntsmen, the acknowledged best of their time, holding long tenures of office, Will Deane, Tom Sebright, and George Carter accomplishing nearly 130 seasons between them, from 1760 to 1888. During old George Carter's kennel management, the pack reached a very high standard of excellence, sweeping the board of prizes at Peterborough, year after year. In chase they have always been distinguished for nose, tongue, and drive, and packs who turned to them for improvement in the past, are to-day grateful for the stout Milton blood which comes out top, whether in the field or on the flags.

Undoubtedly the nature of the country over which a pack has hunted for generations plays a very important part in the formation of character; and the varied conditions, under which the Fitzwilliam hunt, have always been considered conducive to develop those sterling qualities which distinguish the foxhound. In an area of country thirty by twenty miles, which lies in Huntingdonshire and parts of Northamptonshire, quite forty per cent. is strong plough, with a certain amount of rich fen land, twenty per cent. woodland, and forty per cent. pasture. Preserving foxes for a succession of Fitzwilliams almost amounts to a religion, and the 'following' numbers scions who for generations have farmed and hunted in the country, as their fathers did before them :

The old strains have been bred up to by the present master (Mr George C. Wentworth Fitz-

William) entering heart and soul into the duties of the chase, and of late years the home kennel has secured a large share of honours when competing on the flags at Peterborough. The type of hound now in the Milton kennel resembles those which made the woodlands ring with melody in the days of old George Carter. The present huntsman, Will Barnard, came to Milton to carry the horn in 1900, and is the right man in the



Shades of Tom Sebright and George Carter salute Mr C. B. Wright, gentleman huntsman.

*From "Land and Water," November 1895.*

right place, early in life acting as whipper-in to George Carter for four seasons, and for a wonder, working in harmony with the old huntsman. Now, on the occasions of the hound show, he is to be seen wearing as many ribands in his buttonhole as his former successful commander-in-chief.

The history of the Milton kennel was described by the late Mr G. S. Lowe very concisely in the *Field*.

"There were two Earls Fitzwilliam who preferred Milton—whence one of the titles is taken—to the greater seat of Wentworth, in Yorkshire; but the



Lord Fitzwilliam who succeeded in 1857 established another pack of hounds in the northern country, and his brother the Hon. George Fitzwilliam reigned at Milton, watching over the destinies of the great family pack. Lord Fitzwilliam—the late Earl<sup>1</sup>—whose presence at the Peterborough hound show



Mr George C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, master of the Milton Hounds.

*By permission of the Peterborough Advertiser.*

delighted all, from King Edward downwards, acted a very generous part towards the Fitzwilliam Hunt, as on the fatal accident to his brother, the Hon. George, he took it into his own hands so that it should continue during the minority of his brother's heir."

The present master, Mr George C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, succeeded to the pack and the Milton property on the death of his father, the Hon. George,

<sup>1</sup> In 1882, the late Earl Fitzwilliam entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales—afterwards King Edward and Queen Alexandra—who attended the Peterborough Show and afterwards shook hands with the huntsman, George Carter.

the result of a hunting accident in 1874. He was, however, a minor, only eight years old, so the trustees appointed the Hon. Charles W. W. Fitzwilliam to watch over the embryo master's interests ; this arrangement lasted three seasons, 1874 to 1877, when the Marquis of Huntly, a keen sportsman and large landowner in the neighbourhood, acted as master until 1880. A cousin of the present master, the Hon. W. Thomas W. Fitzwilliam, since deceased, held office for seven years, when the rightful master, who then held a commission in the Blues, took the command for one year, 1887-88, but gave it up, not being sufficiently interested with the duties. Mr Henry Wickham, who married a sister of the Marquis of Huntly, then followed with a four years' mastership, 1888 to 1892, to be succeeded by a very fine horseman, Mr Joshua Fielden, who filled up the gap until 1895. Mr George Fitzwilliam then assumed the mastership, seeking the co-operation of his friend Mr Charles B. E. Wright, who had just finished sixteen seasons' mastership to the Badsworth. Mr Wright hunted the hounds himself for six seasons, by which time the present master had come with Mrs Fitzwilliam to reside at Milton, and since 1901 has made one of the keenest masters and most successful hound-breeders that ever presided over the destinies of the ancient kennel.

When writing of Peterborough and its associations with fox-hunting, which centre around the far-famed Milton hounds, it was our intention to try and find an unwritten page of hunt history. But we realise that the 1911 chapter of the hunt is nearly identical with what others recorded years before we were born ! For a century and a half the pack has been owned by a Fitzwilliam, served by huntsmen who, during long tenures of office, have carried out the

same system of breeding, and to-day the occupants of the benches at Milton possess the same strains of blood which did so much to establish the original pack first hunting the country. Even the names of those following the hounds are links with those who rode and occupied the broad acres, when the dawn of the chase established country life and moulded the character of the English gentleman. Well may it be said "Happy is the community which has no history," for so it is with the Milton kennel presided over by Mr George Fitzwilliam.

In the 'sixties, a friend of my father, the late Anthony Trollope, hunted with the Fitzwilliam from Stilton, the guest of Sir Mordant Wells, many years a follower of the hunt. A very hard worker, the famous novelist would hunt all day, writing during the early hours of the morning, and it was during these visits Anthony Trollope modelled his Rector of Clavering, who was episcopally forbidden to follow the hounds.

A good hunter and a bold rider are a *sine qua non* to get to hounds in a country like the Fitzwilliam, which is strongly fenced, and in a wet season rides on the deep side. From its earliest history it has always been considered a school for riding and hound-work, and there are many famous names in hunting annals who have enjoyed their best and longest spell of sport with the Fitzwilliam; to mention two of the best who ever rode a run, Mr Frank Gordon and Mr Alec Goodman.

Here is a pen sketch by one who knew these two fine horsemen at their best<sup>1</sup>:

"To praise Frank Gordon's riding is scarcely needful, for wherever hunting men congregate, there his name is known, the opinion being that he could

<sup>1</sup> *Land and Water*, March 1874.

make a horse go across country if he had any jump or go in him. Probably no man in England was his superior either in riding to hounds or teaching a young horse. Equally well known in Leicestershire, was his brother George, bred and born in the Belvoir Vale, few men having left greater reputations behind them. Alec Goodman was another celebrity with hounds after his steeple-chase days were over, sailing across country with the nerve of a boy, possessing that same quiet confidence, combined with a good eye for country, which carried him through many a hard race and long-sustained run. The late Duchess of Hamilton, when Lady Mary Montague, rode straight to hounds with few superiors for courage and horsemanship, and when the Duchess chose George Carter as her partner at the tenants' ball at Kimholton, she paid a compliment to the sport she loved so well. The Marquis of Huntly, not content with keeping plenty of foxes in his coverts at Orton, was a real good man across country in George Carter's time, as were his brothers, the late Lord Douglas and Lord Esme Gordon, together with the Ladies Gordon to support the family name."

Somewhere in the 'forties my father held a first curacy to the Rev. George Wingfield at Glatton, a village between Stilton and Huntingdon, lodging at the Woolpack Inn, Connington Lane, on the Great North Road. The Inn was kept by people of the name of Jenkins, whose daughter married a Percival, proprietor of the Haycock Inn at Wandsford, in the palmy days when over a hundred hunters and coach horses were stabled there. To the Woolpack Inn the Fitzwilliam hounds and hunt staff came over-night when hunting the woodlands towards Huntingdon, and Tom Sebright

used to go to my father's room to have a talk with him before going to bed, whilst the whippers-in, following the custom of the times, made a night of it, singing and dancing. The great Tom Sebright was the gentleman of his profession, his character inspiring the pen of "The Druid" with perhaps his prettiest bit of wondrous word-painting.<sup>1</sup> "Starting life at Quorn under 'Squire' Osbaldeston, from whose tuition he learnt the first precepts of that science



*From a picture by the late Cuthbert Bede, March 22, 1854]*

The Woolpack Inn, Connington Lane, Hunts.

which he afterwards brought to a perfection seldom attained,—in common with Goosey, Will Goodall, and some few others, whose names are landmarks in hunting history,—Sebright is said to have combined confidence in his own hounds with the power of giving them confidence in him and his decision. For instance, he would sit on his horse and let hounds cast themselves over a field, without rendering assistance until he saw them, according to his judgment, palpably at fault or in need of help. Then he would make a cast, which, as he had the previous experience of his hounds to guide him,

<sup>1</sup> *Land and Water*, March 1874.

could seldom be wrong, and the mutual confidence between a huntsman and his hounds thus established, accounts for the excellent hunting qualities which the Milton pack retained under George Carter, the pupil and successor of old Tom Sebright. When the great huntsman died in 1861, after forty years' service, he left George Carter his horn, and, as men say who remember the hounds in old Lord Fitzwilliam's time, the mantle of Sebright fell upon his successor. Sebright said that by careful breeding and selection a pack of hounds might be got together in twenty years, if after this period of tutelage hounds be carefully drafted and watched over for sixty years, more favourable conditions can scarcely be imagined. To that state of perfection the Fitzwilliam pack attained under George Carter." Will Barnard, his whipper-in, a clever huntsman, came to Milton in 1900, and has maintained the fame of the kennel.

For the benefit of those interested in hounds, I shall here shortly paraphrase an extract from "*Silk and Scarlet*," showing how and from what strains of blood Sebright bred during his forty years of service, from 1821 to 1861.

"The descendants of Druid, who won the trial at Hunts Closes, were generally dark tan, and Dreadnought was a great hound of the sort. Sebright found a great many blue pied in the kennel, descendants of a hound called Glancer, and he united these two strains with success, Lord Yarborough's celebrated Druid springing from the union. Lord Fitzwilliam had in his turn to thank the Brocklesby kennels for several descendants of a hound called Monarch, who himself became a member of the Milton pack, Sebright being accustomed to tell how he went right away from the pack

in a great run from Elton New Close. The Shiners have always been celebrated at Milton, a hound bred in 1824 from Lord Yarborough's and Lord Scarborough's kennels. The Oakley and Cambridgeshire kennels were at one time stocked by this hound. The Milton and Badminton kennels also appear to have reaped mutual advantages by Sebright's knowledge of breeding, the Fitzwilliam Hector proving valuable to the Duke of Beaufort, as did their Flyer render good service in return. Flamer, one of his sons, was a famous Fitzwilliam hound, said to have shown extraordinary aptitude for hunting when but a puppy, and to have specially distinguished himself in Aversley Wood, much to Sebright's delight. The Ottomans have also been very famous in these kennels."

George Carter was one of the tallest huntsmen of his time, besides being one of the best at his weight, for if horses could do it, with hounds he determined to be. It was extraordinary the apparently impenetrable places he could cram, and the thickest bullfinch had ultimately to yield to his blandishments. It was said of him that he rode through, rather than over, a country. That may be, but it was certain after the quickest burst he was sure to be at hand to assist hounds should they require it. As a huntsman, George Carter's position was indisputably in the first rank, and there is little doubt that he handed down the traditions of a science which Sebright taught him. A writer of his time once said, that his tenderness in handling hounds contrasted forcibly with the rough way he crashed through big fences. George Carter's favourite hounds between 1861 and 1888 (when he retired) were Stormer Somerset, Ringwood, Selim, Sultan, and Finder, and on his skill depended the excellence

of the hounds during the minority of the present master, Mr G. C. W. Fitzwilliam. That he brought them to such a pitch, so that they were invincible on the flags at Peterborough, redounds greatly to his memory for lasting fame.

Carter loved to tell of a hound called Bacchus, who was the most sagacious animal he ever saw, and unsurpassed in the field. Two of Lord Lonsdale's best hounds, viz., Chaser and Chanticleer, were by this sire. Amongst the crack kennels of England, few, if any, could be found that were not in the habit of recruiting from the famous blood at Milton, and the names of Bacchus, Boaster, Major, Manager, and Remus are well known to students of pedigrees.

The late Mr G. S. Lowe, when writing after a visit to the kennel about 1908, said, in an article to *The Field*, "The immense success of Royal—the hound which may almost be called the cornerstone of the late Sir Watkin Wynn's pack—can be traced to Milton, as he was by their Singer out of Brocklesby Rarity. Then the Tynesdale, the Oakley, and the Atherstone owe them much, and Frank Gillard used to say that he never hit on a better line in his life than when he took Prophetess, a Rallywood bitch, to Furrier, a son of Forester, and so got Fallible. At a later date Mr C. B. E. Wright, in his five years' management of the pack, did a lot of good, as he did not find all he quite liked, so brought in some blood that had gone to other good kennels from Milton, getting back his own. He had Ardent from the Tynesdale, and a young draft from the Grafton in which were Fortescue, Dorset, and Analyst. The sire of the Tynesdale Ardent was a Grafton hound called Artist; and I quite bear in mind Frank Beer expatiating on the Fitzwilliam



dog-hounds, for he had used Stormer Somerset, Ringwood, Selim, Sultan, and Finder—George Carter's favourites at his very best." In course of time Tynedale Ardent (1897) gave the kennel Harper (1903), by Atherstone Harper (1897), a stallion hound



*By permission of the "Peterborough Advertiser."*

Sampler (1910)

Rector (1906)  
Mesmerist (1906)

Saladin (1906)

The Milton Dog Hounds, 1911.

and wonderful workman, who won for Mr George Fitzwilliam and Will Barnard the champion cup at Peterborough in 1905. To mention the number of prizes and championships the kennel has won on the flags during the past twenty-five years would occupy a whole chapter in itself. To-day it is a great pack of hounds, the size and power being much as it used to be, the symmetry more cap-

tivating, and there is every indication of the old dash and devilry when on the line of a fox.

The Champion Cup at Peterborough in 1910 was won by Milton Rector (1907), a badger pied hound. Wonderfully symmetrical, and very well turned with great bone, he is perhaps about the truest made hound ever seen on the benches at Milton. A strong-backed hound, and perfectly straight, his breeding is all that could be desired, by Potent (1901), a son of Wentworth Proctor (1898) and Tynedale Ardent (1897), straining back to Milton Somerset (1872). The kennel was in winning form, for when the bitches came before the judges, the champion cup went to Frantic (1908), by Donovan (1906), the 1908 Peterborough champion, the dam of Frantic, being Fretful by Belvoir Stormer (1899).

On the eve of the Peterborough show, Mr and Mrs George Fitzwilliam entertain a large house party, the occasion for the annual puppy show on the flags at the Milton kennels. More often than not the prize-winners pass on next day to Peterborough to meet all comers, adding to their triumphs by winning further honours. It is a great day for the loyal puppy-walkers of the district, nearly one hundred and twenty couples being sent out each season, besides bitches to whelp at farmsteads.

The sport enjoyed by the wearers of "the green collar" is consistently good in a country which stretches from Huntingdon to Thrapston, and thence to Stamford and Peterborough. Possessing fine wild coverts, a fox is unlikely to be headed at every turn, because habitations are scarce in the Fitzwilliam country, and the population correspondingly small. Though essentially a strong plough country, for the most part spongy and heavy, followers accomplish longer spells of hunt-

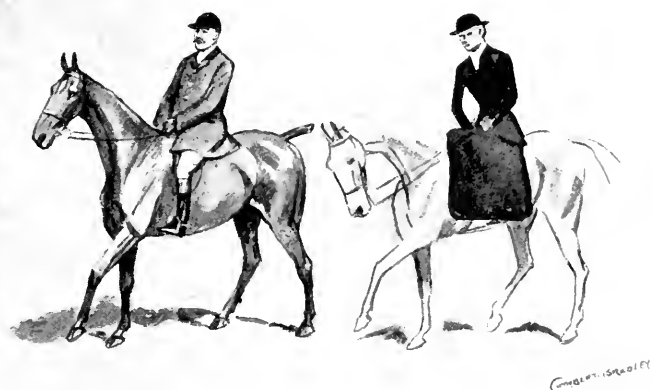
ing than is the case in grass countries, and the one-horse division have a chance to compete.

A field with the Fitzwilliam may include, besides the master and Mrs Fitzwilliam, "Master Toby" Fitzwilliam, Sir T. C. O'Brien of cricket fame, with the Misses O'Brien, the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, who, with their own pack from Burghley House, hunts by invitation a slice of the Fitzwilliam country two days a week; the Marquis of Huntly, ex-master, and his brother-in-law, Colonel Henry Wickham, also an ex-master, with Lady Ethel Wickham and Miss Molly Wickham; Mr H. C. Leonard Brassey, M.P., Lady Violet Brassey, and Master Bernard Brassey on "Snowball," from Apethorpe Hall, a property purchased from the Earl of Westmoreland; Col. the Hon. W. E. Cavendish, Miss Cavendish, Col. and the Hon. Lady Margaret Proby; Major J. Layton Mills, the hunt secretary, and Mrs Mills, with Master Charles and Miss Margot Mills from Tansor Court; the Duchess of Hamilton and the Marchioness of Graham from Tixover Grange; Lt.-Colonel J. L. Benyon from Thrapston; Mr Lionel Trower and Mr F. J. Peregrine Birch from Haddon; Colonel Fenwick from Longthorpe; Major Fergusson from Polebrook Hall; Mr and Mrs R. B. Dawes Cooke from Kimbolton; Mr Ismay, Lord and Lady Romney from Wansford, Mr W. Goddard Jackson from Duddington Hall, Mr Henry and Mr George Hunt from Stamford, with a great many seasons' sport to their record, General Hatchell from Finchshade Abbey, the Hon. N. Charles Rothschild of Ashton Wold, does not hunt but gives one of the smartest lawn meets of the season; Captain H. O'Brien, Mr C. I. Strong of Thorpe Hall, Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour of Wadenhoe, Mr

William Whitehead and Miss Whitehead, Captain Vipan of Stibbington Hall, Mr Gordon Wilson, Colonel Spilling of Biggin Hall, Mr L. B. Woodforde and the Misses Woodforde, the late Mr James Hornsby with Mrs Hornsby hunted with these hounds from Laxton Park; Mrs W. Scott, Miss Orlebar, Miss Fowke, Mr and Mrs Stanley Brotherhood, and Miss Helen and Sheila Brotherhood, Mr Lionel Digby, Mr and Mrs J. A. Dane, Mr Harvey Thomas, Captain Archibald Weigall, when living at Ape-thorpe, Captain and the Hon. Mrs C. Pelham from Stamford; Mr H. Gilliat, Captain and Mrs Hotham, Mr Shedden, Mr H. and P. Bradley, Mr J. A. Percival, Mr and Mrs Newton, Mr James Bonsor, Mr Fabling, the Messrs William, "Jimmy," and "Jack" Cheney, as well known between the flags as they are across country; Mr M'Kee, one of the best when hounds run over a stiffly fenced country; Mr T. H. Smith of Oundle, top of the heavy-weight division; Captain and Mrs A. Adams, Mr Andrew Percival, Mr James W. Barford, Mr and Mrs J. W. Rowe, Mr J. Soames, Mr Walter Maxwell, Mr A. V. Matson, Mr G. Percival, Mr F. Percival, Captain and Mrs Beatty, Mr and Mrs H. Fordham, Mrs E. Adams, Miss Roper, Miss Trollove, Mr and Mrs Bird, Mr Harry O'Brien, Mr E. Beck, Mr and Mrs Frank Nichols, Mr and Mrs Hinchcliffe, Captain and Mrs Best, Mr J. E. Little, Miss Vipan, Mr G. Shaw, Mr R. Winfrey, M.P., Mr P. C. Clarke, Mr S. Stokes, Mr Arthur and Walter House, Mr H. de Wilmot, Mr C. Thorp, Mr J. Crisp, Mr T. H. Walker, Mr H. S. Pyke, Mr Bettinson, Mr Kennedy, Mr Hugh Sampson. The Rev. Alan Chaplain, the Rev. G. Rooper, the Rev. M. C. Whitelaw.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. M. C. Whitelaw, "hon. Chaplain" of Fitzwilliam Hunt, on his hunter Methuselah.

The covert owners include the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Huntly at Orton by Peterborough, the Marquis of Exeter at Burley Park by Stamford, the Earl of Carysford at Lyvden, the Earl of Sandwich at Hinchbrook Castle, Lord Kesteven at Caswick Park, Lord Lilford at Lilford Castle by Oundle, Lord de Ramsey, Mr J. M. Heathcote at Connington Castle, and many others.



The late Lord Chesham, ex-master of the Royal Buckhounds,  
and Lady Chesham.

Amongst distinguished sportsmen who enjoyed a spell of hunting with the Fitzwilliam are Mr J. M. Richardson of Grand National fame, author of a delightful volume "Riding Recollections" and now joint-master of the Cottesmore,<sup>1</sup> who hunted regularly in the 'sixties when an undergraduate at Cambridge, for the University always sends a strong contingent of young blood. After the great war in South Africa, the late Lord Chesham, with Lady Chesham—a daughter of the first Duke

<sup>1</sup> Mr J. Maunsell Richardson died in his 66th year, January 21, 1912.

of Westminster—came to reside at the old Haycock Inn, Wansford, which they converted into a private residence, hunting with the Fitzwilliam and Cottesmore. Lord Chesham was the last master of the Royal Buck Hounds, after eight seasons' mastership to the Bicester, where he greatly improved the pack with purchases of Lord Henry Bentinck's blood. A fine example of an English gentleman! a leader of the chase, or the more serious business of war, a friend and genial comrade to all who had the good fortune to know him, next to death on the field of battle, he would probably have chosen the fate that befell him when hunting with the Pytchley in November 1907. Lord Chesham was the leader of the influential committee that organised the Imperial Yeomanry for the South African war, and took out the first battalion. In a letter, written on the 14th of that terrible December 1899—an extract of which appeared in the *Field*—when he thought himself on the eve of departure for South Africa with General Kelly Kenny, was the following pathetic sentence: "My son jealous, as his regiment does not go yet! But it's all right; as in partridge driving, old birds come first!" His splendid boy was killed on Diamond Hill.

In a speech at the Yeomanry dinner held at Melton Mowbray, January 1911, Col. the Hon. W. A. Lawson told the whole history of this great movement, saying that although he had served for over fifteen years with his regiment, the Scots Guards, the warmest corner in his heart was for the Imperial Yeomanry, for it was with them that he saw active service. Whatever traditions the Yeomanry might have had before 1900, they must always think of the great reputation which they gained in the South African war. Curiously enough,

he was at the commencement of the movement, because he happened to be present at Lord Burnham's shooting party which included the late King Edward and Lord Chesham. After dinner on one of the dark days in November, 1899, when things were going none too well with them in South Africa, his late Majesty said to Lord Chesham, "Why don't you raise a force of the yeomanry of England, for no man could do it better?" Lord Chesham said he would be very glad to do so, and they all knew with what result. No better force of soldiers ever left these shores than the first 10,000 Imperial Yeomanry who set out for South Africa, and it was for the Leicestershire yeomen to remember how well they were represented in that war. He could assure them that no man could do himself more good than by going through a period of military training, and no man could do it more favourably, and with more actual benefit to himself, than by joining the yeomanry of his county.

Lord Chesham's stud of hunters at Wansford included the horse General Villebois rode in the Boer War, having a bullet hole in one ear; he also hunted his South African charger, a grandly proportioned mare that stood nearly eighteen hands high. After the fatal accident with the Pytchley, the stud of six hunters were sold at Tattersall's, but did not include the horse which caused the disaster. The biggest crowd of the season assembled, and bidding was very keen. Pintail, a five-year-old brown gelding by Ninepins, winner of three point to points in Ireland, being knocked down for 380 gs.; two other hunters also reached 320 gs.; and the good price of 220 gs. was paid for the nine-year-old Holdenby, in spite of his "musical propensities." The stud of six aggregated 1560 gs., an average

of £273 each. One who knew him best wrote as follows :—

“<sup>1</sup> Lord Chesham’s career was consistently a manly example. It is no exaggeration to say there are thousands who mourn for one of the very best and dearest of good fellows. What a cheery, happy nature his was! and what is more, he had the knack of instilling joy and good fellowship all round him, in whatever company he found himself. What an admirable example he set to the many officers of all branches who passed through the Mess at Yeomanry Headquarters at Johannesburg. During all the time, one never heard an expression used or a story told that might not have been said before ladies, and that was solely due to his example. Yet the society was as genial as anyone could desire. Poor Chesham! Always the same when ever you met him, genial and pleasant to a degree.”

For Coronation year the Peterborough Agricultural Society started on new ground, erecting a handsome structure for the purposes of the fox-hound show which had reached its thirty-fourth year. The patron of the show is His Majesty King George, who acted in that capacity for the first time, the president for the year being the Marquis of Zetland. The judges for the dog-hounds were Colonel Robertson Aikman, and the Hon. L. J. Bathurst; for the bitch hounds Lord Leconfield, Mr Arthur Sowler, and Mr W. de P. Cazenove. The committee, on whose exertions the success of the show so much depends, was composed of the following gentlemen, the Marquis of Exeter, M.F.H., Mr G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, M.F.H., Major J. L. Mills, Major G. L. Wickham, ex-M.F.H., Colonel Henry Wickham, ex-M.F.H., Mr J. G.

<sup>1</sup> Brooksby’s Tribute in the *Field*.



Barford, Mr J. W. Buckle, Mr J. C. Cheney, Mr J. Crisp, Mr W. G. Maxwell, Mr F. Percival, Mr R. B. Walker, and Mr John R. Smart, secretary. The new grounds comprising twenty-three acres, acquired at a cost of £100 an acre, were formally opened by Lord Rothschild, the three days' show, favoured by glorious weather, attracting a record attendance.

The exhibits of hounds was also one of the largest that has been held, twenty-three packs being represented, the entries comprising forty-one couples and a half of dog-hounds, to fifty-one couples of bitches. The packs represented were the Albrighton, the Duke of Beauforts, the Cambridgeshire, the Cattistock, the Cotswold, the Dumfriesshire, the Essex, the Essex and Sussex, the Fitzwilliam (Wentworth), the Fitzwilliam (Milton), the Grafton, the Hurworth, the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, the Meynell, the North Northumberland, the Oakley, Lord Portman's, the Puckeridge, the Southdown, the Suffolk, the Vale of White Horse (Cirencester), the Warwickshire, and the Zetland.

Among those present around the flags were : The Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Waterford,<sup>1</sup> the Earl Bathurst, Lord Leconfield, Lord Middleton, Lord Annaly, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. A. E. Parker, Sir W. H. Cooke, Bart., Mr Penn Sherbrooke, Sir Robert Filmer, Bart., Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., Sir Robert Usher, Bart, Mr G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, Mr Esme Arkwright, Mr Edward E. Barclay, Mr Maurice E. Barclay, Mr Wilfred Bevan, Mr Richard Bower, Mr Albert Brassey, Mr Charles Brook, Mr John Clay, Mr Douglas Crossman, Mr Smith-Bosanquet, Mr W. C. Dawes, Mr G. P. E. Evans, Mr C. W. B. Fernie, Captain F. Forester,

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis of Waterford died December 1911.

Mr Gordon B. Foster, Mr George Lane Fox, Mr R. H. Gosling, the Hon. H. Vane, Mr W. E. Grogan, Mr Gerald H. Hardy, Mr Arthur Jones, Mr J. P. H. Heywood-Lonsdale, Mr W. M. Wroughton, Mr H. O. Lord, Major C. Gossett Mayall, Mr A. J. Meldrum, the Rev. E. A. Milne, Mr H. E. Preston, Mr Charles McNeill, Mr J. Ashton Radcliffe, Capt. W. P. Standish, Mr E. A. V. Stanley, Mr John C. Straker, Mr W. H. A. Wharton, Captain Pennell Elmhirst, Mr H. Whitworth, the Marquis of Exeter, Sir George Whichcote, Lord Lilford, Lord Penrhyn, Lord Milton, Hon. Henry Lygon, the Hon. L. J. Bathurst, the Hon. C. Brand, Sir W. M. Curtis, Bart., Sir Charles V. Gunning, Bart., Sir Henry Meredyth, Bart., Col. Robertson Aikman, Mr Richard Bankes Barron, Mr F. J. P. Birch, Mr H. L. C. Brassey, M.P., Mr W. de P. Cazenove, Mr Henry F. Compton, Mr Reginald Corbet, Mr H. P. Cross, Mr Walter Fenwick, Captain James Foster, Mr J. S. H. Fullerton, Lieut.-Col. Basil Hanbury, the Rev. Cecil Legard, Mr H. V. Machin, Mr T. Butt Miller, Mr J. L. Mills, Mr J. L. Nickisson, Mr A. W. Heber-Percy, Mr Gerald D. Smith, Mr Arthur Sowler, Mr Lionel G. Trower, Col. Van-de-Weyer, Col. Henry Wickham, Mr W. M. Wroughton, Lady Lilford, Lady Ethel Wickham, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mrs Fitzwilliam and party, Mr H. P. Cross, Mrs C. McNeill, Miss Joan Wickham, Mrs and Miss J. Layton Mills, Mr and Mrs W. Dundas Scott, Mr and Mrs Percy Wood, Mr G. Fyde Rowley, Mr F. Hignett, Mrs W. J. Deacon, Miss Barford.

The principal awards were as follows :—Champion dog-hound of the show, Meynell Waverley, a second season hunter, by Belvoir Warlock, d. Promise, d. s. Trader. The champion bitch-hound of the show was the unentered Grafton Rakish, by Belvoir

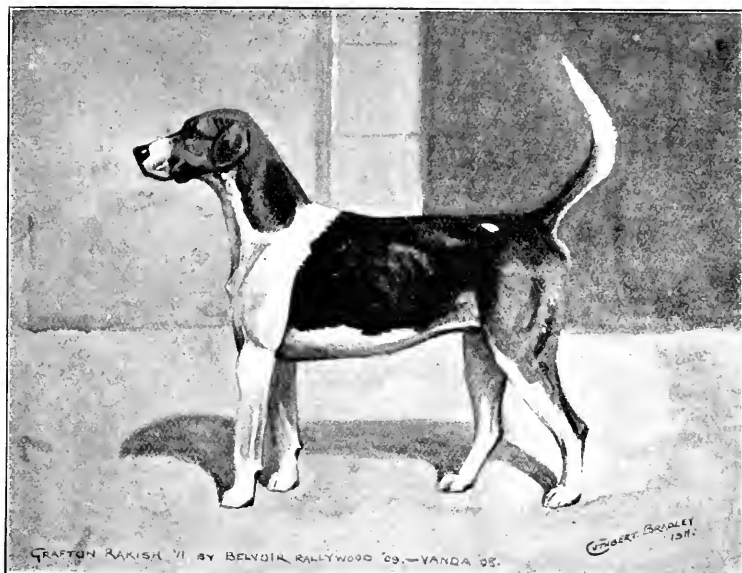




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THE REV. CECIL LEGARD

Rallywood, d. Vanda, d. s. Southwold Valiant. The prize for the best stallion hound was won by Meynell Waverley, and the best brood bitch was the Hurworth Hebe, a second season hunter, by Belvoir Gameboy, d. Old Berks Heroine, d. s. their Rector. The best two couples of dog-hounds



Star of the Foxhound Firmament, 1911.

were first and second season hunters, Finder, Firebrand, Fireman, and Champion from the Duke of Beaufort's kennel; the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire quartette being placed second.

The best two couples of bitch-hounds hailed from the Warwickshire kennel, and included Drastic, Whimper, Juvenile, and Curious; with the Cat-tistock two couples not very far behind. The best unentered dog-hound in the show, winner of the silver hunting horn presented annually by the Rev. Cecil Legard, was the Meynell Wiseacre, by Belvoir Wizard, d. Vacant, d. s. Bicester Vandal;

the best unentered bitch-hound the Grafton Rakish about whom it was said in the pages of the *Field*, "the finest foxhound in the show, and Mr McNeill may well be proud of the fact that he has won two championships (Reigate and Peterborough, 1911) with an unentered bitch." Grafton Rakish is in fact a Coronation year star of the foxhound firmament, whose beauty will be remembered for many a year to come, by Peterborough pilgrims.

## CHAPTER II

### A HUNT IN DURHAM WITH THE BRAES OF DERWENT

Durham and its patron saints, St Cuthbert and St Bede—Shotley Bridge and the Braes of Derwent hounds—Derwent Lodge the home of the master, Mr Lewis Priestman—The kennel and the leading hounds seen on the flags—The characteristics of the pack—Proprietor of the Venture Coach from Scarborough—A cub-hunting morning at Sneepe Point—The country described—The keenness of the field and the lady division—The points of a good master—The appointment of the hunt and the plan of a day's sport—The opportunity for hound work and good points made by foxes—A long day's hunting in March and return to kennels by 10 o'clock—The record of the seasons' sport, 1910-11.

“ Old fighting Durham ! stubborn borderland !  
Leagued with thy sister, fair Northumberland !  
From thy time-honour'd battlements we trace,  
From blood to blood, an honour'd sportsman's race—  
Thro' Grindon, Carlton, Hartburn, to Fox-hill.”

—G. M. S.

FROM whatever point we view Durham's Cathedral, it gives the impression of massive strength—

“ Grey Towers of Durham  
Half Church of God, half Castle 'gainst the Scot.”

The last resting place of St Cuthbert and St Bede, inspired our revered parent when a graduate at the University in the 'forties, and dictates of piety prompted the nom de plume of Cuthbert Bede, for a literary career. The journey north was, therefore, a pilgrimage to a shrine associated with the most soul-stirring memories. Travelling by the North Eastern between Durham and Newcastle, the railway is about 600 feet above sea level, on the ridge of a coal-mining district, with the usual evidence of grime, toil, and wealth. On the left-hand of

the line going north-west, midway between these two busy centres of industry, is a fair valley of grass and woods through which winds the river Derwent. Half way down the steep hill-side nestles the village of Shotley Bridge, where are the kennels of a very sporting pack, the Braes of Derwent, which have been presided over and hunted by Mr Lewis Priestman during the past fifteen seasons. In the early 'fifties hounds were kennelled at Castle-



side and were the property of the late Mr Jonathan Richardson, father of Mr Charles Richardson the present hunting-editor of the *Field*, and well-known writer on sport. The huntsman during this mastership was one Joseph Kirk, quite a character noted for original sayings, and it is generally supposed that Mr Surtees who lived at Hamsterley Hall and hunted with this pack, modelled the

character of James Pigg from the Braes of Derwent huntsman.

Previous to 1896 the mastership was held by Colonel John A. Cowen for the long period of twenty-seven years, the mastership of Mr William Cowen which preceded this, covering another fourteen seasons, which takes us back to 1854, proving the health-giving influences derived from breathing the air of the Braes of Derwent country. Directly we turn our back on the tall chimneys, pit-wheels, and slag heaps which bristle along the ridge of the high ground, it is possible to realise that there is a fair sporting domain, rugged, wild, and picturesque, to hunt which hounds must possess courage, perseverance, scenting powers, and self-reliance if they are to



defeat the wiles of the fox on his own ground. Practically a two-day-a-week country, three are often accomplished in the 160 square miles which are bordered on the north by the Tynedale hunt, on the west by the Haydon, and on the south by the North Durham.

The hospitable shelter of Derwent Lodge, the master's home, was very welcome after a long



A pack for working qualities.

day's travelling, and its walls adorned with numerous pictures and old prints, are a record of many an interesting hunting and coaching event. The post of honour is given to the large picture hanging on the staircase, a life-size portrait of Mr Lewis Priestman hunting his hounds, painted by John Charlton and exhibited in the Royal Academy before being presented by members of the hunt to the master on the occasion of his marriage in 1907. The group is an interesting one, and includes Mrs Lewis Priestman mounted on Derwent,

a magnificent weight carrier,—who in ten seasons did some 240 full days' hunting,—with Gambler, the top hound, leading the way. The kennels,



Mr Lewis Priestman, M.F.H.

a quarter of a mile from the master's house on Tynkley Hill, are compact and convenient, with lodging room for about thirty couples. A small paddock adjoins the kennels, with a level square of cement in the centre on which to show hounds. In the spick and span kennel room is a new departure in the way of pictures of well-known pattern hounds, let

into the slides of the lockers, most useful to tune up the eye for type and symmetry. The pack is bred for work—medium-sized, active hounds with no lumber, full of drive and music, without which they would never get the foxes away from the big coverts. The type appears to be admirably adapted for the needs of the country which has a rugged surface and steep declivities. Heavier-built hounds would not get up and down the hills so well, although the going is nearly always good, sound on the grass lands if somewhat deep in the coverts. The present occupants of the kennel have been bred by Mr Lewis Priestman from proved working strains, and at one time half the pack were related to a South Durham hound named Gratitude. Latterly entries have been so small, owing to distemper and other causes, that the master has had to depend on liberal purchases from the Cottesmore, Tynedale, Lord Middleton's, and other

kennels. Carefully drafted for working qualities, they show the best of sport and are wonderfully under control.

The kennel huntsman, George Coxon,—who has lately retired,—first drew Gordon for inspection, a nice lengthy dog, with plenty of stuff, though, I think, some of the lighter built, more wiry sort were preferred. Gordon (1906) by Ruler (1903), from a noted matron of the kennel, Gadfly (1903), looks a 23½ inch hound, stands nicely, and possesses the right quality. Not a great hound to show himself, he is a stamp that would please many, and his colouring is typically Belvoir, with plenty of tan, edged with white. With Gordon was drawn Landsman (1907), by South Durham Primate (1901), from Linnet (1905), a smart, taking little dog, with the best of neck and shoulders. The next couple of 23 inch hounds were two brothers, Struggler (1906) and Shamrock (1907), by Morpeth Printer (1900), from Singwell (1902), a very wiry, varminty pattern of hound able to race or hunt close, and demons on the line of a fox. The pack impress a stranger at once as being very well broken, and it is necessary that they should be, for they are at times left to their own resources when running across moorland wastes and deep rocky woodlands, where no horse can get with them. As a matter of fact hounds sometimes go through a whole season without going on the moors, and at most are not oftener than two or three times in each hunting year. Strict discipline is also necessary in the journey to meets, along roads which have miles of covert on either side, and the whippers-in are very quick to anticipate any riot if they see a hound looking about, rounding him up with a “Ware covert!” Perhaps the greatest temptation

for young hounds are the wild sheep on the hill-sides, jumping up before them in the heather and bracken, destroying scent, looking no bigger than a hare, and about as game, but if a hound gets a taste for mutton his hunting career ends at once. Amongst the bitches were some nice types, for brood purposes, that looked like doing the kennel good in years to come. We particularly liked the stylish Ladybird (1907), by South Durham Primate (1901), from Laundress (1905), for she is Belvoir in quality and colour. Another lengthy, low bitch, was Governess (1905), by Montague (1902), from Garnet (1899); she is just the type for a matron, with good ribs, plenty of stuff, and nice quality.

In the summer months Mr Lewis Priestman has for many years owned and driven the Venture road coach, which runs during August between Scarborough and Bridlington, a double journey of twenty miles each way, for which four teams are provided. Some of the hunt horses carry the bars of the coach, a stronger stamp, able to hold the load on the steep hills, being used in the wheel. For a hilly, bank and wall country like Durham, a short-legged, active horse is the best conveyance, able to gallop and stay; for about sixty per cent. of its area is pasture, fifteen per cent. plough, and the remaining fourth, equal proportions of woodland and moor.

On a gloriously fine morning in October 1910, when staying at Shotley Bridge the guest of the master, we had a most enjoyable ride with the sporting pack, well carried by an active little horse who accomplished feats of mountaineering such as we never experienced before. The master was riding a new purchase, a good-looking, dark-brown

weight-carrier named Norfolk, his kennel huntsman riding on a lighter type of hunter named Dormouse, the whipper-in's mount being Peacock, a sharp bay. Going to a big range of woods sloping down to the river Derwent, at Sneepe Point, the scene was one of solitary grandeur. On either side of the ravine were the glories of autumn tints, displayed by stunted oaks and silver birch. Alone with Nature, the cry of hounds as they drove a fox through the forest possessed a never to be forgotten fascination. Sport in such a country is indeed enjoyable and varied, but foxes do not come easily to hand, because of the large extent of strong cover, for it is impossible to stop the quarries and rocks. On occasion foxes leave the forest fastness of the vale, and ascending the high country hang about the slag heaps on the hill-side, to the delight of a mining population who welcome the stirring scene of a hunt.

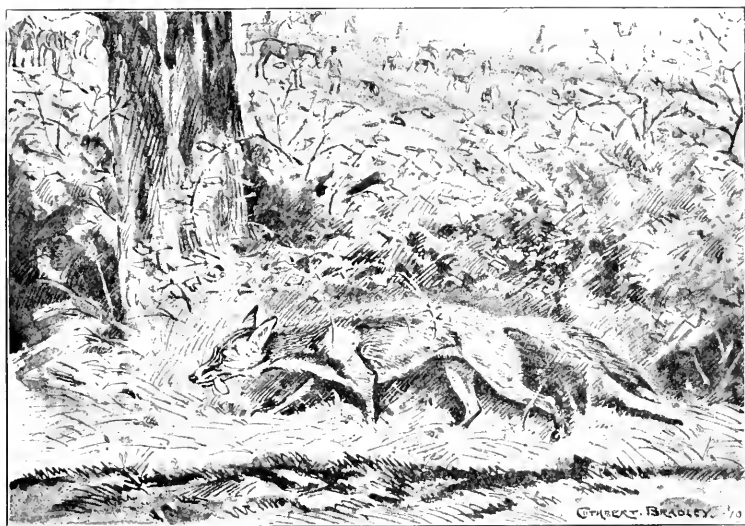
Under the title "In a Remote Provincial Country" appeared an article in the *Evening Standard* of December 17, 1910, evidently written by one thoroughly acquainted with the characteristic of the Braes of Derwent hunt, although the name of the hunt was not mentioned. The following is an extract from the article, an excellent piece of word painting of a very sporting community:—

"It is not a fashionable hunt, though it is well supported and can boast large fields, especially on a Saturday, when many of the members can take their only day of the week. The following is not very strong in scarlet, but there is an immense contingent of ladies of every age, from the good lady who chaperones her granddaughters to the granddaughters themselves—a Shetland pony-riding division of rosy-faced children.

“It is a hunt of Christian names and nicknames, and I am afraid that many of the youngsters have little reverence for the older members who were hunting the country long before they were born. This, however, is only carrying out the spirit of the age, and quite lately no one was surprised when one of the pigtail brigade was heard to shout, ‘You can go home now, mother; I shall stay for the afternoon run.’

“The master is in the prime of life, and by his strong personality keeps the hunt popular with everyone, for he is well backed up by a majority of his field, who seem to think that hunting, as one of the best occupations, should be treated accordingly. I may add that the master is a big man, whose mind is centred on fox-hunting, and who, though too busy for gossip on a hunting day, is very keen to hear afterwards what has been done and said by his field. He works all day and every day towards improving the condition of his hunt. He is a careful breeder of hounds, has his stable and kennels spick and span as it is possible to make them, and turns his men out in the best possible style. Though hunting a remote provincial country, he gets his horses of the best type which money can buy, and when possible obtains them in the neighbourhood. But he goes to town for the saddlery, the coats, boots, and caps for his men, and is particular almost to a fault about the set of a stock, the placing of a spur, and all the little etceteras which go to make a harmonious whole. The fact is that he has hunted in many other countries, and is not only particularly neat himself, but insists on neatness in his staff. Enthusiastic to an almost abnormal degree, he is punctual at the meets, and loses no time in starting

for the covert side. Coffee-housing he holds in abhorrence—except when hunting with other hounds—and he is too much absorbed in the drawing of coverts to notice the chaff which his field resort to when waiting for a fox to break. His knowledge is of great assistance to the huntsman when hounds are running, but he dislikes any dawdling, and soon as one fox is killed, run to



Near the finish of a good day's sport.

ground or lost, hurries off to the next covert on his carefully thought out plan. A great economist of words during hunting hours, day after day he sticks to the sport until darkness compels him to stop, and probably no hounds in the kingdom have to be whipped off more frequently owing to failing light.

“The country is not an easy one to cross when hounds are running. It is a district of big woodlands and grass pastures, two fields of plough not being encountered in a month, but there are many

deep ravines all over the hunt, which are a much simpler affair for hounds than they are for horses. Hounds can go straight through on the line of a fox, but the field must go in single file, over crossings that are steep and difficult at any time, especially so in the middle of the season when they become 'poached' and holding. On the moors and thereabouts, bogs are not unknown.

"As for the sport, it is on the whole, very good, although not Leicestershire to ride over, a fine wild country, in which the foxes are remarkably strong. Points of seven and eight miles are not uncommon, and at times hounds penetrate deeply into the neighbouring hunt—a particularly pleasing thing to do. They certainly have a good working pack of hounds, a good huntsman, and an enthusiastic field, though many of its members can only come out once a week, making the most of their single day, seldom going home until darkness puts a stopper on the sport. Once at the end of March, hounds drew a covert at six o'clock, killed a fox half a dozen miles away shortly before eight, and did not reach home until the kennel clock was striking ten. Only four were left at the end, and these four were all engaged to dine at the great house in the district. Their absence at a particularly important function is still talked about!"

The summary of sport seen with the Braes of Derwent, during 1910-11, is as follows:—

The season lasted from September 17 to April 15, hounds were out on sixty-nine days, stopped on three, and had no blank days. The number of foxes killed was rather above the average, and seventeen brace were marked to ground, the supply being



fair. Scent was good, and the weather capital. G. Coxon, the kennel huntsman, left in November, and W. Tongue came as huntsman from the Oakley, and has been successful, showing sport.

Amongst those hunting this season, 1911-12, with Mr and Mrs Lewis Priestman are Lord and Lady Allendale; Mr J. E. Cowen, secretary to the hunt; Mr, Mrs, and Miss W. B. Dickinson, from Healey Hall; Mr R. Dickenson; Mr and Miss Glover, from Shotley Bridge; Mr Charles Richardson; Mr T. Easy; Mr G. Christopher; Mr Thew; Mr Sidney Wilson; Mr Hugh Wilson, from Shotley Bridge; Mr T. Pearson, from East Castle; Mrs Hunter; Mrs Eltringham; Mr T. and Miss Lambert, from Lintz Green; Mr J. M. Aynsley, from Consett; Mrs John O. Scott, from Riding Mill; Mrs J. R. Ritson; Miss Blackett, Miss Humble, Mr and Miss Burgess; Miss Penman, from Broadwood; Miss Burgoyne Johnson, from Greencroft; Miss Eileen Rogerson; Mr Jack Rogerson, Mr Frank Bell, Mr W. C. Blackett.

## CHAPTER III

### THE STANTON DALE, WHEN A TRENCHER-FED PACK, AND ONE-HORSE HUNT

Trencher feeding an old venatic institution—Yorkshire trencher-fed packs at the cost of under £100 a year—The management of hunting affairs in keeping with the times—Old Tom Harrison huntsman for twenty-one years to the Stainton Dale—Big greyhound-like moorland foxes, and a record season of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  brace—The country on the coast, and the Charter from King John in the thirteenth century—What Mr Tom Parrington said of Tom Harrison—Discussing a kill at the nearest public-house—Assistance from members of a hunt—The masterships of Mr C. Leadley and Mr W. S. Tindall, 1874 to 1899—Red Robin, the huntsman's only mount—A sure-footed, locally-bred horse best suited to the country—Collecting hounds in a pig-cart the evening before hunting—Hound fare when at walk—Flesh—Distemper and kennel lameness unknown amongst trencher-fed hounds—Home-bred ones the safest in a cliff district—The fate of purchased hounds—The size of a pack to hunt on the moors—Coming home in the dark, hounds returning to their quarters for the night—Character of the Stainton Dale country—Memories of some hunts in Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone's country—A kill in the dark by Pickering, and information by letter next day.

“O list ! ’tis the horn’s joyous sound,  
Re-echoing over yon hill ;  
The Mountains far distant resound,  
It gurgles along with the rill.  
O haste to the joys of the chase,  
Ye youth of the mountain and vale,  
Mount steeds, the most famed for the race,  
As they snort to the echoing gale.”

—*Old Yorkshire Hunting Song.*

THERE is poetry in the old-world hunting, and anyone who would see last century fox-hunting at the present day, should pay a visit to one of the rough countries of Yorkshire, which have not felt those changes that time has wrought in other parts. So Sir A. E. Pease reminds us in his volume on the Cleveland hounds.

The passing of the trencher-fed pack and old-world hunting is inevitable in these days of local government and advanced ideas, and it is to be regretted that so old a venatic institution should become impossible. Like many rough and ready arrangements of bygone ages, "trencher feeding," or billeting hounds on the followers of the hunt, had the advantages of making hunting possible in scattered, struggling localities where financial aid was out of the question. The fact that houses in the district fed and boarded a certain number of hounds for the hunt, fostered a democratic interest between sport and agriculture, which has existed from the earliest ages. The hills and dales of Yorkshire were the stronghold of the trencher-fed system of maintaining a pack to hunt the rough country, and fortunately the annals of these interesting times have been collected and handed down to posterity by a graceful writer of the chase, Mr J. Fairfax Blakesborough. In a volume, entitled "England's Oldest Hunt," this keen sportsman gives historical chapters of the Bilsdale, Farndale and Sinnington hunts, when trencher fed. Under such a system the expenses of a two-day-a-week hunt carried out in a rugged coast or waste moorland district amounted to less than £100 a year, and cheered the heart of an isolated community during the long months of winter. Time, however, has wrought many changes in all walks of life, and in such a rapid age as the present, the management of hunting affairs has to keep pace with the requirements of modern demands. The existence of a trencher-fed pack became impossible with the increased popularity of shooting, which necessarily enforces the law of trespass, besides the edict of the Muzzling Act and the stricter

control after dark of all dogs in districts where Councils bid for sweeping changes.

When on a visit to Yorkshire in the summer of 1910, we found old Tom Harrison, ex-huntsman of the Stainton Dale when a trencher-fed pack, serving the hunt faithfully for twenty-one years, retiring in 1904 with a pension. From him we learnt much that was interesting of a bygone period of sport, the old man talking with the greatest enthusiasm of the success of his cunning, pitted against that of the old moorland foxes. "Aye, and they was gret big greyhound foxes that took a bit of catchin', but I made the record kill ever known with oor hoonds, getting hold of eleven and a half brace in the season. It took me ten seasons afore I could cap the record, the best before my time being eleven brace." Quite a character in his way, old Tom spends much of his time riding his runs over again, an appreciative audience never tiring of the stirring descriptions of hunts on the moors. The Stainton Dale country is a tract of coast thirty miles long and five miles wide between Whitby and Filey, with Scarborough as the best centre, and of great historical interest, for in the thirteenth century the hunt received a Charter from King John when he landed on the coast. Originally the hounds were kept for the purpose of driving stray deer back into the forests when they raided the crops of the small farmers. The necessity for this vanished in time, and then a trencher-fed pack was maintained for sport and pleasure, the squire and his tenantry joining forces, marking an ideal period in country life, which worked well for the common good. In the early days of hunting, and the dawn of the chase, the meets of hounds were announced from the pulpit, as

being the only means of informing a scattered population.

Old Tom Harrison is very proud of a tribute paid to his character by that fine old sportsman, Mr Tom Parrington, who instituted the foxhound show, and was master of the Sinnington between 1874 and 1884, when a trencher-fed pack. After a day with the Stainton Dale, Mr Parrington is reported to have said, "Tommy is a gentleman, even when three sheets in the wind." It must be remembered that in those days, in primitive districts, a hunt used to adjourn to the nearest public-house after a kill, and discuss the whole performance; for the following, whether riding or on foot, all combined with a strenuous effort to bring about the death of the fox.

For ten seasons Harrison worked single-handed with no whipper-in, depending on the field to help him, which they did to the best of their ability, armed with whips to round up their own particular hounds. The keenest rivalry existed amongst the followers, for everyone hoped to see the hounds they walked, at the top of the hunt, and when trencher feeding became a thing of the past, much of this love of hound-lore and hunting disappeared with the old system.

Serving under two Stainton Dale masterships, that of Mr C. Leadley from 1874 to 1894, and Mr W. S. Tindall, 1894 to 1899, Tom spoke with the



Celebrating a kill.

greatest reverence and admiration. "Hi, Mr Tindall were a grand un', and no mistake about it. When he came to the hunt it was ever so bad, in debt £27, 10s., and he wiped it out all at one go! He was the best master man ever had, and I never had a wrong word from him." Born of yeoman parents, Tommy never served an apprenticeship in any other kennel, but, as he narrates, "being fond of 'untin' and having now't to do one winter," he applied for the post of huntsman when it became vacant, and getting all the votes received the appointment, succeeding Jackson, who had been in office nine seasons. Yorkshire sportsmen learned to regard him in the light of a celebrity and an authority on matters of the chase, knowing as he did every yard of the country, and the run of foxes in a district where topical knowledge was of absolute importance to get to hounds. His predecessor had hunted the pack for three seasons on foot, and was then provided with one horse, which he rode for six seasons. A stout chestnut, purchased for twenty-five sovereigns at York to carry Tommy, proved a really good investment, no day being too long for him, in nine seasons over the rough going of the moors. Red Robin became famous as his rider, a round quartered sturdy cob with heavyish shoulders and a wonderful cupboard. With 14 stone 7 lbs. in the saddle he could accomplish a wonderful day's work, running the pig-cart between times to gather up the pack for a day's hunting, able to pound the best part of the field when it came to solid hunting. A slow, clever horse, in harmony with his rider, Tommy had only to tell Red Robin what to do when they came to a fence, and he would scale any obstacle he could not fly. A horse not bred to moorland hunting is

likely to be bogged or hung up in the heather before he gets very far in a run, a native ten-pounder being a safer mount for the Stainton Dale country than a high-class hunter. On occasions when Red Robin was unable to fulfil his duties during a long term of office, a horse was hired for the huntsman from one of the livery stables at Scarborough, but this



Stopped out.

was of the rarest occurrence, the sturdy chestnut being a "pocket-stud" of himself, a sort hard to find.

The evening before hunting, Tommy used to drive Red Robin round the country in a pig-cart to collect hounds, sometimes making a journey of a dozen miles or more, and the pack when gathered were shut up for the night in a barn so that they might empty themselves. The farmers who walked hounds fed them like pigs on barley meal or any offal, with biscuit which was the main food, no flesh being given, save what was found when foraging. The old huntsman declared against flesh for hounds, as detrimental for hunting qualities, ruining

scenting powers; and if a trencher-fed hound got a taste for mutton it led to sheep-worrying troubles when in chase. "Where hounds cost a shilling to keep in my time, they cost a pound to keep now," said the old fellow, "and distemper was a trouble I knew nothing about, for I never had a hound down with it in twenty years! I have heard talk of kennel lameness, but we never had a case, for there is nothing so healthy as trencher-fed hounds, with all liberty. The pack, of course, was not very level in appearance, some overdid their hounds, and others did not give them enough to eat. It depended who the hound went to live with, for if it was a tradesman with a cart he got no end of road exercise; but if a cottager or old lady, the hound was apt to get gross through never leaving his own door-step. I had to give them a hint sometimes, but had to be careful what I said, or hounds were sent back next day!

"Home-bred hounds always did best for the Stainton Dale country, and we went to Lord Middleton's and Captain Johnstone's for blood, getting a pack that knew where they were going, and able to take care of themselves. I never lost half a dozen over the cliffs in twenty years, but bought hounds generally got killed that way before they had been half a season with us. I could catch more foxes with about nine couples out, than with a big lot, and a little, quick hound, with a good nose, was the best sort for the hills, broke to 'ware sheep,' for they had to hunt miles unattended, and a sheep crossing the line is the worst enemy for scent. There in the photograph over the mantel-piece, with Red Robin, are the best hounds man ever hunted, Telltale, Tarquin, Governor, and Lock-



wood. We used to put in some very long days, nine hours in the saddle, and many's the ride I have had in the dark across the moors with the pack at my heels, dropping out as we travelled along, for every trencher-fed hound could find his way home after a day's hunting, going to the nearest straw stack for the night. By the time



After a great hunt with a trencher-fed pack in the good old times.

I reached my own house perhaps there was not more than a couple with me, and they could look after themselves, while I saw to my horse. In the summer I used to go harvesting, until latterly when master kept me on, to break a few hounds."

The Stainton Dale is for the most part a wall country; there is a great deal of plough and moorland, not much pasture, and one big wood only.

The sea forms its eastern boundary, and the patches of heather when wet carry a tremendous scent. On the moors there is ling and clumps of trees, a wide tract of country which is crossed when running between the coverts which lie on the borders. In the old days, it was customary to have a couple of days' sport by invitation in Captain Johnstone's country, which adjoined, and these were great occasions for which an extra horse was hired for the huntsman. Tommy Harrison related with gusto an occasion when mounted on the red roan mare from Scarborough, he leapt side by side with Captain Johnstone till they came to a stiff gate. "Mr Tindall, the master, said, 'You'll have to be somewhere, Tommy,' and I replied, 'I'm for over the gate, master!' Then he said, 'Make way for Tommy,' and the mare cleared it like a bird. In those days we had great hunts. I remember hounds finding near Hackness and running across the moors in the dark like mad. We had a letter next day to say they killed at Pickering, it being too dark to ride to them over a boggy district, and besides, no horse could live the pace they went!"

The Stainton Dale are now kennelled at Scalby, Mr Sam Lockwood being the master, and last season, 1910-11, they hunted sixty days, six of which were blank. Starting on the 12th of September they finished on April 4th, killing seven and a half brace of foxes and eight badgers, while it would be hard to say how many they ran to ground in the cliffs and rocks.

The following sporting rhyme of a great hunt seen with these hounds, February 15, 1811, just a hundred years ago, was lent me by the hon. secretary of the hunt, Mr H. Huggan of Scalby. The verses were composed and sung by John Jillson, farmer of

Fylingdales, and George Cummings, shoemaker of Robin Hood's Bay. It was the custom of the time to compose verses in honour of good day's sport, and these were sung in the public-houses of the district, for drinking and hunting were closely associated. The story goes that the followers of the hunt had tracked a fox in the snow to a granary, and from there to his earth in Fylingdales. Digging him out, the fox was kept in a stable, and one fine day carried off in a bag to the moor, where he was shaken down. A great hunt resulted, lasting all day, and the crowning event of the kill made it a most memorable occasion for the rugged coast-land district. The "running counter" mentioned in the seventh verse was, "that soon after the turning down, the hounds got on the 'line' of a cur bitch belonging to Ramsdale Mill and ran her home: they then had to go back some miles and hunt the line again."

The hound "Dancer" was kept until he was a great age, and they used to carry him in a "hopper" to the meets. He was good at hitting off a line when no other hound could own to a scent. It is said to be a very true account of the hunt, except as regards the horses, which were of no class at all, and from first to last it was more or less walking a fox to death at a slow pace. The first foot-hunter up, was Stockdale, a weaver, an oldish man and a marvellous runner who afterwards regaled himself at Salter'sgate Inn with a raw fox-leg and gin.

There appears to have been thirteen hounds out, and the following thirteen verses were inspired by the excitement of the occasion:—

## THE FYLINGDALES FOXHOUNDS

“You loyal foxhunters give ear to my song  
 I pray your attention, I'll not keep you long,  
 Eighteen hundred and eleven was the date of the year  
 And the fifteenth of February as it doth appear.

In Fylingdales parish nigh to Ramsdale Mill,  
 Bold reynard was earthed all in a steep hill,  
 There were many employed in cutting the rocks,  
 But be cheerful, brave sportsmen, we gained the fox.

We'd sought him nine hours, its true what I say,  
 So now we'll confine him to another day.  
 Above eighty shrill voices so well do I know,  
 Concluded the day, with a shrill tally-ho !

Then hark, brother sportsmen, and I will prepare  
 The chase of bold reynard, to you to declare.  
 The day being appointed, it proved a dull morn,  
 We mounted, were ready, and shrill sounds the horn.

Two hundred or more dogs, horses and men  
 Resorted together to see bold Ren :  
 On the borders of Maybeck's where he was turned down  
 Over the moors that were marshy, he led us around.

Our horses were all of the very best blood,  
 I don't think you'll easily find such a stud,  
 And hounds for the size against thousands we'll back,  
 That old England throughout can't produce such a pack.

Sly reynard proved crafty in making a bolt,  
 The dogs they ran counter which caused a default,  
 Three hours or more we sought him in vain,  
 Old Dancer gave mouth 'it's on him again.'

Then hark unto Dancer, and 'To him I say,'  
 And Carless and Ruler they soon did obey,  
 At a very slow pace we ran him five mile,  
 The footmen kept up with the hounds all the while.

When they came to Lillhoe Cross they did him pursue,  
 When they came to that place they ran us in view,  
 We found he'd been hov'ring his scent was so strong  
 And his life was in danger by staying so long.

What a glorious sight, I vow and protest,  
To see both horses and hounds in a breast ;  
Bold reynard did head us with such a fine air  
He led the whole train through Saltersgate Bar.

To Saltersgate Brow we hurried amain,  
No sooner got up but—return back again—  
Hark forward tantivy, huzza was the cry,  
Near Saltersgate Bar bold reynard did die.

There were Rifle and Ranter and Ruby also,  
There was Tidy and Nancy, their valour did show,  
There was Music and Madam with Ral joined the sound  
And brave Sweeper and Charmer the victory crowned.

With jokes and with catches, and singing of songs  
And all sorts of mirth that to hunting belong.  
In a bumper of brandy, this toast shall abound,  
‘ May fox-hunting flourish, 10,000 miles round.’

*Chorus*

And the hills and the valleys with a sweet echo  
Resounded the sound of a loud tally-ho !”

Although perhaps not of great literary merit, the song is immensely popular in the Stainton Dale country, and on many hunting occasions is sung by some old follower of the hunt in good Yorkshire accent, the charm of which is lost when printed.

## CHAPTER IV

### MR GERALD HARDY AND THE MODERNISED MEYNELLS

Mr Hugo Meynell first master of the Quorn and "Father of Fox-hunting"—The old cherished strains of Meynell blood in the kennel, and Charles Leadham, breeder of Linkboy (1872)—Mr Gerald Hardy's mastership, 1903, and his first successes at Peterborough Hound Show with "modernised Meynells"—The Meynell kennel at Sudbury Park—Charles Gillson, huntsman—The winning two couples of dog-hounds at Peterborough, 1910—Waverley, Warner, Cranmer and Hampton—Another winning four-in-hand—Meynell Whynot (1905), the king of the kennel—The four "white ladies," winners on the flags 1909—Meynell Heedless (1910), best unentered bitch at Peterborough—Mr Gerald Hardy's joint-mastership with Sir William Bass—Foston Hall and Stables—The hunt horses—A morning's cub-hunting in Rangemore Park—Well-known followers of the Meynell, and covert owners—The puppy walkers.

"If we heed him he'll d— us. We view! Tally ho!  
Whilst the hounds ring the scent from the valley below,  
All carrying a head, Sir, like pigeons in flight,  
And beating the redcoats almost out of sight.  
The hounds of Squire Meynell for me."

—MR LORAIN SMITH, 1790.

THE names of Beckford and Meynell are corner-stones in the history of the chase; the first being the greatest literary authority, the second the founder of the Quorn, and "Father of Fox-hunting."

Record shows that the hounds of Mr Hugo Meynell were amongst the earliest to awake the sylvan echoes of Leicestershire, the whole of which county about 1750 was their territory, from Clifton Gardens, near Nottingham, to Market Harborough. Mr Meynell was a great houndman, and his system has been little if at all improved upon by the march of time. Employing Jack Raven as huntsman he rode strictly to hunt—a hard man determined

to be with them. A famous kennel for working strains, generations of Meynell blood were sought after by the pioneers of fox-hunting, starting packs of hounds in all parts of England. To-day the name of the founder of the hunt is revered as the "Father of Foxhunting." The Meynell hunt in prosperous times, when breeding interest flourished,



Mr Gerald Hardy master of the Meynell.

ranked as one of the richest and best mounted in the kingdom.

It becomes every day more evident that no institution or community can afford to exist on the glories of the past, but must make strenuous efforts to keep pace with the present, by providing for modern demands. The most cherished strains of the Meynell kennel were there, and what the pack wanted was the skill of a genius in breeding and selection, to lift it into the front rank, by mating up the old blood of Merimac, Manager, Linkboy,

and Baronet with the best accepted types of the modern foxhound, to give the nicer detail of make and shape, stamping the hounds of to-day as marvels of creative skill. Charles Leadham bred Linkboy (1872), he was by Manager, son of Merimac, and went back to Mr Meynell Ingram's famous sorts.

Linkboy was a great foxhound, and his fame to-day is perpetuated in many a pedigree. Such were the problems Mr Gerald Hardy faced when accepting the mastership of the Meynell in 1903, after seven years' service in the same capacity with the Atherstone, where his success in breeding made the kennel one of the best sources for a change of blood. A Meynell man bred and born, it was not likely the new master would let slip any of the cherished strains or traditions so prized by those connected with the pack. Shortly before the appointment to the mastership, Mr Hardy purchased Foston Hall, a pleasant residence placed in the heart of the country and not far from the kennels. In the shortest time possible the "modernised Meynells" were catching the judge's eye on the flags at Peterborough, whilst hound-breeders were seeking the services of the stallion hounds. A rising kennel always inspires new possibilities, and is the source to seek improvement from, a great deal depending on the type and numerical strength of the brood bitches. At the present time the matrons which occupy the benches at Meynell are thirty-three couples, the wherewithal to ensure many a future entry to carry on the revival of past supremacy. When talking of dog-hounds it is possible to count on the fingers of one hand the number of kennels that can put forward, say, two couples worthy of the title of



sires! In a visit to Meynell kennel, in October 1910, it was astonishing to find amongst the dog-hounds three sets of two couples, which match for size and quality; winners in open competition on the flags at Peterborough. With such material to work upon there is every promise of success with future entries, and as time goes on it should be possible to consolidate a type in the same way that Belvoir, Fitzwilliam, or Warwickshire have established their identity.

The Meynell kennel, situated close to Sudbury Park, on a site given by Lord Vernon, is on the borders of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, between which two counties the pack divide their four days a week hunting. The block of red brick is well planned and of pleasing appearance, with a clock tower, stables and huntsman's house adjoining, erected some fifty years ago by public subscription at a cost of £10,000. As we glided along in a motor car, the scene on either side was an extent of grass, a dairying country, strongly fenced to keep stock from roving. In the kennel paddock, we found Charles Gillson walking the hounds, and collectively they displayed well-sprung ribs with excellent quality. A capital lieutenant to Mr Hardy's ripper experience in hound breeding, Gillson learnt his hunting with Mr E. P. Rawnsley in the Southwold country, and is a son of George Gillson, for nearly twenty years huntsman to the Cottesmore.

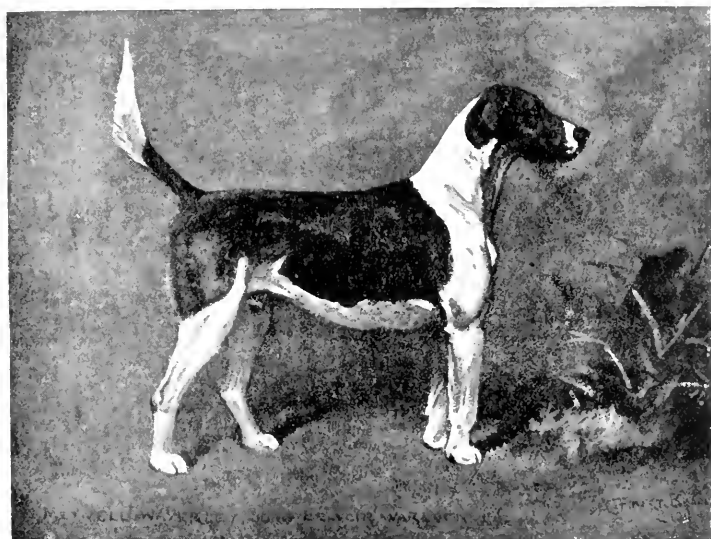
Taking the 1910 Peterborough successes first for inspection, Gillson put forward four noble dog-hounds—Waverley, Warner, Cranmer, and Hampton—of great size, matched colouring, grand quality, and the right bone. All the four are first season hunters, proving what an entry that of 1909 must have been, making it possible to match a quartette

up to the Peterborough standard. Mr Hardy would probably be the first to acknowledge Belvoir the source of many successes, and all the four strain to that kennel. The "top dog" of the quartette was Waverley,<sup>1</sup> placed second by the judges for champion honours to Mr George Fitzwilliam's pied-coloured Rector; and the Meynell hound has undoubtedly all the size, quality, and style one hopes to find in a stallion hound. Waverley and his litter brother, Warner—also one of the team—are by Belvoir Warlock (1906), a son of Belvoir Stormer (1899), son of Belvoir Dexter (1896), and their dam Promise was a daughter of Trader, a rare stamp of Meynell hound in appearance and pedigree, typical of the sort occupying the benches in Charles Leadham's time. The grandsire of Trader was Warwickshire Trampler, from whom he derived elegance of outline; and his dam combined the blood of Meynell Colonel and Belvoir Weathergaze, who did much for hounds at the end of the last century.

Waverley is a grand, upstanding hound, massive in appearance, gay in carriage, with a noble head and generous countenance. It is not often we meet so big a hound, standing well on the best of feet and legs, with a rib measurement of 33½ inches. The muscles stand out on his forearm like those of a prize fighter in hard training, whilst there is the stamp of Belvoir on his white neck and shoulders. The roundness of feet, look like wearing, as did those of his grandsire Stormer, who stood "plumb" right into his twelfth season. If we were tempted to dip into the fashionable Belvoir blood for no other reason than its qualities of durability, it would be practising economy; for, like high-class

<sup>1</sup> Meynell Waverley won the Champion Cup at Peterborough, next year, 1911.

machinery planned to work at top speed, the modern thoroughbred foxhound is its counterpart. Waverley looks the personification of strength with liberty of action, and his brother Warner is not far behind him, though a more lengthy dog, with slightly more elegance of neck and shoulder, which captivate the eye, as did those of his illustrious grandsire. It was always said that Belvoir Stormer,—who on



Meynell Waverley (1909), Champion at Peterborough 1911.

his dam's side strained back to Grove Harkaway,—was a great hound in his work, and so are his grandsons at Meynell, Warner nailing a fox single-handed in his first season when topping the park fence, both going over together locked in a grim struggle.

Divided from his companion in couples, Cranmer gives the impression of another type of hound in character and outline; his massive head and lengthy frame calling to mind Warwickshire Talisman. A son of Meynell Whalebone, from Crafty, by Belvoir Carnival (1902), a son of Belvoir

Stormer (1899), Cranmer stood over more than any of the quartette; his bone well carried down, and round feet being a pattern to go by. Showing a massive, impressive dog-hound head, somewhat sour and determined in expression, his looks bespoke his character, for he is a very resolute sort, with a funny temper, and requires careful handling. A deep, narrow-chested dog, his shoulders are clean and well laid; back and loin being beautifully turned, and we placed him second to Waverley, for the longer you look at him the more good you find in his conformation. To mate with light bitches of a racing type, this dog's size and quality, together with his character for work, should be valuable. Whalebone, the maternal grandsire of Cranmer was a son of Trader, and one of two couples of dog-hounds which gained second prize at Peterborough in 1909. He is a very serviceable stamp of dog, a size smaller than his son Cranmer, possessing good shoulders, feet and legs—an unusually good hound to mark and throw his tongue when a fox goes to ground.

The fourth hound was Hampton, by Lord Harrington's Harper, a son of Belvoir Hemlock (1899)—top of that year's entry—a son of Belvoir Dexter (1895), and his dam Genial, a daughter of Oakley General. A big-framed dog, he is not so impressive in appearance as his companions in couples, nor so good below the knee. In colouring and size this quartette captivated the eye at once; having pronounced black markings on muzzles and ribs, relieved by the richest tan and liberal splashes of white.

Stormer (1908), Somerset (1909), Watchman (1907), and Whalebone (1907), the second team of dog-hounds which Gillson drew for inspection, were nearer the ground in build, cobbier in appearance,

and placed second at Peterborough to the Warwickshire in 1909. The dog we liked best was Stormer, a worthy son of Belvoir Stormer (1899) from Trinket, by Saffron, a low-set hound, well balanced, with stuff and quality to commend him. This team were active middle-sized hounds of a very workman-like pattern.

In a kennel so full of young blood, a five or six season hunter comes to be regarded as a veteran, and Gillson was soon calling for "the old brigade," the first representative to try conclusions on the flags for the Meynell at Peterborough



Unseated but not defeated.

in 1907. These included the grey-faced Whynot (1905), Warrener (1907), Prodigal (1905), and Hamlet (1907), to whose credit are numerous successes on the flags. Warrener and Hamlet won at Peterborough in 1907, as an unentered couple, much interest being centred in the appearance of the old Hugo Meynell sort brought up to the standard of modern perfection with an infusion of Belvoir blood. The same year Whynot (1905) was shown as a stallion hound, but was beaten by Hertfordshire Sampler (1905) after being well in the running. Their meeting on the flags in the final for champion honours was a memorable occasion, because they were both bred by Mr Reginald Corbet when master of the South Cheshire kennel—where only bitch puppies

were reared—so sent away as two-day-old whelps, Sampler going to Mr T. Fenwick Harrison, master of the Hertfordshire, and Whynot to Mr Richard Fort, master of the Meynell. In 1908, Whynot with Warrener, Prodigal and Hamlet helped to win the prize for two couples at Peterborough for the Meynell, whilst Warrener was the runner-up in the stallion-hound class, being beaten by Milton Donovan (1906), a massive lemon-pied and white hound.

Perhaps of this famous quartette, Whynot has best established his fame as a stallion hound, his numerous progeny being in evidence at the top of many an entry in kennels which have used him. Meynell Whynot (1905) is by Belvoir Vagabond (1899), which gives us the blood of Pirate (1886), some of the hardest in the Belvoir kennel, and his dam South Cheshire Wayward, was a daughter of Warwickshire Talisman. A full-sized tan dog, going grey, he is Belvoir in shape and character, with great ribs, and a wise grey countenance, reminding us of Belvoir Dexter, and his evidence of brain power. Whynot with his size and quality is quite a grass-country sort, a huntsman's friend that wears and works, a great hound to remember; long and low, typical of Belvoir Gambler.

Prodigal (1905), a son of Planter, out of Sparkle, by Lounger, was bred by Mr Richard Fort during his mastership to the Meynell, 1898-1903. Warrener (1907), by Belvoir Warlaby (1904), from Locket, by Lounger, is a Meynell stamp of dog, black, white and tan in colouring, standing  $24\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and measuring 32 inches round the heart. All activity and well coupled up, he stood beautifully on the best of feet and legs, his breeding being undeniable, sire and dam possessing the blood of Belvoir Weathergaze (1876), whom Frank Gillard considered the tap root

of all excellence. Locket, the dam of Warrener, strained back to Tynedale Albion, who was a bitch of rare substance, good constitution, ribs and great bone.

Hamlet (1907), by Lord Harrington's Harper, dam Trifle, by Cheshire Trimbush, completed the two couples, that won from the racing-like Warwickshire team when shown at Peterborough in 1908.

After enjoying the sight of such a strong showing hand of dog-hounds, we wondered what surprises were in store when the bitches were drawn for inspection, for on their excellence the future of a kennel depends, and it goes without saying that large entries must be put forward every season to make so rigorous a selection possible. The fascinating pleasure of matching hounds for type, size and colouring did not finish with the inspection of the sterner sex, for when Gillson opened the day-yard gate out bounced a quartette of "four white ladies," the winners at Peterborough, 1909, viz., Damsel (1908). Duclet (1907), Dowager (1907) and Magic (1908). The colour is accidental, not typical of the kennel, and may have been partly derived from a hare-pied hound which came in a draft, not uncommon some thirty years ago. The strongest, smartest made bitch of the party was Damsel (1906), by Atherstone Demon, from Mayfly, by Lucifer. Compact in build, she is a rare type of brood bitch, and keen as mustard to hunt. Duclet, 1907, by Meynell Whynot, was the best shaped of the quartette, long and low, with good bone and knees, quite a model in this respect; she also has the character of being reliable with a scent down a road. Dowager (1907), a daughter of Whynot, was the whitest hound of the party, probably getting this characteristic from her dam,

a North Staffordshire bitch ; she is nippy, gay in carriage, with smart neck and shoulders. The lightest in build, but all quality, was Magic (1908), by Whynot ; and the runners-up at Peterborough to this quartette were the Milton bitches, more massive in mould, but not so near the ground.

The entry of bitches at Meynell in 1909 was an exceptional one, producing Lavender, Welbeck and Winsome, which, with the second season Dimity, were placed second at Peterborough, 1910, to the two couples shown by the Cattistock. All are by home sires. The first named being by Warrener, the other three daughters of Whynot, going to prove that "like begets like." The entry of 1910 though numerically strong, showing size and substance, was not quite so conspicuous for quality. At Peterborough, Heedless (1910), by Worcestershire Hemlock, from Hostile, by Belvoir Hymen, was second in unentered couples when shown with Savoury, by Hertfordshire Sampler. Afterwards the judges pronounced Heedless the best unentered bitch in the show, and her lines are very beautiful, expressive of speed and exquisite quality, with good bone for her size. Her colouring of golden tan and white is very distinguished, and had there been a hound to match her, she would probably have won the couples ; but Savoury is a dark-coloured hound, and has not quite so good bone as her companion. Judged at home on the flags another hound was preferred even to the Peterborough winner, for the Rev. Cecil Legard, Ben Capell, and George Whitemore placed Rapid first, and Heedless second. The winner is a daughter of Belvoir Ragman (1906), and a bigger, more stuffy bitch, tan in colouring, compact in build, a rare sort for work or breeding purposes, bouncing along



up and down hill like a ball of muscle. Another very nice bitch of this entry, but showing badly owing to coat troubles, was Dabchick, a daughter of Warrener; and Mr Hardy thought she might in time reverse the order of merit, for her bone and feet are exceptionally good.

These were the pick of a kennel of beautiful bitches which looked like perpetuating the fame of the Meynell for many years to come.

The fates were not kind to Mr Hardy during season 1910-11, for he was laid up more than once, resulting from severe falls, and this caused him to seek the co-operation of a joint-master, to help in the arduous duties of the field. Sir William Bass, the son of Mr Hamer Bass, M.P., who held the Meynell mastership from 1888 to 1898, was fortunately willing to take office, relieving Mr Hardy of the strain and at the same time insuring more leisure to carry on the successful breeding of the hounds.

After staying the night at Foston Hall near Derby, with Mr Hardy, during October 1910, it was a great pleasure to see hounds next morning in the field; a six o'clock reunion at the New Inn on four cross roads. Gillson had a mixed pack out of thirty-three and a half couples, to open the cub-hunting season in Lady Burton's coverts. The pack for the day included most of the kennel acquaintances of the previous afternoon, and old Whynot, "the king of the pack," easy to find by his distinguished appearance. Mr Gerald Hardy was in command, riding a dark brown bang-tailed horse, and Gillson bestrode a handy, lengthy bay mare, with her mane on, and a long tail.

On certain days the huntsman has three horses at his disposal, for though the Meynell country is

nearly all grass, certain parts of it are cramped, and when hounds run across the small inclosures a huntsman and first whipper-in have to be very quick to see which way the pack turn. In a nice



Charles Gillson.

morning hunt of last season, it was said the huntsman's horse jumped fifty-three fences, the going being sticky.

My mount for the morning's hunt was Tom-boy, a sensible, short-tailed brown horse, one of the master's favourites who figured in King Edward VII.'s Coronation procession as the

mount of a Staffordshire yeoman. At opening gates he was all there, and I learnt afterwards was "undefeated" in the game of push-ball.

The hunt servants are well mounted, the strength of Mr Hardy's hunting stud being about sixty horses, half of which stand at the kennels, and the others at the recently built block of stabling by Foston Hall.

These latter stables of the master are a handsome block, a fine piece of carving over the central archway combining Mr Hardy's coat of arms, together with a running fox and hounds, from the design of the eminent sculptor Captain Adrain Jones.

A strong litter of cubs in the extensive coverts, kept hounds busily engaged for several hours, and we rode the undulating grass of Rangemore Park, where King Edward, when the guest of the late Lord Burton, enjoyed excellent covert shooting.

The morning's work concluded with a well-beaten cub being rolled over, after which hounds were taken home, for the heat was very trying and scent in the dry bracken a vanishing quantity. The small field out at streak of day included the ex-master, Mr R. Fort, General Fowler Butler, Major Gisborne who had the distinction of walking the prize puppy Heedless, Mrs Cay, a daughter of Mrs "Squire" Cheape and a fine horsewoman.

A regular following of the Meynell comprises such well-known names as Mr and Mrs Richard Fort, Mr Reginald Chandos Pole also an ex-master, Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass, the Hon. Mrs Baillie of Douchfour, daughter of the late Lord Burton, Sir Reginald Hardy, Mr R. Boden, the Rev. J. Boden, Captain and Mrs W. S. Power, Mr H. Whitworth, Mr and Mrs Arthur Dugdale, Sir Peter and Lady Walker, Mrs Gervase Smith, Mr S. Neston, Mr George Buxton, Captain Dundas, Mr J. Maynard, Mr B. Crompton, Mrs Hollins, Captain Jacobson, Mr H. Brace, Mr Dudley Fox, Mr F. Hurt, Mr W. Nuttall, Mr D'arcy Clarke, Mr Porter, Mr Whittingham, Mr Bower, Mr Nichols, Mr E. Caldecott, secretary.

The chief land owners of the Meynell include Lord Vernon of Sudbury Park; Lord Waterpark of Dovebridge; the Fitz-Herberts of Somerset, the



A leader of the Chase.

Bagots of Blithfield, the Chandos Poles of Radburne, the Okeovers of Okeover, the Bodens of Derby, the Cokes of Longford, the Clowes of Norbury, the Duncombes of Calwick, the Mynors of Little Ingestie,

the Mosleys of Rolleston, the Hardys of Dunstall, the Walkers of Shirley, the Basses of Rangemore, the Allsopps of Burton, and the Kynnersleys of Loxley.

Amongst the residents and tenant farmers of the country, there are walks for over a hundred couples of puppies. Indued with love of hunting from a long line of sporting ancestry, one and all appreciate honours won in public competition by the "modernised Meynells."

A summary of the season's sport with Meynell, during 1910-11, is as follows:—

Including cub-hunting, the season lasted for five months, hounds being out on 118 days, stopped on seven, and having none blank. They killed 64 brace of foxes, which was above the average, marked 42 to ground, and found the supply good. Scent was good in December and early January, fair on the whole, though at times the weather was dry and stormy. Thus, it was dry during cub-hunting and the start of the regular season, which was a very good one for sport, the very best time being in December and early January. On January 5, hounds found at Markeaton, ran for one hour and three-quarters, made a point of seven and three-quarter miles, and covered fifteen miles, the line taken being over the finest country. Dick Woodward left to hunt the Badsworth, and H. Andrews, from the Cottesmore, succeeded him as first whipper-in.

Charles Gillson retired from the position of huntsman, during the beginning of season 1911-12, after a severe fall, and H. Andrews carried the horn for the rest of the season.

## CHAPTER V

### ATHERSTONE HOUND NOTES—A HUNT WITH SIR WILLIAM COOKE AND THE SOUTHWOLD—STEEPLECHASING IN LORD HARRINGTON'S COUNTRY

The Atherstone hounds winning at Peterborough for Mr Gerald Hardy and George Whitmore—The collection of fox-masks at Merevale—Hunt presentation picture—Value of the Atherstone pack—The top dog-hounds, 1910, in Lord Huntingdon's mastership—Nimrod's description of the Atherstone country—Sir William Cooke joint-master of the Southwold at Ranby Hall—Hound work—Wolds and fens—The new kennels and pack started by Sir William Cooke—The pick of the 1909 entry—A hunt in Wellingham Wood—A good riding field—Lincolnshire churches—The Earl of Harrington's large pack of hounds—The point to point races at Woodborough, March 20, 1911—The six miles by road from Nottingham—Those present at the races—The officials of the meeting, Lord Harrington, Mr W. R. Brockton, Mr John Holden—The Programme—The Woodborough point to point course described—The race for Lady Harrington's Cup—Mr Danny Maher's Tinman—A good finish and win for Mr T. Loso Bradley's Firefly—The ladies' race with seven competitors—Miss Elnor on Mr A. W. Hickling's Marvel—A good finish and win for Marvel with all seven jumping the course.

“ Boys, to the hunting-field though it's November,  
The wind's in the south, but a word ere we start,  
Though keenly excited, I bid you remember  
That hunting's a science and riding an art.  
The order of march, and due regulation  
That guide us in warfare we need in the chase,  
Huntsman and whip in his own proper station,  
Horse, hound, and fox each in his own proper place.”

—EGERTON WARBURTON.

### THE ATHERSTONE HOUNDS ON THE FLAGS

FOR many years the Atherstone hounds were very successful on the flags at Peterborough, and the sight of George Whitmore with winning ribbons in his button hole was a foregone conclusion. The touch of genius imparted into the

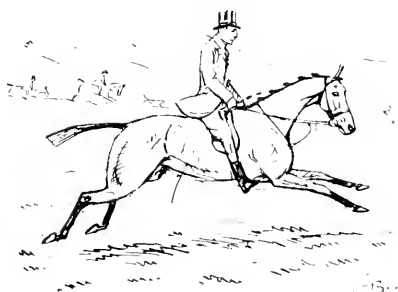
breeding of a succession of champions and prize-winner was due to the skill of Mr Gerald Hardy, who held the mastership of the Atherstone from 1895 to 1903. In those days we stayed with the master at Merevale, a fine old mansion he rented, two miles distant from Atherstone, in a park full of gigantic oak trees. The collection of foxes' masks which adorned the long passage from the



Into Covert.

entrance hall, were a triumph of artistic skill, giving as they did every conceivable expression characteristic of bold Reynard whether in repose or chase. Fine examples from the brush of Archibald Thorburn and Thomas Blinks also adorned the walls, and when Mr Hardy exchanged to the mastership of the Meynell in 1903, the country presented him with a further picture painted by the latter artist, of himself hunting the dog hounds, riding a favourite grey mare, with a view of Merevale in the back-

ground. On the occasion of our visit we put in much time on the flags at the kennels at Witherly, which were built in 1815 by a former master of Atherstone, "Squire" Osbaldeston. Each successive master to the Atherstone purchases the pack from his predecessor, Mr Gerald Hardy giving Mr W. F. Inge £2000 in 1895, to be revalued by Messrs Tattersall on his retirement in 1903, to the incoming master, Mr J. C. Munro, for £3500. Mr Hardy dipped freely into the Belvoir blood, and the model of the kennel some ten years ago was Challenger (1897), winner of the champion cup at Peterborough, a lengthy hound of Belvoir stamp, by Partisan, out of Crony, who was by Belvoir Gordon. Other equally well-known winners, whose blood comes into many good pedigrees to-day, were Despot (1900), by Belvoir Delegate, from Dainty; Comrade (1900), by Regulus, from Colombine, by Meynell Colonel; Nailer (1900), by Warwickshire Nailer from Diligent. The bitches were just as successful on the flags, and to enumerate the long list of triumphs which fell to the kennel when managed by Mr Gerald Hardy and George Whitmore, would occupy the space of a whole chapter. Mr Munro was just as keen, but the winning sequence eventually came to an end when the pack of dog-hounds were sold away from the kennel.



On the grass.

In March 1910, during the present mastership of the Earl of Huntingdon, who hunts the dog-hounds himself with great success, we renewed acquaintance

with the Atherstone kennels, spending an afternoon on the flags with George Whitemore. The top dog on this occasion was Cardinal (1908), by Belvoir Gameboy, out of Careful, a nicely balanced twenty-three inch hound, who appeared in the winning list at Peterborough. Belvoir in type and colouring, Cardinal stands beautifully, carries himself with distinction, and is a first-class dog in the field. Vandyke (1908), a bigger dog, not so neat about the necktie, is by Turpin, out of a Belvoir Vagabond bitch, a rare hound in chase with well sprung ribs. Hornet (1908), by Belvoir Ragman, from Homely by Mr Mackenzie's Dexter looks a compact little tan and white dog, and is a perfect demon when he gets hold of a fox. Clinker and Galliard by Belvoir Galliard were two others we saw, and Whitemore said "they do work and 'go on' at a check, throwing their tongues freely." These two brothers carried their sterns in distinctive fashion, like a racing whip slanting towards their heads. Another couple by Belvoir Ragman, were Whiteing and Voucher, keen hounds in chase, with unattractive, short, sour heads, of the Mastiff type, characteristic we were told of an old Atherstone strain. Whitemore said they were one of the handiest dog packs he ever hunted, and they certainly show excellent sport to a hard-riding field. Time would not allow to see the matrons of the kennel, but Whitemore drew one very beautiful young bitch, Truthful, by Belvoir Warlaby. A marvel as regards feet and legs, she is a lengthy sable tan bitch, built near the ground, with elegant neck and shoulders, a model of the kennel, though possibly on the small size. Collectively they struck us as being an active medium-sized pack, with beautiful quality and colouring, just suited for the requirements of the country,



losing no time at the fences. Of the country, Nimrod wrote many years ago. "It holds a good scent, is easy and gentleman-like to cross, and the Leicestershire side is very good indeed." At the end of season 1910-11 George Whitemore retired, and Mr T. Bouch from Ireland, joined Lord Huntingdon in a joint-mastership, the two masters carrying the horn on alternate days, with Ned Friend as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman.

#### SIR WILLIAM COOKE AND THE SOUTHWOLD HOUNDS

A hunt from Ranby Hall, when staying with Sir William Cooke, owner of Hornets Beauty, and joint-master with Mr E. P. Rawnsley of the Southwold hounds, was the opportunity to see the extensive wolds of Lincolnshire under ideal circumstances. The second largest county in England, Lincolnshire is one of the best for sport and agriculture, the Southwold being a rare sporting district, rich in old associations. In such a country there is everything to please the sportsman, who loves to see hound work under all conditions, the Southwold pack being famed for their staunchness in chase. On the wolds there is a good deal of up and down hill work, besides bad ground to travel over, so that a quick, active hound is best adapted for the country. The southern portion extends far into the fens, an immense stretch of flat reclaimed land, intersected with numerous dykes and drains, closely resembling Holland in character. This portion is not often hunted, and there are no coverts, but occasionally foxes wander into the area, and a bold big jumper is necessary to keep them in view, bridges over these drains being miles apart.

When Sir William Cooke came in 1909 from the

Ledbury to join Mr E. P. Rawnsley in the mastership of the Southwold, he made Ranby Hall, near Spilsby, his residence, and erected kennels to start



Sir William Cooke, M.F.H.

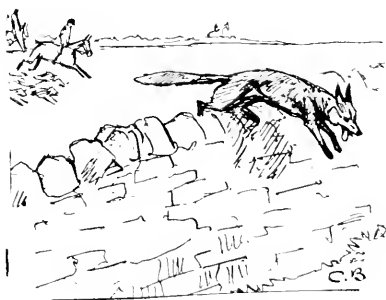
breeding a pack of hounds. Last year the country was divided, and now is hunted four days a week in each division by the two distinct establishments, the respective masters handling their own packs. When visiting the kennels at Ranby Hall, during the spring of 1910, we saw some promising young hounds of Sir William

Cooke's breeding, and for blood he had relied on the Milton sires, with satisfactory results, the bitches being some brought from the Ledbury. The pick of the 1909 entry were Tumbler and Tuscan, by Milton Saladin (1906), from Ledbury Truclass; big-framed hounds, with long punishing heads characteristic of the sire, and on their dam's side they get the blood of Belvoir and Warwickshire. Sir William Cooke was hunting the Southwold pack,—not his own,—on the particular day we were out, with C. Morris the keenest of whippers-in, to turn to him, quite as nippy when getting about a covert as the hounds. After drawing a big open country, with patches of gorse and covert on the hill-side which did not respond to the call, we turned to a large tract of wood, known as Willingham forest, where hounds ran hard with a twisty fox. Patches of boggy ground existed in this covert and hounds had the advantage of horses, managing to slip their field

when they carried the line into the open. There was opportunity to note the good working qualities of the pack, for they flew to the horn like spirits, characteristic of the Quorn blood which they inherit, such as Tom Firr bred for, all quickness and activity. The field out were well mounted, for the most part on first and second season hunters, being a noted district for horse-breeding, and those that have received their education over the stiff country and deep going, are fit to take care of themselves anywhere. Many of the farms in the Southwold country are a thousand acres or more in extent, sheep being the staple industry, it being said that the fine churches for which the country is remarkable, were built in the good times, when wool made fortunes.

#### THE EARL OF HARRINGTON AND THE SOUTH NOTTS HUNT STEEPLECHASES

The Earl of Harrington, in his thirtieth season of mastership, hunts six days a week in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and moreover has a larger number of hounds in kennel than any other hunt in England, viz. eighty couples. The South Notts season finishes off with popular point to point races at Woodborough, which is an excuse for half the town of Nottingham to picnic in the open and enjoy a day's sport together. Last year —



Near the Finish.

March 20, 1911—on a morning like June, with a cloudless blue sky and the wind in the east, the point to point clashed with the opening day of the flat

racing season at Lincoln. All the way down the road in the six mile journey from Nottingham, there were every sort of conveyance with luncheon hampers, making their way to the hill-side at Woodborough, which is a natural grand-stand for the surrounding grass country. A representative gathering assembled on the course and in the paddock down in the valley, the hill-side being thickly lined with an enormous crowd, whilst a hundred or more people were to be seen riding about to see the racing.



The Earl of Harrington, M.F.H.

Among those present were the Earl of Harrington, Mr and Mrs Richard Franklin, Mr T. P. Barber, Lieut.-Colonel R. Leslie Birkin, D.S.O., Colonel C. W. Birkin, Mrs C. W. Birkin, Colonel Sir Hervey and Lady Bruce, Capt. and Mrs G. Foljambe, Mr C. J. Huskinson, Mr T. W. Huskinson, Mr W. N. Hicking, Mr and Mrs H. G. Sherbrooke, Mr H. Crossley, Count L. Arco, Mr C. S. Wright, Miss Violet Pratt Barlow, Mr H. W. T. Patterson, Mr B. J. F. Crossley, Mr J. T. Farr, Mr H. Crossland, Mr A. Grundy, Mr and Mrs T. Losco Bradley, Mr A. W. Hickling, Mr W. R. Brockton, Mr Geo. Brockton, Mr Wm. Brockton, Mr T. B. Marson, Mr Geo. Williamson, the Hon. Mrs J. C. Lister, Miss Louise Brockton, the Rev. E. St John Morse, Mr F. J. Clarke, Mr W. Brealey, Mr J. Johnson (Thoroton Manor), Mr Sam Johnson, Mr Geo. Johnson, Mr Cecil Johnson, Mr W. Price, Mr H. Chettle, Mr J. H. Basilico, Mr Andrew Basilico, Miss Basilico, Dr H. E. Coghlan, Mrs J. H. Wood-

house, Miss Woodhouse, Mr Joseph Woodhouse, jun., Mr B. M. Sims, Mr Tom Marsh, Mr J. Wagstaff, jun., Mr J. C. Heather, Mr and Mrs Harry Wilson, Mr and Mrs G. Seldon, Mr and Mrs G. H. King, Mr and Mrs S. Bonsor, Mrs H. Paling, Mr and Mrs Walter Gibbs, Mr Geo. Gibbs, Mr Gilbert Car (Colston), Mr Jno. Amos, Mr Wm. Knight, Mr Frank Bradley, Mr G. Bramley, Mr R. D. Levett, Mr T. Coppock, Mr Lewis H. Ransome, Mr R. Haddon, Mr A. Raynor, Mr Harry Sheldon, Mr Alvey Sheldon, Mr J. W. Burnett, Mrs Senior, Mr Percy Johnson, Miss Burnett, Mr and Mrs W. Bissill, Mr H. R. Morris, Mr W. Pinder, jun., Mr and Mrs J. W. Elnor, Mr J. W. Elnor, jun., Mr Winson Elnor, Mr Frank Elnor, Miss Adeline Elnor, Miss Carlin, Mr and Mrs J. W. Pidcock, Mr W. G. Taylor, jun. (Nottingham), Mr F. Wilsbore, Mr H. Crossley, Mr Germaine, Mr J. W. Baker, Mr E. Baker, Mr F. Swire (Orston Hall), Mr T. B. Kave, Mr R. S. Piggin, Mr Harry Piggin, Mr F. Piggin, Miss Piggin, Mr and Mrs J. H. Hitchcock, Mrs Potter, Mr and Mrs Chappell, Mr Jno. Walker, Mr A. Temple, Mr and Mrs W. H. Ball, Mrs Oaksford, Mr W. Coppock, Mr W. Sargent, Mr Geo. Harrison, Mr Frank Johnson, Mr and Mrs Geo. Hickling, Mr J. H. Mettam, Mr Thos. Marriott, Mrs C. H. Hill, Mrs England, Mr A. Pilkington, Mr Geo. Lymn, Mr B. Roberts, Mr J. Friend, Mr T. Pritchard, Mr Tom Tyler, Mr A. Robinson, Mr H. Crossland, Mr W. Lewin (Gunthorpe Hall), Mr and Mrs F. W. Brown.

The stewards of the meeting included the Earl of Harrington, who arrived by motor and rode about all day, doing the duties of starter. Mr W. R. Brockton, that fine old supporter of the chase who has twice ridden in the Grand National was clerk of the scales, and Mr John Holden, judge.

The hunt staff with Fred Earp, kennel huntsman, formerly first whipper-in for fourteen seasons to Tom Firr, rode about to keep the course, the scarlet coats of the chase making a bright spot of colour in the dazzling sunshine. As usual the card comprised four events, the best race being for Lady Harrington's Cup. Perhaps the most attractive feature of the programme is the Ladies' Race, which finishes the day's sport and is always keenly contested by the hard-riding Dianas of Nottinghamshire.

A start is made in the valley below the hill, and the first fence jumped is to the left of the saddling paddock. After that there is some up-hill work, leaving Woodborough village on the left, across red plough land, breasting the grass hill-side to turn round a flag, up by Ploughmans Wood. Travelling across the grass enclosures parallel with the covert, the course comes over the hill-side, down to the road where they jump in and out, going away in the distant country of plough, up hill nearly to Lambley Holt. Turning round a flag the horses have good going on the grass down hill, leaving Woodborough Gorse on the left, to finish by the grand stand. The



A point to point.

distance is about three miles of excellent hunting country, much of it ridge and furrow, and at one time was the favourite line foxes took from Ploughmans Wood.

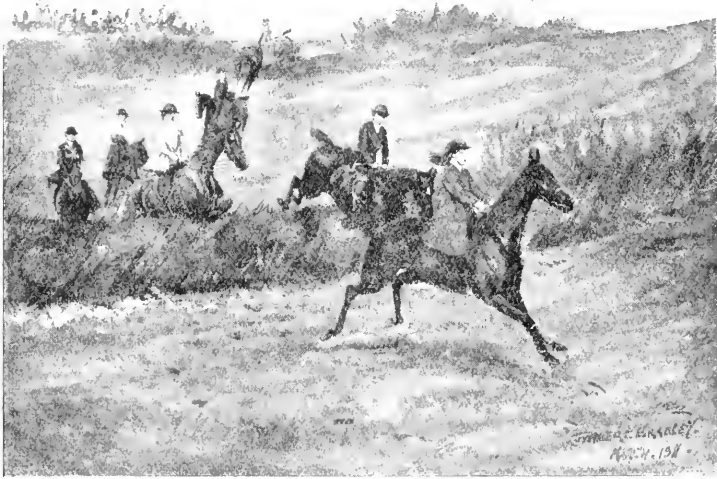
The event for Lady Harrington's Cup attracted a field of fourteen, including Mr Fred Hardy's Prince Victor which won last year, and now had to put up a 7 lb. impost, increasing his burden to

13 st. 7 lbs. He was always prominent throughout the race, leading the field for a considerable distance before giving place to the Tinman, a grey gelding carrying the scarlet jacket and black cap of Mr "Danny" Maher—who was away riding at Lincoln—Captain Alleton having the mount in the owner's absence. The Tinman unfortunately came a cropper at a fence in the run home. In falling he appeared to interfere with Glorious Ramp, which had been carefully nursed by Mr Rose, and looked like having a chance. It was a race run at a great pace, the quality of the competitors being such that they looked as if they ought to have been at Lincoln! The issue was confined to Mr T. Losco Bradley's Firefly, aged, 13 st., ridden by Mr Winterbottom; Mr Fred Hardy's Prince Victor, 7 year old, 13 st. 7 lbs., ridden by Mr Walkden; and Miss Louise Brockton's Village Barber, aged, 13 st., ridden by Mr Garden. It was a capital race to watch, and the three horses locked together came with a rattle at the finish, Firefly securing the verdict by a head, the same distance dividing second and third. There were several falls in the race, but the majority of the competitors jumped the course.

The Farmers' Race came next bringing out a field of nine, the spoils going to Mr A. H. Thompson's Rejected III. carrying 12 st. 7 lbs., and ridden by his owner. For the South Notts Hussars Regimental Cup, catch weights not under 11 st. 7 lbs., four faced the starter, Sergeant Hunt on Blue Boy winning easily.

The all important event of the day was the Ladies' Race, over two thirds of the course, for which three prizes were offered. A silver cup given by Colonel R. L. Birkin; second prize a silver cup given by

Mr C. S. Wright ; third prize, a silver trinket-box given by the Hon. Mrs J. C. Lister. Seven ladies faced the starter, showing distinctive sashes, one wearing a blue silk coat, another a white silk coat, and the youngest of the party Miss Elnor, who rode astride, was attired in a long scarlet jacket. The little lady who was riding Mr A. W. Hickling's bay horse Marvel, the previous year's winner, had to give the



The Ladies' Race.

whole of the field a start of several hundred yards. This, however, was not sufficient handicap to prevent Marvel repeating the victory, carrying as she did 8 st. 8 lbs., the nearest approaching that being 10 st., the top weight 12 st. Before a mile had been covered the scarlet jacket was leading, the diminutive bay jumping like clock-work. All seven rode well together, travelling at a good hunting pace, the race creating the keenest excitement amongst the spectators, who had certainly never



before seen so finished a performance by ladies. Weight was bound to tell as they climbed the hill, Marvel carrying her head high, darting along in the gayest fashion. In the last field Miss Elnor's hat got hung up by the elastic, and looking back she saw Miss A. Hamilton on Butterscotch hunting her home, with Mr Wagstaffe's Little Pop, ridden by Mrs Hill, not very far behind. Whips crackled in the air, as all three sat down to finish, but three stone of weight was bound to tell, and Marvel shot out to win in decided fashion. All seven jumped the course, and there was a desperate fought out finish for third place, the runner-up being Mr W. R. Brockton's The Lady, ridden by Miss M. Hooley. A great reception awaited the ladies, with three cheers for "the little un'!" for the event was most popular with the crowd. The following is the field that competed in this sporting event.

## LADIES' RACE, FOR A SILVER CUP: ABOUT THREE MILES

Mr A. W. Hickling's Marvel, 8-8	.	.	Miss Elnor	1
Miss A. Hamilton's Butterscotch, 11-8	.	.	Owner	2
Mr Wagstaffe's Little Pop, 10-2	.	.	Mrs Hill	3
Mr W. R. Brockton's The Lady, 10-0	.	.	Miss M. Hooley	4
Miss Grace Hooley's The Parson, 11-6	.	.	Owner	5
Mr Wagstaffe's Firefly, 12-0	.	.	Miss Brodhurst	0
Mrs H. G. Sherbrooke's Zouave, 11-0	.	.	Mrs Sherbrooke	0

## CHAPTER VI

### THE CHESHIRE UNDER THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S MASTERSHIP

The Abbots of Chester forest hunting in 1285—The Cheshire Hunt established by Mr John Smith Barry in 1763—His hounds matched for a trial of speed with Mr Hugo Meynell's, in 1762—The Bluecap Inn to-day at Sandiway and the picture of the winning hound—Egerton Warburton's verses on the mastership of Lord Grosvenor first Duke of Westminster, 1858—The Second Duke of Westminster's mastership, 1907—Alfonso, King of Spain, hunts with the Cheshire hounds—The Duke's South African pack of hounds—Cheshire Gildimire, winner of the champion cup at Peterborough, 1891—Cheshire Rantipole another winner in 1900—Mr Hubert Wilson's mastership, 1901 to 1907, and his system of breeding—The five crosses of blood in the Cheshire Kennel—Croome Rambler, 1873—Fred Champion—Cheshire Dryden (1906)—Cheshire Crouner (1906)—Cheshire Safeguard (1908)—Mr Austin Mackenzie's system of breeding compared with Frank Gillard's—Cheshire Weathergaze (1909)—Sixty couples of Cheshire bitches—Thorpe the kennel-man—The Hunt Stables—Lawrence the stud-groom—The pick of the stud—A meet of hounds at Saighton Towers, February 1911—A Cheshire field and the Duke of Westminster at the head of it—Eaton Park and the mighty Ormonde and Sceptre—The big dairy farms—Ted Tyrell on Grasshopper—A twisting fox in a confined area of grass—A kill in Saighton Gorse—The afternoon hunt in Eaton Park.

“ From Bluecap's deeds on classic heath  
To Sceptre and the rest.  
Hounds, horses, all have fallen low  
Before a Cheshire best.”

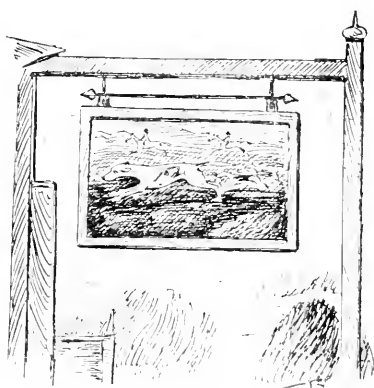
ANCIENT records disclose the fact that 600 years ago an Abbot of Chester was granted the right to hunt foxes and hares throughout the forests of Cheshire; but the present hunt dates back to 1763 and the mastership of Mr John Smith Barry, who was succeeded in 1784 by Sir Peter Warburton. The hounds have always been famous, and the sporting match for speed on Newmarket Heath in

1762 between a couple of Mr Smith Barry's hounds and Mr Hugo Meynell's is an event that stands as a landmark in the annals of the chase. As will be remembered, the Cheshire Bluecap and his daughter Wanton, went clean away from the Leicestershire couple, inspiring the following sporting couplet :—

“ They talk of Hugo Meynell  
And what he can do.  
We'll ride 'em, or fight 'em,  
This Leicestershire crew.  
We've maybe forgotten a lot  
That they knew.  
And we'll teach 'em, eh ho !  
How the Cheshire can go.”

To-day there is the Bluecap Inn at Sandiway, on the signboard of which Mr Hubert Wilson, ex-master of the Cheshire, has had a most interesting portrait of Bluecap painted, a tan and white hound, reproduced from an old picture of the match on Newmarket heath. The following record is on the reverse of the sign :—

“ On September, 1762, Bluecap and Wanton, ye property of Mr Smith Barry, master of ye Cheshire in a match over ye Beacon course of Newmarket beat a couple of Mr. Meynell's ye Quorn one of which was Richmond. Sixty horses started with ye hounds. Mr. Smith Barry's huntsman Cooper was ye first up, but ye mare that carried him was quite blind at ye end. Only twelve got to ye end. Will Crane, who trained ye Cheshire Hounds came in twelfth on Rib, a King's Plate horse. Ye betting was 7 to 4 on Meynell's.”



The Bluecap sign at Sandiway.

The natural order of hunting supremacy would

appear to be that the larger landowners, and the hereditary leaders of the nobility, are by right designed for the mastership of the hounds which hunt over their ancestral acres. So it was in the 'fifties that the illustrious Cheshire poet, Egerton Warburton, voiced public opinion when the much beloved Lord Grosvenor, first Duke of Westminster, became master of the historic pack :—

“ Old and young with delight shall Gros-Veneur greet,  
The field once again in good fellowship meet :  
The shire with one voice shall re-echo our choice,  
And again the old pasture of Cheshire rejoice.  
May the sport we ensure, many seasons endure,  
And the Chief of the Chase be Le Gros-Veneur.”

—EGERTON WARBURTON, 1858.

A born leader of men, it is now a matter of history how sport and agriculture flourished in Cheshire during his life time, and the present pack for the country practically owed its origin to his forethought and generosity. The fame of the Cheshire hounds has always stood high amongst the kennels of England, for their blood past and present has been an influence for good to those packs which have dipped into it. It was, therefore, a happy omen when in the year 1907, Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, second and present Duke of Westminster, grandson of the first Duke, succeeded his ancestor in every kind of association, and became master of the Cheshire. Though the reign was a short one, terminating at the end of season 1910-11, it will always be memorable for the visit of King Alfonso of Spain to Eaton Hall by Chester, the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster in 1907, on which occasion His Majesty rode with the Cheshire hounds, holding his own across country with a hard-riding field. Mounted on the Duke's



Fred Champion      The Duke of Westminster, M.P.      H.M.      The King of Spain on "Skylark"      Colonel W. Hall Walker, M.P.  
 Mr. Hubert M. Wilson, ex M.P.      The Duchess of Westminster

THE CHAMPION BY J. A. G. H.



chestnut hunter, Skylark, King Alfonso laughed his happy way in the company of the Duchess as hounds came flying like phantoms to Champion's horn, away out of the Eaton Coverts to the Beechins, going on to Bolesworth. It was a great day's sport, and the bitches later got out by Handley, running on till His Majesty, tired and happy, could hunt no more, turning his horse's head for home. The following is an account of the day's sport from the Cheshire paper, Friday, November 29, 1901.

"There was a special meet of Cheshire hounds yesterday at Eaton Hall, in honour of King Alfonso's visit. The King, wearing the silk hat and scarlet coat of the Hunt, came into the great quadrangle in front of the hall a few minutes after eleven o'clock, where the Duke of Westminster, who is the M.F.H., was dispensing hospitality to a large and distinguished company. Many spectators drove or walked from Chester. There were no restrictions except roped-off space immediately outside the "golden gates." The King sat a handsome chestnut, and as he came through the entrance gates he and the Duke rode respectively on either side of the Duchess. The little Earl Grosvenor, heir to the title and his sister, the Lady Ursula, came in an open brake, while Lady Grosvenor and several ladies of the house party followed in a carriage. Hounds were thrown into Aldford covers and a fox was almost immediately holloaed away. He took a line across a typical Cheshire hunting country, and after a fast run of eighty minutes went to ground at Duckington. The King, who is a splendid rider, took every fence and kept close up to the hounds throughout. There were two subsequent runs, one with a fox found in Handley Gorse and another in Crow's Nest Cover.

“The Earl of Shaftesbury during the day was thrown heavily from his horse near Broxton-road, fracturing a collar-bone. A wagonette, containing Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Desborough, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, and Lady Grosvenor, picked him up, taking him to Eaton Hall, where Dr Dobie, of Chester, rendered surgical aid.”

Just before the present Duke of Westminster undertook the duties of mastership, he went on active service to South Africa, and after the war purchased a large property in the Orange River Colony, which has since developed into an estate of considerable agricultural value. A fine horseman, and steeplechase rider, he sets a splendid example to the tenants of his estates, whom he delights to see following the hounds, and has, moreover, provided a pack composed of drafts from the Cheshire, for his Colonists farming in South Africa.

Leaving past history of the Cheshire hunt, we will endeavour to give a brief impression gathered during a visit to the kennels in February 1911, and a day's hunting enjoyed through the kindness of the master, the Duke of Westminster, who placed a horse at our disposal. Visitors to Peterborough have many pleasant recollections of successes on the flags, which have been won by the Cheshire hounds, always reputed for their smartness and work. We can call to mind some special occasions when honours went to the North Cheshire representatives, the champion cup for the best bitch in the show of 1891, during the mastership of Captain Park Yates with old John Jones, who brought the pack to great perfection, beating all comers with Gildimire, an unentered hound, by Belvoir Grappler. Coming to a later date in the history of the North Cheshire, when the Earl of Enniskillen ruled over



the destinies of the pack, with Fred Gosden promoted huntsman from the Duhallow, the champion cup was won by Rantipole, a beautiful bitch, with quality and substance, the best of shoulders, feet, and bone, a daughter of Mr Austin Mackenzie's Rallywood, and granddaughter of Belvoir Gambler. Then the Messrs Corbet, father and son, between 1877 and 1907 hunted a portion of the country known as the South Cheshire, building up a pack of hounds with marvellous skill, second to none whether on the flags or in the field, establishing record prices in the sale ring. In 1907 Mr Hubert Wilson, to everyone's regret, retired from a most successful period of mastership of the Cheshire, after carrying on the good work of the kennel for six seasons, using the best sires of the day. With the retirement of Mr Reginald Corbet from the mastership of the South Cheshire, the two countries were re-united into a six-day-a-week establishment presided over by the Duke of Westminster, with two huntsmen, Fred Champion and E. Tyrrell. The management of the kennel, and the breeding of the hounds, during the Duke's mastership, was continued by the ex-master, Mr Hubert Wilson, under whose skill the pack obtained a very level appearance, and stood nearer the ground. There were many problems to contend with, for old John Jones bred hounds of enormous size, going to the Belvoir, Grove and Milton kennels for blood, whilst his successor, J. Boore, suddenly swished on to the airy, springy, Warwickshire blood; consequently subsequent entries came big and little, giving an unlevel appearance to the pack. Mr Hubert Wilson, a noted breeder of red setters, gained his experience with hounds when master to the Ledbury, and was a student of breeding at Belvoir—where he went

several years before he ever thought of becoming a master of hounds—aiming at a level pack, rather than specimen hounds. The five crosses of blood which Mr Wilson bred up to during nine seasons, were Belvoir Weathergage (1876); Belvoir Fallible (1874); Milton Solomon (1881); Grove Harkaway (1885); and Croome Rambler (1873). At the end of season 1910-11 in the Cheshire kennel there were sixty-five couples out of eighty, having these five crosses in their blood. Croome Rambler (1873) was by Lord Fitzhardinge's Collier (1866), out of Lord Henry Bentinck's Random (1868), by Mr Henry Chaplin's Regulus. Lord Coventry used to say of him, "he was a hard-driving hound, and swept over his fences like a steeplechaser, a more determined hunter I never owned." Many of his descendants are to be found in the best kennels to-day, and the late Lord Willoughby de Broke founded his famous Warwickshire pack, from the produce of two couples of bitches got by Croome Rambler.

The Cheshire kennels are at Sandiway, by the edge of Delamere Forest, the warm colouring of sandstone and red brick being in pleasing contrast with the dark background of fir and silver birch, with a carpet of withered bracken. Up the sandy lane stands the huntsman's house, a comfortable residence, where we found Fred Champion, huntsman to the Cheshire for eight seasons, and a worthy son of old Bridger Champion, the famous huntsman to Lord Zetland's hounds. Although suffering from broken ribs, the result of being jumped on when down, Champion was soon inside a kennel coat to show us round. The strength of the kennel was eighty couples, and in an open season it requires some management at the finish to put fifteen couples of hounds in the field each day. On the occasion

of my visit J. Molyneux, owing to Champion being disabled, was hunting the dog-hounds in the country by Wrenbury, but some three couples had been kept at home, so that we might see them. The dog-hounds numbered nineteen couples, against sixty couples of bitches, for it is necessary to send to walk a great number of whelps, to ensure large entries. Looking through the lists, we noted that the best kennels of the day had been selected for fresh blood, and these included the Belvoir, Brocklesby and Atherstone, nicking with the breeding of the Cheshire bitches boasting such ancestry as Belvoir Senator ; Grove Furrier ; York and Ainsty, Falstaff and Windsor ; Meynell Linkboy ; and Warwickshire Harper. For a grass country like the Cheshire, where the following is always large and competitive, quickness and activity are absolutely essential qualities for a hound, and the pack collectively looked built for speed, without anything in the way of lumber.

The fame of Mr Wroughton's Spanker (1900), we knew about, so were glad to make the acquaintance of old Dryden, his son, a five season hunter, and top hound of the 1906 entry. Well coupled up, and near the ground, he had the right stuff and quality to commend him for a stallion hound. Appearance, as regards colour and coat, was all against him, being conspicuously rusty amongst a well-groomed assembly, but none of his stock which we saw in the kennel seemed to inherit this peculiarity. Champion told us that Dryden was first-rate in his work, a most trustworthy line-hunter on cold-scenting plough, and his huntsman remarked, "He has not a lazy bone in his body." Another stud-hound of the same year, also by Mr Wroughton's Spanker, was Crowner, third

in the 1906 entry, and the right type of stallion hound, with short bone and good feet. Possessing a wise grey countenance expressive of the highest intelligence, he looked a huntsman's friend in the field, and gave a good impression on the flags. Mr Wilson told us when we stayed as his guest at Barmere, Whitchurch, for a subsequent visit to



Cheshire Crowner (1806).

kennels, that he begged Spanker from Mr Wroughton, for he was a hard-driving hound, unsuitable for a large woodland country, and although a good outline, had not a very taking colour. "Now, I'll show you the sort of dog to go fox-catching with in Cheshire," said Champion, as the kennel-man let in Safeguard, the third in the 1908 entry. This dog, smaller in size and built on lighter lines than the couple we had just been looking at, was by Hertfordshire Sampler (1903)—who was bred in the

South Cheshire kennel by Mr Reginald Corbet—and his dam Handy (1902) was a granddaughter of Belvoir Dexter and Warwickshire Talisman, so that Safeguard in his breeding combines some very notable sorts. In appearance he looks every inch



Cheshire Safeguard (1808).

a workman, with rare heart room, clean muscles standing out like whipcord, and a coat of tan and black shining like burnished silver. Alert and all activity on the flags, it was a difficult matter to catch Safeguard in repose many seconds together, looking just the sort for a quick burst over the Cheshire pastures.

Comparing methods of breeding when going for type, it would appear that Mr Austen Mackenzie, who founded the famous Woodland Pytchley pack—which he sold to the Duke of Beaufort and Mr W. M. Wroughton in 1899—went for the same blood in the third generation on both sides. This plan differed from that of Frank Gillard, who when breeding the Belvoir kennel got the same blood in the third and fourth generation, both systems proving successful.

Top of the 1909 was a young stallion hound, Weathergage, and we thought one of the best of Mr Wilson's breeding, a son of Belvoir Weaver (1906), and Packet (1904), his pedigree combining the five lines of blood we have mentioned. A nicely turned lengthy hound, with good bone and feet, Weathergage looked a Belvoir in type and colouring, quite a grass-country hound. Two other dog-hounds of the same entry were Rambler and Random, by Brocklesby Prodigal (1906), who was a son of Belvoir Daystar (1903); and Random throws back to his grandsire in colouring. The biggest hound in kennel, with distinguishing brown colouring was Hero (1905), by Milton Potent (1901), from Hopeful (1901), a granddaughter of Belvoir Dexter (1895), and Warwickshire Hermit; a blend of blood which often works out right.

It was a grand sight to see forty couples of bitches together in their lodging house, for they represented some of the choicest blood in England, a wealth of colouring and outline to captivate the eye. On the matrons of a kennel depends the future, for does not character come from the dam, "make and shape" from the sire? Champion drew a couple for closer inspection, the prize bitches of two entries; and Spotless (1910), was our pick, for she

is expressive of the Belvoir type and colouring, a daughter of Belvoir Ragman (1906), from Spicy. Her size and quality stamp her for a brood bitch later on, and her produce should carry on the fame of the kennel. Spotless runs with the dog pack, and as Champion remarked, "She is a trifle too flippant for some of them." The other bitch was Prettylass (1909), by Brocklesby Prodigal (1906), a son of Belvoir Daystar, and perhaps she has a little better bone than the bigger bitch, but there was not much in it, the couple being remindful of the sort we used to see representing the Cheshire at Peterborough. Then Mr Wilson insisted on three of his favourites being drawn together, Plausible, Pleasure, and Placid (1910), by Dryden (1906), from Pleasant (1904), by North Shropshire Chorister (1901), and South Cheshire Promise (1900). These were a rare trio of noble-looking sisters, with dog-hound heads, and bone carried right down to their toes. Belvoir in colouring, Plausible was the pick of the three, looking like catching a fox and carrying on the fame of the kennel. There were many others amongst the matrons which we noted, as they were passed through the day yard to the paddock, to be sorted into a big and little pack by Thorpe the kennel-man; a good hound man with a record of thirty-nine years' service. Starting with the Oakley under old Tom Whitemore, Thorpe afterwards went as kennel-man to the South Oxfordshire, getting to work by 3.30 in the morning, so as to ride second whipper-in. Mr Wilson, when master of the Cheshire, used to give Thorpe an occasional mount, believing it was advantageous for a kennel-man to see hounds in the field, to judge condition and working qualities.

After seeing the hounds, we turned to the hunt-

stables, which adjoin the kennels, to look through the horses, which were sold at the end of the season owing to the Duke of Westminster resigning the mastership. About fifty hunters stood in the yard, twenty others having been sent out with a draft of hounds to the south of France, where his Grace was trying the experiment of hunting the wild boar in the deep woodlands. The stud groom Lawrence, who showed us round, was an old acquaintance, who for six years served in the same capacity at Cottesmore under Mr Evan Hanbury; and before that was with the late Mr Henry Boden, of Derby, who owned one of the most beautiful studs of hunters seen with the Leicestershire packs. The Cheshire hunt horses looked wonderfully fit and well, after the trying experience of a very open season's sport in the deepest going, and the following we noted, when Lawrence and his son Billy showed us round. Red Sand, an Irish chestnut hunter under 16 hands with three white legs and a short tail, ridden by Champion, we thought a good made horse on clean hard legs, and at the subsequent auction he went for 170 guineas. Black Bess was another ridden by the huntsman, a short tailed mare with a good "cupboard," and well turned quarters that looked like lifting 15 stone over a fence, she found a purchaser at 160 guineas. Mischieff, a chestnut with quality, up to 16 stone on the grass, went below his value at 50 guineas. We must confess that the big bay horse, First Flight, with his great ragged hips and ugly head, did not please us as he stood idly in the stable. Lawrence, however, told us that he was the huntsman's fastest mount, and the Cheshire judges evidently knew this, for he made 125 guineas. A very nice, short-tailed, black cobby horse, we thought Pardon, a



mount for the whipper-in, making 115 guineas. Tally Ho, the bay, square-looking, medium sized hunter, standing on four good legs, was the horse on which Champion was painted, a print of which was published by Messrs Fores of Piccadilly, and he went for 100 guineas. A plain short-tailed roan horse, with ugly white markings, named Grass-hopper, a famous water-jumper who had been carrying the hunt staff for four seasons, had many admirers amongst those who knew his character as a hunter, for he fetched 140 guineas. Roman, a short-legged



On business bent.

bay horse, with a wonderfully good forehand, and jumping quarters, a sharp horse to hounds, made 81 guineas. The last horse Lawrence showed us was Cork, an eight year old dun horse with a black stripe down the back to the root of his short tail. He was just recovering from an accident, and had a big blemish inside the hock on which he was fired, causing us to question his chances as a seller. "Aye," said Lawrence, "the bump's far enough away from his heart, his character will sell him, for he's the best performer we have in the stable!" At the subsequent auction, Cork headed the list at 300 guineas!

On a morning in February 1911—the finish of the Duke of Westminster's last season of mastership—we had a sight of the Cheshire, green collars and

low-crowned silk hats—in the field, the noble master mounting us on a good grey horse. The occasion after meeting at Saughton Towers furnished a typical sight of a real Cheshire crowd, with Tyrrell hunting a mixed pack that gave an ardent field a taste of their quality. Glinting sunshine lit up the landscape after a boisterous wet night, and “green Cheshire” looked most inviting for a hunt. A large gathering, numbering about 250 horsemen, assembled in the field opposite Saughton Towers, the old red sandstone residence where the master first saw light of day in 1879, and now the residence of his mother, Lady Grosvenor. To give a tithe of the names of those riding with the Cheshire during the season would occupy considerable space, but besides the Duke and Duchess of Westminster were Lady Millbank, Lady Grey Egerton, Lady Helen Grosvenor, Lady Lettice Cholmondeley, Mrs Charteris, the three ex-masters of the Cheshire, the Earl of Enniskillen, Mr Hubert Wilson, Mr Reginald Corbet, the two masters elect, Mr Roylance Court, and Captain Higson, Mrs Higson, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Hereditary High Chamberlain of England, and one of the principal landowners in Cheshire, Lord Delamere, and Lady Delamere, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Colonel W. Hall Walker, Mr and Mrs Littledale, Mrs and Miss Tyrer, Mr Byng Hopwood, Mr H. Brassey, Mr and Miss Tilney, Mrs Cyril Dewhurst, Mr de Knoop, Mr Hugh Wilbraham, Colonel Hunt, Colonel Drury, Mr Arthur Brocklehurst, Mr A. H. Hornby, Colonel Pilkington, Mr H. Hewitt, Mr R. Weaver, Mr and Mrs Wignall, Mr P. Wyndham, Miss Douglas Pennant, Mr Charles L. Pennell, Mr H. C. Lloyd, Mr R. T. Richardson, Mr Tatton, Mr W. E. Dixon, Captain and Miss Holland, Mr C. T. Garfit, Major Hobson, Mr S. L.





*From a drawing by the late Cuthbert Bede, in the possession of Colonel W. Hall Walker, M.P.]*

#### CHESTER CASTLE AND CITY WALLS IN 1849

"The picture is of historical interest, showing the tower of St. John's Church, which suddenly collapsed in 1881. The regimental bears of the 46th Regiment, under the command of Sir Robert Garrett, brought from Canada, are shown in the castle yard."

Birkett, Mr Dewhurst, Mr A. R. Midwood, Mr J. Ashton, Mr J. Reynolds, Mr Leigh Townsend, Mr H. Hermon, Mr W. Paul, Mr R. P. Sidebottom, Mr C. Morley, Mr Chesworth, Mr Walter Tinsley. Amongst those on foot were two ex-whippers-in of Cheshire Beagles, the Rev. H. W. Bradley, and a "hunting scribe," the Rev. Walter Greswell. The view from the hill-side by Saighton Towers is an expanse of grass, well wooded, backed by a range of hills in the blue distance looking across to Eaton Hall, the residence of the Duke of Westminster—where the mighty champions of the turf were bred, Ormonde and Sceptre. The industry of cheese-making and the sport of fox-hunting always flourish side by side, whether talking of Cheshire or Leicestershire,—the famous grazing pastures over which hounds revel making a paradise for the Sport of Kings. In a day's hunting we were never off the grass, and at some of the farmsteads it was said that 150 cows were milked daily, for it is the heart of the cheese-making district. Within distance of Chester, the towers of the fine cathedral occasionally came into the hunting view, as we glided from field to field like swallows on the wing, following the tuneful chorus, the chant of which is warranted to unnerve the stoutest fox. The scene was a very animated one with an unusually large number of people on the ride, flying the inviting fences, with the Ducal master riding a snaffle bridled bay horse, of Grand National appearance, leading a section of the field. Ted Tyrrell—who has since gone huntman to the Tynedale—was riding Grasshopper, the roan horse, and hunting a mixed pack which included old Dryden, easily distinguishable by his colouring. From the meet we moved downhill to Saighton Gorse, a small four square plantation, up

the side of which some two hundred and fifty horsemen speedily galloped, directly hounds were halloed away from the far side. When the pack slipped through the fence on the right, over which one-third of the field launched themselves, anxious field-masters galloped to the front to see that hounds were not unduly pressed.

Tyrrell never seemed conscious of the crowd at his heels, though scent was slow and the fox a twisting customer, requiring considerable craft and patience on the part of the huntsman to hold hounds to the line. Whichever way we turned, the road seemed to be full of sightseers and vehicles, so that a hunted fox was bound to ring in the grass area, and thread numerous small coverts known as the Drives in the Eaton district. Tyrrell hunted with the greatest patience, and in making two big circles the hunt rode twice by the side of Saughton Gorse as the pilot came back on his line. Fences were jumped the opposite way in the return journey ; an easy galloping hunt in a most inviting country likely to please the greatest number, making an excellent opportunity for seeing hounds work. Many people were jumping in and out of roads, very often within a few lengths of moving traffic, testifying to the ardour of the following in the full enjoyment of the ride. Working up to their hunted fox, hounds killed close to where they found, after an hour and thirty-five minutes. "Who whoop!" rang out as the hunt staff dived into the thicket where hounds were tasting well earned blood, and the field turned attention to lunch and a second horse.

The hunt of the afternoon in the Easton preserves was a repetition of that of the morning, for there was no improvement in scent, and foxes were able

to twist as they liked. If not a great day with the Cheshire, it was a most enjoyable one, with favourable weather conditions, good going, and an interesting riding field to watch.

The Duke of Westminster retired from the mastership of the Cheshire at the end of season 1910-11, to be succeeded by Mr Roylance-Court of polo fame, and Captain Higson; both well-known followers of the pack. Edwin Short from the Puckeridge was selected as huntsman, with an entirely new staff of whippers-in—Walter Wilson, R. Reynolds, and A. Hoare.

## CHAPTER VII

### SPORT WITH THE BLANKNEY HOUNDS, SIR ROBERT FILMER AND TOM ISAAC

Sir Robert Filmer advised by his uncle, Sir Herbert Langham—Tom Isaac from the West Norfolk—His boyhood and ambition—Irish experiences—The three Leicestershire huntsmen and Blankney—A good run on a Skellingthorpe day—A Sleaford day hunt—Another good day from Navenby—A hunting talk with Tom Isaac—Hounds to trust—The luck of hunting—The Kettlethorpe fox with the white collar and pads—A good hunt from Welbourn—The Blankney hounds in comedy opera—A silver horn for Tom Isaac—The Blankney entry of 1911—Sir Robert Filmer's puppy show oration—The presentation at Blankney to Tom Isaac on his leaving to go to Cottesmore.

“Come what may through every weather,  
Gaily may you onward ride ;  
May good luck and you together  
Journey ever side by side.”

—CLIFTON BINGHAM.

A SPARKLING period of sport with the Blankney, between 1908 and 1911, is associated with the mastership of Sir Robert Filmer and his huntsman, Tom Isaac, a great many people enjoying their hunting. Youth and enthusiasm can generally command success, and there was fox-catching so long as horses stood up and day light lasted. When Sir Robert Filmer commenced the duties of mastership in 1908, succeeding Lord Charles Bentinck at Blankney, he started with the advantage of sound advice from the late Sir Herbert Langham, his uncle, who was master to the Pytchley during a brilliant period of sport, 1878 to 1900, having for his staff a wonderful combination of talent, in Will Goodall, John and Charles Isaac. When seeking





LADY IRENE DENISON ON "ONYX" WITH THE BLANKET



a huntsman, Sir Robert Filmer wisely followed his uncle's advice, selecting Tom Isaac, son of Charles for many years huntsman to Mr Fernie. At that time young Tom was carrying the horn for the West Norfolk, under the mastership of the Earl of Romney, and had been heard of scoring one of the best runs, with more geography in it than had ever happened before in the famous shooting country. On occasions too, there were Royal days, attended



George, Prince of Wales. Queen Alexandra. King Edward VII. The Earl of Romney, M.F.H.  
Tom Isaac.

The Royal Meet of the West Norfolk hounds, November 9, 1908.

by the late King Edward with Queen Alexandra, the King and Queen of Norway, and King George when Prince of Wales, events in the life of any huntsman never likely to be forgotten.

A great many people in Leicestershire have known Tom Isaac since he was a small boy on foot after the hounds, and there are some who hardly realise that it can be possible that he has arrived at the head of the profession on the right side of thirty. The story goes, that when out on foot a few years ago after the hounds, the satchel of books on his back proclaiming him a truant from school,

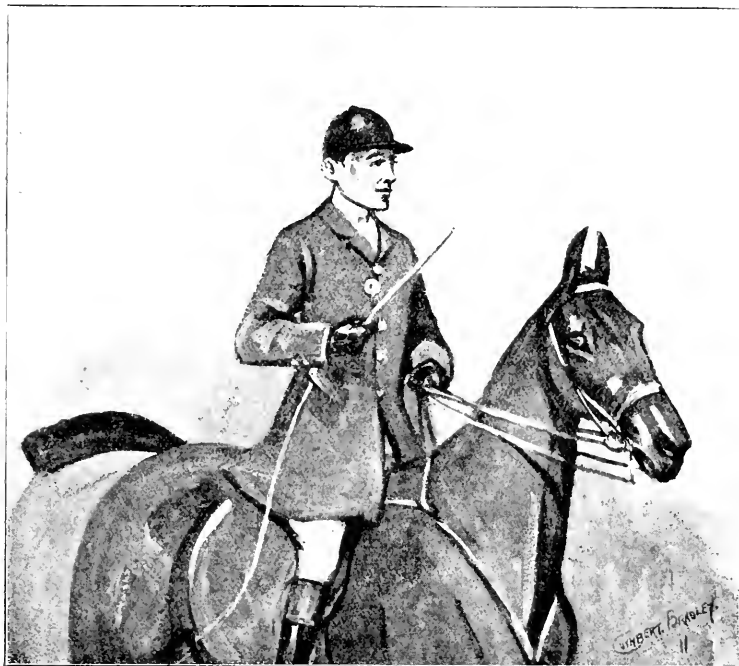
old George Gillson said to him, in the hearing of Mr W. Baird the master and others, "If you are going to be a huntsman, my boy, what pack would you like?"

"The Cottesmore, Mr Gillson!" replied young Tom, at which everybody laughed! A comparatively short time afterwards, Mr Baird again met young Tom journeying towards Cottesmore to take up the duties of huntsman, recalling the fact of the first meeting, which was a curious coincidence, and should be a happy omen for success!

Very few of us recommend our own profession, and huntsmen are no exception to the rule, so that it is not surprising that Charles hoped his boy Tom would go into business. At a critical period when leaving school, he went to ride for Mr J. H. Stokes, learning much that was useful in after life; for nothing would head him off, the one idea of his existence, "to hunt the fox." Then there comes another legend of his early days (for we have all seen him grow up). His father being wise, said I will dispel the glamour of the chase by sending him second whipper-in to where he will have to rough it, and it will probably cure him! Before parting, so the story goes, the father made his boy promise three things which he would not do when in Ireland, and these were, "not to turn Roman Catholic, not to drink whisky, and not to play the piano." The duties of whipper-in to an Irish pack, where scent always serves, dispelled any doubt as to the boy's intentions, and he was quickly back in England, first whipper-in to Mr George Fitzwilliam at Milton, by Peterborough, where accident to the huntsman gave him the chance to carry the horn, and kill his first fox. Between 1908 and 1911 his name appears in the list of hunts-

men, for the West Norfolk, Blankney, and Cottesmore.

It is rather remarkable that all three huntsmen to the Leicestershire packs, Ben Capell at Belvoir, George Leaf at Quorn, and Tom Isaac at Cottesmore, can look back to a term of office with the Blankney



Tom Isaac, huntsman to the Blankney.

hounds. Though a side hunt, and to a great extent a farmers' pack, it is within distance of Leicestershire, and what is more important a fair scenting country, the low-lying plough districts being open to hunting when the higher ground is in the grip of frost. The hounds too, since the days of "Squire" Chaplin's mastership in the 'seventies, have been celebrated for their working qualities, the foundation of the pack being Lord Henry Bentinck's famous blood.

Tom Isaac's third and last season, 1910-11, with the Blankney, was pronounced one of the best on record, for it is seldom that the pack have enjoyed such an uninterrupted spell of sport, the weather being remarkably open. The best runs were undoubtedly after Christmas, and that of March 1, 1911 was a brilliant hound performance. After meeting at Skellingthorpe, hounds ran for three and a half hours, hunting a fox away from the Big Wood, and were beaten at the finish by their pilot getting to ground. The point was nine miles, but quite fourteen the line hounds ran. This is how Isaac described the hunt. "We hunted at a walking pace for half an hour, then I got a view and we had a regular burst so long as I could keep his head up wind. It was slower hunting again, but hounds were all the while at him, and so ran to ground." Sport absolutely different in character resulted next day, after meeting in Sleaford market-place, pleasing a large section of holiday-makers and townspeople. Rousing a fat fox in Sleaford wood he led the pack a ring out towards Holdingham and Leasingham, back to Sleaford town. Hounds crossed the railway, and Isaac left his horse, climbing the stiff fences, running for all he was worth with the pack, and crossing two fields they entered the cattle-market where they killed a fine old dog-fox. Hundreds of people were quickly on the scene, including the Sleaford Grammar School boys, some of the day-boys dashing off for their ponies to join the chase, regardless of consequences! The mask of this fox was presented to the man in charge of the cattle-yard, who had seen reynard foraging about all winter.

Another brilliant run was that of Saturday, March 18, 1911, after meeting at the Four Horse-

Shoes, Navenby. The field out included Sir Robert Filmer, the Earl and Countess of Liverpool, Lady Irene Denison, Lady Enid Fane, Major-General Sir Mildmay Willson, K.C.B., Miss Laura Willson, Miss Sylvia Amcotts, Sir George Whichcote, Major A. C. Tempest, Captain R. Tempest, Captain and Mrs Wellesley, Mr C. Greenall, Captain J. S. Reeve, Mr A. L. and Miss Jessopp, Mrs Lombe, Mr Alexander, Mr R. H. Spooner, Mrs M. Thorold, Miss Reid, Mr Edmund Royds, M.P., Mrs Royds, Mrs Tallents, Captain Gibbes, Mr A. E. Smith, Mr H. J. Torr, Miss Torr, Miss Morton, Mr and Mrs C. S. Norton, Mr A. H. Bergne Coupland, Mrs J. H. Baniton, Mr Cecil Wray, Mr G. F. Wells-Cole, Mr C. Hartley, Mr W. J. Need, Mr G. T. Marriner, Mr W. B. Burt, Mr and Miss Burt, Mr R. J. and Miss Tonge, Mr B. P. Coulson, Mr J. Brocklebank, Mr G. Pilkington, Mr J. C. Mountain, Mr H. C. Morley, Miss Morley, Mr R. Wright, Mr Yates, Mr C. T. Clarke.

Finding a good fox in Mr N. C. Cockburn's covert, hounds ran very fast over the low road to Lincoln, into Broughton Bottom covert. Getting close at their fox they hunted a twisty course to Brant Broughton village, then travelling almost parallel with the road to Lincoln, they ran past Stragglethorpe, and Sir Mildmay Willson's osier beds into the Belvoir country. The chase swept on over the Fulbeck Low fields, through Parsons Thorns into Reeves Gorse. Getting close up to their fox they raced over the Caythorpe country, killing him in the open, three fields from Hough Gorse; a good finish to a fine hunt of fifty-three minutes. During the season 1910-11 hounds killed forty brace of foxes, marking eighteen and a half brace to ground.

"I love hunting, and like to kill a fox when I can,"

said Tom Isaac on one occasion in his parlour at Blankney, when we went to see the kennel, "but you want luck with you, hounds that you can trust, and



Lincolnshire ploughs.

help from your staff. Having a keen master, who rides along and watches every turn of the game, does seem to make things go! The first season I came to Blankney we were short of foxes, and I attribute the other two good seasons to that, for we had to stick to our hunted fox so long as there was a bit

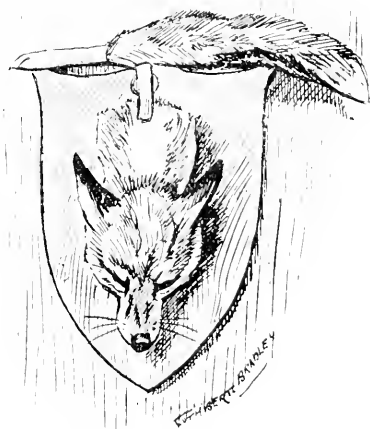
of evidence to go by. Sir Robert would often say, 'It's getting very slow, Tom, better chuck it and find a fresh fox!' but we had to go on puzzling it out. I think every fox has a different scent, and an old hound knows directly he changes the line. I've seen them look up at me in a run as much as to say, 'Governor, this is something different, am I to go on?' 'All right, old Truthful, forrard on' I would say, 'we've got a brace up before us!'

"I was very lucky having a good working pack, that I could trust to do me a turn," said Isaac as he caressed a favourite looking out for biscuit. "I watch my old hounds in a run, fifth or sixth season hunters which have been killing foxes regularly, they wont turn to hare like a young one might. You get to know which you can trust by studying their characters in kennel. I remember one day when we were running, the master said to me 'Look here, Tom, you've been hunting hare for the last twenty minutes, never been on a fox since we left



that covert on the hill.' 'Let me have another ten minutes, Sir Robert!' I said, 'and I think I can show what they are hunting!' The very next fence we came to, off went two couples and a half of young hounds after a big jack hare, in full view. 'Blow your horn Tom,' shouted the master, 'I told you they were running hare!' But I had my eye on my old hounds, and was quickly over the fence, for their hackles were up, and I was sure they were working up to their fox. Sending the whipper-in after the hare hunters, to stop them quietly as possible, we ran on for two more fields and I got a view of our fox, evidently beat, for a little farther on he twisted back to the fence and lay down. Hounds flashed on, and I stood still, then they cast themselves, and killed him stiff as a stake." After talking to Tom Isaac, one felt how delightful it must be to handle a pack of hounds, for he has the art of the conjurer to show you how easy it is —when you know how!

A very unusual trophy hung over the mantelpiece in Tom Isaac's room, the mask of a fox which had a white ring round his neck, and four white pads. This fox was bred in Kettlethorpe Hall coverts, the residence of Mrs Fritz-Amcotts, and he was run on four occasions, his age being about six when he met his end after a long hunting run with the hounds of Kettlethorpe Hall. An instance of a sim-



The white collar and pads.

recorded in the "Noble Science" by Mr Radcliffe; the Quorn hounds killing a fox at Red Hill, November 9, 1793, which had a white ring round his neck, and three white pads.

The season concluded March 30, with a rousing gallop after meeting at Welbourn, the residence of Mr and Mrs C. R. Norton. A large field were out under the command of Sir Robert Filmer, and disturbing an outlyer near the Grantham and Lincoln Railway, hounds started to run at a great pace in the direction of Brant Broughton. After skirting by Lubbock's covert, they pointed for Broughton Bottom covert, travelling over the cream of the Blankney country; and passing Torry's Plantation they entered Belvoir domains. Entering Stubton covers, hounds got close at their fox, and shaking him out into the open again pointed for Brandon, where he was headed, and twisting back to Stockton there was a considerable check, the time being over an hour at a good holding pace.

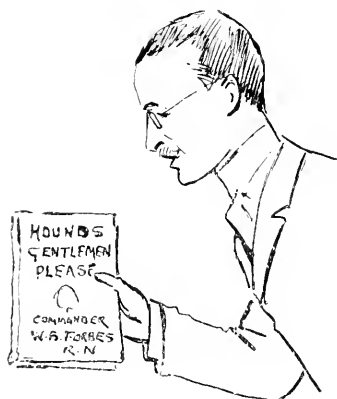
There is a stock expression when writing of hunting to call it "the drama of the chase," and we were reminded of this when the Sleaford amateur operatic society played the comedy opera "Dorothy," on four consecutive evenings to crowded houses, materially benefiting the funds of the Lincoln County Hospital. The opera is particularly suited to the temperament of audiences resident in hunting districts, giving as it does the opportunity for hounds of the local pack to appear on the stage. Talk about facing the music, no one can conjecture the astonishment of honest working hounds, when they hear a delighted audience express their appreciation, by letting themselves go! Such is fame and popularity, the sight of huntsman and hounds electrifying all who come under

the magic spell of the chase. At the last performance of "Dorothy," the company presented a silver hunting-horn to Tom Isaac, who had appeared nightly with three couples of the best stuff from the Blankney kennel. A successful huntsman is necessarily a man of many parts, ready for any emergency work.

The Blankney entry of 1911 was considered a good one, the judging taking place in the spring when hounds came in, and therefore it was a full entry of thirty-two and a half couples, which subsequently was very much reduced in size by distemper. The judging was undertaken by Mr Thomas Wilson, master of the Burton, Ben Capell, huntsman to the Belvoir and Jim Smith, huntsman to the Brocklesby, with Charles Isaac, ex-huntsman to Mr Fernie's, there in the position of referee. The task was no light one, but eventually the judges placed a very nice dog by Belvoir Ragman at the top, and it was a great disappointment for the kennel that he succumbed later to distemper. The pick of the entry were undoubtedly the bitches, the four sisters by Brocklesby Speaker, from Destiny, taking all the prizes. They all had shoulders that horsemen like for a Leicestershire hunter, with bone right down to the toes, and capital second thighs.

At the subsequent luncheon Sir Robert Filmer presided, supported by the Earl of Londesborough, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Burghersh, the Hon. Hugo Denison, Captain Spicer, Mr T. Wilson, Mr A. L. Jessopp, Mr J. H. Dean, Mr R. H. Spooner, the Rev. J. Trefry. Sir Robert delivered an excellent puppy show oration, full of advice for his followers. Holding in his hand the new volume "Hounds, Gentlemen Please!" by Commander W. B. Forbes,

R.N. (Maintop), with an introduction by the Marquis of Waterford, the master read several passages to his guests. "Beckford, Radcliffe, and Vyner are classics and so is this book," said Sir Robert, continuing something in the following strain, "I have asked Charles Isaac what he thinks, and he says, 'every word of it is common sense.'" "But there is a lot in a day's hunting as never gets into no book," remarked someone in the know. "Now I advise all of you to buy this book, and read it for your good," continued Sir Robert, preparatory to reading marked passages.



Sir Robert Filmer's Sportin' lectur'.

"Not at twelve and sixpence nett, Sir Robert, according to the present price of sheep!" exclaimed a hard-riding farmer. "Well, I wish I had it out hunting with me, so that I might quote it in moments of difficulty," continued the master. "Better let a second horseman carry it for you, Sir Robert!" was the next

pleasant sally. "We may all endeavour to learn something about fox-hunting. I have learnt a good deal since coming to the Blankney; before I may have been apt to run riot myself." Then Sir Robert alluded to puppy walking,—in ninety-five walks, only five being hunting men! Passing on to "riding away from covert," and "the essential silence at a check," which, alas! are rules more often honoured in the breach than the observance.

The followers of the hunt assembled at Blankney Hall, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Londesborough to present Tom Isaac with a testimonial

on his leaving to take up similar duties with the Cottesmore. Amongst those present on this occasion, in readiness for a hunt afterwards, were Sir Robert Filmer, the Earl and Countess of Londesborough, Lady Irene Denison, Lady Enid Fane, the Hon. Hugo Denison, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Henry Bentinck, Major General J. Brocklehurst, the newly appointed Cottesmore master, Mr A. E. Smith, Captain and Mrs Wellesley, Miss Willson, Miss Sylvia Amcotts, the Miss Reids, Mr Melvill, Mr R. H. Spooner, Mr Gofton, Miss Jessopp, Mr and Mrs C. S. Norton, Mrs H. G. Pease, Mrs E. Royds, Mrs J. H. Bainton, Dr D. G. Thomson.

The illuminated address and cheque for £60, was handed to Tom Isaac by the Earl of Londesborough, who said "that Tom took with him the good wishes of the members of the hunt, for health and prosperity. The best wish he could offer, was that he might show the same splendid sport to the Cottesmore field, that he had always done with Sir Robert Filmer."

The master of the Blankney also paid a tribute to his huntsman's worth, and the qualities which endeared him to the members of a hunt.

## CHAPTER VIII

### TWO GOOD RUNS WITH SIR GILBERT GREENALL AND THE BELVOIR HOUNDS

The hunting community—A meet at Rippingale, February 1906—Mr Franks entertains the field—The field out—Dunsby Wood and Judge Lawrence—Lost in Bourne Wood—A good fox started at Kirkby Underwood—By Irnham to Bitchfield—The leaders of the Chase—Sir Gilbert Greenall views away from Ingoldsby Wood—The kill by Boothby—A pad only for Lady Greenall's boys—A meet at Folkingham, March 1906—Mrs Cuthbert Bradley entertains the field—A good start from Heathcotes New Covert—Lots of grief in the journey to Keisby—A riding field—Sir Gilbert Greenall sets them right—Grief at the brook by Lenton—Away from Boothby big wood to a kill by Bassingthorpe—A brush for Mons. Auriol and the mask for Mr Thomas A. R. Heathcote.

“ It is no easy matter, without flying horse,  
To get to the head of that fast Belvoir pack  
And stop it from running the unbeaten fox,  
When the pastures are holding and bullfinches black.  
A game, honest worker can't pick his own line—  
He must go where hounds go, whether huntsman or whipper ;  
And both must be there, riding each horse the same,  
Taking rough with the smooth, when they're out with the Belvoir.  
Ben Capell and Hewitt are unknown to complain  
Of their horses so clever and sound as a bell,  
What with Desborough, Zephyr, Jack, and Black-cap,  
Just the stamp that can carry those servants right well.”

—GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL in *Baily's Magazine*, 1908.

### FROM KIRKBY TO A KILL AT BOOTHBY, WITH THE BELVOIR. FEBRUARY 23, 1906

THE most enjoyable way of getting to know a hunting community is to have a day's sport with them, so in memory we will ride a couple of good runs with the Belvoir over again. Both occasions happen to be on the Lincolnshire side of the country, fair



*By permission of "Vanity Fair."*

SIR GILBERT GREENALL, MASTER OF THE BELVOIR, 1896-1912





hunting country of alternate grass and plough, whose fences will stand no trifling with,—so be advised and bring out your best jumper!

On February 23, 1906, the meet was Rippingale village on the edge of the fens, and all twenty-five miles distant from kennels. A special train brought horses and hounds, a procession of motor cars, led by the master's big yellow chariot, arriving with the booted and spurred brigade at the appointed hour. The morning was raw and cold, with a feeling of snow in the air, but the bite in the wind was good for scent, and hounds got all the



*Diana 1910*

horses beat before they trotted back to kennels and their soup, in the dusk of the evening. It is a meet which attracts a large concourse of villagers and sightseers from the surrounding district, hospitality on these occasions being dispensed by Mr Franks, from a table of good cheer set out on the green. Those out included the master, Sir Gilbert Greenall on the favourite grey horse Phantom, Lady Greenall riding a good-looking bay, Lord Robert Manners on a short-tailed black horse, Major J. W. Rennie on a chestnut, Mrs R. Clayton Swan on a bang-tailed bay, the Hon. Miss Walsh, Mrs Lindsay Smith, Mrs George Schwind on a bang-tailed black horse, Mr George Drummond, Captain George Paynter on the chestnut Bachelor's Pride, Captain Thatchell, Captain Holloway Steeds on one of the right stamp, Mrs R. J. Ellison, General Sir Mildmay Willson,

Miss Laura Willson with Miss Sylvia Amcotts, Mr Arthur Willson, Sir George Whichcote on a chestnut, Colonel Eric Smith, Mr Robert Rose on a strong bay, Captain Pritchard, Mr F. H. Schwind, Mr A. L. Jessopp, Mr L. Heathcote, Mr T. W. and Mrs Stanton both riding chestnuts, Mr Vincent Hemery on a short-tailed black horse, Mr J. Tomlin-



Sir Gilbert Greenall, master of the Belvoir.

son, Mr Bernard Caswell, Mr James Rudkin, Mr A. Pick, Miss Pick, Mr Barber, Mr T. Bradley, Mr G. Mays, Mr A. Wadsley, Mr H. Clarke, Mr G. H. Bellamy, Mr H. M. Escritt, the Rev. F. M. P. Sheriff.

At the meet a runaway horse was gallantly stopped by Mr Harry Clarke, himself riding a four year old, and wearing a patch over one eye, after being in the wars when schooling on the day previous. The meet is close to a beautiful grass country with large tracts of woodland, seldom visited by hounds, but noted for a wild, stout breed of foxes who can

generally be relied upon to take care of themselves. The first draw was Dunsby Wood, a nice cover on the main road that runs between Lincoln and Peterborough, a favourite possession of Judge Lawrance, who always has foxes and pheasants. Finding almost at once when they touched covert, we had a slow woodland hunt, the big dog-hounds throwing their tongue beautifully as they worked a fox through a chain of coverts nearly to Grims-thorpe. Bourne Wood is one of the largest, with a maze of parallel rides and plenty of ground-game on the move. After an hour or more of patient hunting, a fox who knew his ground was able to twist into scentless security. Well might Ben Capell wonder if he was on or off the hunting map, and when galloping up one of the many rides, he inquired of a local pilot where he was? "On the middle south-east ride of the second division of Bourne Wood!" replied his informant. "Is it in England?" rejoined the huntsman, hoping he might not lose any of his hounds in such an interminable jungle.

Collecting forces, for by this time both the field and the hounds were scattered, the hunt set their backs on the great woodland district, and turned to Kirkby Underwood, also a huge oak forest, but with more open country, and a fair vale of grass beyond.

A fox was roused, and a good pilot he proved, giving us an eight mile point over a most sporting line of country, the big dog-hounds hunting resolutely, and steadily, eventually fairly nailing him in the open. Leaving the Bulby side of covert, hounds crossed the grass into Bulby Hall Wood, and from there the cream of the gallop began. Leaving Hawthorpe village on the right, we rode an undulating bit of open country in the direction of the Hall, where just for a minute or so hounds

checked, Capell answering their mute appeal for assistance with unerring cast, and away they chimed with inspiriting chorus into Irnham Old Park Wood. Running the length of this covert, hounds led the way across a line of hairy fences to the brook which winds its way up the valley between Osgodby and Lenton. Some had a go at it with more or less success, hitting off a spot where the bottom was sound, enabling horses to jump in and out. A post and rails into deep plough, and a rough boundary fence came into the journey up to Osgodby coppice. Here there was some confusion with a brace of foxes before hounds, but the whipper-in, Jack Jones, jumped some stiff timber, and turned the pack to Capell in the nick of time. Getting on to poor scenting ground, it was slow hunting out by Bitchfield Wood, until a halloa back by Osgodby Coppice supplied the missing evidence. From the hill-side we had a glorious view across a grass country looking up to Lenton spire. The fences here about have a strong top binder, but our leaders were Captain H. Steeds, Mr G. Drummond, Mr F. H. Schwind, Mr L. Heathcote, and Mrs G. Schwind. Travelling smoothly over the mile or more of grass, hounds disappeared into Ingoldsby Wood, and scent serving they ran with a beautiful cry, sending the wood pigeons rocketing from their perches. Led by Sir Gilbert Greenall on the grey, we rode the low side of the covert in hot haste over boggy poached going. Pulling up at the Grantham end, low corner, Sir Gilbert held up his hand and we stood, a cloud of steam rising from the horses. "Just in time! Yonder he goes! with back arched and tongue lolling, a beaten fox leaving the covert." The master's horn summoned Capell and hounds,

Lady Greenall galloping forward to view over the Grantham road. "Tally ho!" screamed Ben as he jumped out of the road, and the dog-hounds drove along, well served by scent; every horse going in harmony with his rider, taking the fences as they came. Turning left-handed off the grass our fox crossed the green lane into Boothby little wood, and running down the covert, it was of no avail to shake off his relentless pursuers. Hardly drawing rein the small field rode the covert side, glad to turn to gate or gap, for the last few fences had brought about many a peck and scramble. We had a sinking fox before us; hounds went silent, scent must have failed suddenly as so often happens at the end of a severe hunt. He has beaten us and robbed the run of its crowning reward! But no, Sir Gilbert's quick eye viewed a tan hound carrying the line on. The next moment the master's horn started us going again. It was a life and death struggle with a gallant fox making a last desperate effort to reach the sanctuary of Boothby big wood, half a mile away on the hill-side. One field more and Ben Capell gave an electrifying cheer, for the dog-hounds rolled their fox over as he struggled through the fence to cross the Grantham Road.

It was an eight mile point, a great hound performance, holding the line as they did through a thousand acres of covert, and savagely they shook their fox into a hundred tatters of brown. "Get me the brush, Ben," said Lady Greenall, "I want it for the boys!" but a pad rescued from old Villager's jaws was the only trophy of that stout woodland fox. Horses stood around shaking their tails, done to a turn; and with the pleasant glow of happiness that comes after a good day's sport, we started homewards in the dusk of the evening.

AN HOUR AND TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO A KILL.

WITH THE BELVOIR. MARCH 23, 1906

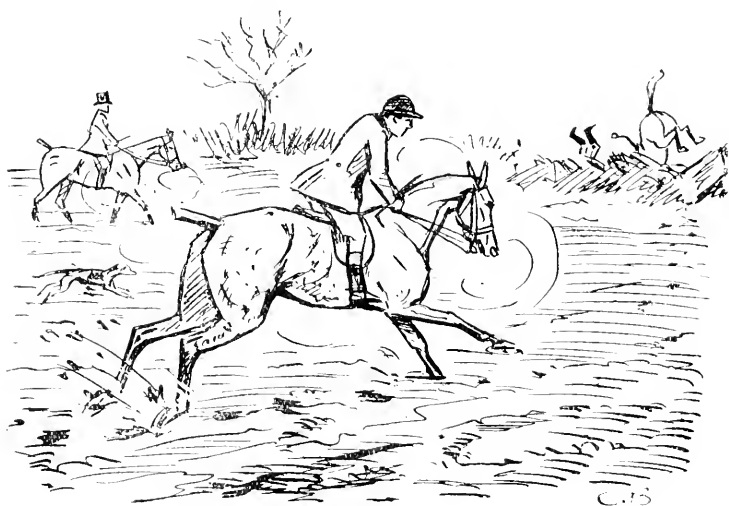
A bite of east in the wind favoured a scent and hounds brought off a rare good hunt over the cream of the Lincolnshire country, killing a fine old dog-fox at the finish. Folkingham was the fixture, a convenient meeting place in the market square, which always attracts a large gathering. All the conditions were right for hunting, with a keenness in the air, clear over head and moist under foot, an ideal day for the spring of the year. Sir Gilbert Greenall was in command, a large gathering including Lady Greenall, Lord Robert Manners, and a good representative Lincolnshire field, keen to take a country on. The usual law was allowed, for there are a great many appreciative sight-seers on these occasions gathered around the pack on the green opposite the residence of Mr and Mrs Cuthbert Bradley, who dispensed hospitality in a stirrup-cup of home-brewed orange-gin. The old coaching town looks its best on a hunting morning, assuming a business-like air with a procession of vehicles and motor cars on the scene.

The order of the day was to ride to the west end of the new belt of firs on the far side of Mr Heathcote's new covert, whither the "Squire," Mr Thomas A. R. Heathcote, with his daughter had walked on to see the covert drawn. The plantation of firs lies on the hill-side, set some thirty years ago by a fine old hunting-parson, the late Rev. Thomas Heathcote of Lenton, and to-day is the winter quarters of foxes, pheasants, countless pigeons, and starlings. Ben Capell with a mixed pack trotted to the far end to draw up wind, and at once hounds roused a fox, but in less than five minutes he was numbered with

the slain. Phoenix-like, from his ashes, arose a second fox vociferously halloed away from the Laughton end of covert, and to that point Capell galloped with the pack in hot haste. Hitting off the line, hounds opened with a beautiful chorus, and away we went across a wild untrimmed country of alternate grass and plough in the direction of Keisby Wood. The ditches here are wide, and for the most part full of rough grass, so that in less than ten minutes there were loose horses, and riders legging it over the sticky plough. A shepherd by a lambing pen in the open country gave the huntsman a note of information, and with steady hunting we turned right-handed for Lenton Pastures. Those riding the line had some biggish fences to jump. Captain R. Ellison over-reaching his horse badly, while Mrs M. Stocks registered a fall, nearly accomplishing a second one, when being helped into the saddle again. The blindness of the country trapped Captain H. G. Pritchard's good grey horse, and Mr W. H. Wilkinson turned up at Lenton Pastures with a damaged hat and dirty coat.

Down into the valley, leaving Heathcotes covert half a mile on the right, there was a patient period of hunting, and then hounds picked up the line again, congratulating one another as they went, keeping us riding along for the next hour, touching only one covert in that time. Doubling back a second time for Keisby, a good fox then sank the wind, running a point of seven miles or more, due west, almost straight for the coverts at Stoke on the far side the Great Northern Railway. It was a hunting scent, and a large field rode along in the full enjoyment of a most sporting line of country, with time to pick their place at fences which test the abilities of a hunter. To the fore was Mr F. H.

Schwind well carried by a chestnut, Mrs Lindsay Smith's good bay horse jumping in faultless style, and Miss Laura Willson piloting Miss Sylvia Amcotts, well placed with Mrs T. W. Stanton on her good chestnut horse "Snuff," and Mrs G. H. Schwind, riding the bang-tailed chestnut mare "Gillards Compound." After passing Keisby village there is a glorious view across the grass vale, with Ingoldsby Wood in the far distance; and checking over the



Signs of a good day's sport.

road, where Sir Gilbert Greenall on the grey held us up in the gateway, the most interesting period of this fine hunt then began. Mr E. W. Griffith riding forward got information of our fox being seen making his way for the line of grass in the vale. Forward we rode at a nice hunting pace, with Lady Greenall, Mrs E. W. Griffith on a curiously coloured mottled chestnut, Mr Cyril Greenall, Captain George Powell, Mons. Auriol, Mr G. H. Bellamy, Mr J. Tomlinson, Mr Bernard Carswell, and Mr Trustwell on the well-known steeplechaser Wet Paint, all



well placed with hounds. Down the grass we rode, those knowing the line cramming on their hats in anticipation of the brook which winds its way in



Ben Capell bloods a youngster.

the hollow, a formidable obstacle, take it where you will! Those in the view were General Sir Mildmay Willson, Sir George Whichcote, Mr Ernest Chaplin, Mrs Montague Thorold, Captain Thatchell, Mr R. Hoare, the top weight, Mr L. Heathcote,

Mr Beerbohm whose grey showed signs of an encounter with the strong black thorns, and as usual Lord Robert Manners thoroughly enjoying the line of country. At a critical moment when hounds checked on the road it was Sir Gilbert Greenall's keen eye that spotted Roguery (1902), a black, white and tan bitch by Dasher, from Rapid, carrying the line down the hedge side. She had a distinguishing husky note, and with two blasts on his horn, Ben Capell cheered the pack to her. The going on the grass in the valley was spongy and wet, towards the old Belvoir hunt steeplechase course, a mile on the right hand. Over the brook splashed hounds, and then the fun began, for it was a mile distant to bridge or ford. From the ranks out darted Mr Vincent Hemery riding a bob-tailed black horse. At the brook he rode top pace, but it was too wide to cover, and with a mighty splash, horse and rider landed in the stream, raising a wave that prompted caution for those behind. Mrs Lindsey Smith found a better place, and her horse very cleverly got the right side in safety. It was a tantalising moment, with the pack on the far side chiming away over the grass, and the field riding right and left to hit off a possible place. Some there were who jumped the line of fences in the valley, riding to the bridge on the steeplechase course below Lenton, but the hunt staff discovered a possible place where many were able to double the brook and land on the distant shore with hounds. By Ingoldsby village, fences come close together, but the going was sound, and Mr Richard Rose, the veteran welter weight, on a good chestnut, jumped a gate out of the road in the journey to Ingoldsby Wood. The master was the first to reach the top side of Ingoldsby Wood, just in time

to view his fox stealing away, and giving Ben the information on his horn, no time was lost in getting through this big covert. Away down the hill-side we rode, leaving Bitchfield school on our right, the children running out to give us a joyous rustic cheer as we passed. Leaving the grass we crossed the road, and again touched the plough, hitting off the bridge that crosses the brook from Boothby. A sinking fox was before us, and hounds were running with expectant keenness, whilst Capell rode watchful for every turn at a critical moment, for after running almost a straight line, we began to twist in the enclosures up the rising ground to Bassingthorpe. Another turn to the left and Capell got a view, as a gallant fox made his last effort to reach the small plantation on the hill by Burton Coggles. In the next field the pack flashed on, excepting two couples of dog-hounds who turned short under the fence and rolled their fox over. Capell's triumphant "Who whoop!" proclaimed the finish of one of the most stirring gallops ever seen on the Lincolnshire side of the Belvoir country, and stiff as a stake the huntsman set the dead fox upon his legs before the baying pack. It was one of those occasions on which every rider at once dismounted, for it had been a severe gallop for horses, the cloud of steam and shaking tails telling its own story. Sir Gilbert Greenall was radiantly happy, presenting the brush to his wife, and she handed it on to Mons. Auriol from across the Channel, who had gone gallantly on a hireling. The mask of this good fox Sir Gilbert Greenall had set up, sending it later to Mr Thomas A. R. Heathcote, the owner of the Folkingham covert, from which the day's sport began.

## CHAPTER IX

### MR G. SMITH-BOSANQUET'S HERTFORDSHIRE PACK

The old Hatfield hunt—Mr E. P. Delmé Radcliffe, master 1835—Mr G. Smith-Bosanquet, master 1907—Hunting, shooting, and keepers' furthering sport—The master and his kennels at Broxbornebury—James Budd, kennel huntsman, and the hounds—The pick of three entries—Some good runs seen during season 1910-11—A day's hunting with Mr G. Smith-Bosanquet in February 1911—The hunt-staff and horses—The statue of the late Marquis of Salisbury by Hatfield House—A wet day in the woods by Goose Green.

“ I will show you a country that none can surpass  
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing,  
We have acres of woodland, and oceans of grass.  
We have game in the Autumn and cubs in the Spring.”

—MAJOR WHYTE MELVILLE.

HERTFORDSHIRE, some twenty miles north of London was originally hunted by the Salisbury family, the Hatfield Hunt being established by the famous Marchioness about 1775. In the charming “ Family Chronicle ” by Miss Gertrude Lyster, is a curious recollection of the famous Lady Salisbury, widow of the first Marquess, who in her latter years was known as “ Old Sarum.” She was burned to death at Hatfield in 1835, when she was eighty-five years of age. Miss Lyster writes : “ I well remember the fire at Hatfield ; I was twelve at the time. The news of it was brought to Kimpton from someone at the Hoo, and the sensation in the country can be imagined. The old Marchioness was a well-known figure at the covert-side, riding with a groom at her side, who people said, got so eager

in the chase that he encouraged his old mistress to come along and take leaps which were quite alarming, but which she was too blind to do more than acquiesce in. I saw her once on horseback when she was very old. She had ridden over to Lady Dacre's at the Hoo near Hatfield, and it was my firm impression that she was tied on to her saddle ; but I believe it was only a strap which held up some of the long voluminous folds of the habit of the day."

At a later date (1835) Mr E. P. Delmé Radcliffe had a four-season mastership, and his experiences in the Hertfordshire country led to the writing of the classic work, "The Noble Science of Fox-hunting," published in 1839. Up to 1875 the hunt was known by the name of the reigning master, but since then



FOXES AND PHEASANTS.

it has always been styled the Hertfordshire, and possesses a fine tract of grass, arable, and woodland country for four days a week, some thirty miles long and twenty-three miles wide. A portion of country on the south side had not been hunted in recent years till 1907, when arrangements were made with the Hertfordshire hunt, and Mr G. Smith-Bosanquet established a two-days-a-week pack, at his residence, Broxbornebury Park, carrying the horn himself. From small beginnings, this young hunt has become firmly established,

and each successive season it grows in popularity, maintaining an excellent average of sport. A shooting country abounding in beautiful coverts requires time and education before it becomes an established hunting area, but now the happiest state of feeling exists, for foxes and pheasants flourish, as they always can with proper management. The extent of this two-days-a-week offshoot of the Hertfordshire country proper, is twelve miles from north to south, and ten miles from east to west, comprising an extent of woodland and a sweep of hay-growing meadows—bordering up to the Great Northern Railway at Potters Bar. On the master's own shooting surrounding Broxbornebury Park, which is good fox ground, the average bag of game for the season is 1500 pheasants, and 200 brace of partridges. A large number of keepers are engaged in the district, furthering the interests of the hunt. Liberal head-money is given for finds, besides prizes of £5 and £3 presented each season to the keepers of the coverts from which the longest and best runs occur. The keepers' dinner and shooting competition at the end of the hunting season has done much to promote harmony between the two branches of sport which flourish in Hertfordshire, and residents vie with one another in entertaining the hunt at lawn meets. The master hunts the pack at his own expense, the country finding the poultry and damage fund.

In 1907 Mr Smith-Bosanquet served in South Africa, and was attached to the King's Dragoon Guards,—afterwards hunting in various parts of England and Ireland. Holding the mastership of the Cambridgeshire for four seasons with his college friend the Hon. L. J. Bathurst assisting for one season as huntsman; James Budd was then engaged.

This arrangement terminated at the death of Mr Smith-Bosanquet's father, and his accession to the property at Broxbornebury, where during the season of 1907-8, he established the hunt which bears his name, buying drafts of hounds to start a kennel. To-day every department is in satisfactory working order, the following has more than doubled its numbers and there is a large percentage of young people keen to ride. After visiting a six-days-a-week hunting establishment, with its eighty couples of hounds in kennel and seventy hunt horses, we envied the completeness which characterised this two-days-a-week kennel, with its twenty-five couples of hounds and stable of a dozen horses. The kennels are constructed of wood and iron, placed in the park near the fine seventeenth-century mansion, most complete and healthy with hounds looking in workman-like trim. Much might be said with regard to the advantages of these modern-day kennels and their improved sanitary arrangements, as compared with older establishments, where foundations and drains are often a source of trouble. Under the management of James Budd, who was with Mr Smith-Bosanquet during his mastership to the Cambridgeshire, a weight of experience has been brought to bear, after fifty years in the service of the chase. The strength of the pack is twenty-four couples, which have been carefully drafted for working qualities, throwing their tongue freely in the deep woodlands. The last two entries put on are quite satisfactory, with several couples of nice young hounds bred on the right lines. Amongst the drafts that have been purchased are smart bitches from the Atherstone, which look like doing the kennel good in the future, and others from Lord Zetland's have proved themselves

real workers, capital hounds to draw acres of strong brambles.

Amongst the younger hounds is promising working material by Essex sires, and this is particularly gratifying to Mr Smith-Bosanquet, who when at Eton was entered to fox-hunting in the Essex country. Belvoir blood crops up chiefly in the Atherstone purchases, and there is no mistaking the qualities of necks, shoulders, and colouring. The pick of the 1910 entry is to be found in a litter of two and a half couples by Fitzwilliam Saladin, from Hasty, a South and West Wilts bred bitch; they are Saucebox and Safety. The young dog-hound Saucebox has size, and is quite the right sort of hunting hound, with good looks. In the previous entry there was a nice bitch called Racket (1909), by Essex Rambler from Warwickshire Trespass, by Warwickshire Trojan from their Streamer. Racket is a 22½ inch bitch on short legs, has the right stuff and quality, and has been mated with a Belvoir sire, her dam being a great worker. Another nice bitch in the 1909 entry was Destiny, by Atherstone Deacon (1904) from their Victory (1904), built on racing lines, well balanced, and the right sort to go fox-catching with. Hilda, of the same year, by Belvoir Ragman (1906) from Atherstone Heretic (1907), we liked; and Tariff, another Atherstone bred one, was said to be a topper in her work. Trespass (1908), by Lord Zetland's Foreman (1904) from Truelass, was a big bitch, a wonder on the line of a fox, and Science, a seven season hunter, by Belvoir Dasher (1900) from Morpeth Sidelight (1900), should distinguish herself as a matron. Amongst the dog-hounds bred in the kennel, Rambler, a litter brother to Racket, stood out; he had a hard serviceable



look, and is good in his work. Hermit (1910), by the Essex Hemlock from Trespass, has a strong well-knit frame. Romulus, purchased from the Heythorp, looks all over a workman, a four season hunter by their Whynot from Rosy. This hound has distinctive black ticking in his coat, is a



Mr G. Smith-Bosanquet with Racket (1909) ; Destiny (1909) ; and Saucebox (1910).

hard driving sort, but unfortunately short of tongue.

An unusually wet season, 1910-11 was excellent for sport, with very few days lost on the score of weather, though the deep going made it necessary to stop operations for a week. Perhaps the best day of the season was on November 8, after meeting at the Chase. A good fox, roused during the afternoon in the spinney belonging to Mr Roddick, ran through

the top of Castlegate Wood, to Botany Bay village, across a fine line of grass country to Trent Park, where the pack pulled him down after a fast gallop of forty minutes. Another good day was that of February 4, after meeting at Woodhill, Hatfield. The first fox ran to ground, after a hunt of twenty minutes; hounds then had another twenty-five minutes' scurry. From Hatfield Common a real traveller was started, taking a line of grass through Panshanger Park and Bendwell Park to North Big Wood, where he beat his pursuers after a hunt lasting two hours and a half.

The whipper-in, Frank Tucker, — a brother of the huntsman to the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, — came from the Cambridgeshire, and rejoined his former master. In addition to the regular staff, Mr Smith-Bosanquet has the assistance of an honorary whipper-in, Capt. W. Sworder, of the Gordon Highlanders, a good horseman, who finds his own mounts. The duties of field-master are ably performed by Mr W. H. Vincent, a heavy-weight who has hunted all his life, and proves a liberal education to a field new to the pleasurable duties of the chase. Mr G. Smith-Bosanquet's name is familiar to the lovers of the horse, for his colours are often carried to victory under National Hunt rules; so that we were prepared to see a nice lot of horses occupying the stalls of the hunt stables. The pick of the stud, we thought, was the big chestnut Kestrel, who has won prizes in the show-yard; Gunner, the black horse, was another favourite of the master, as also was the grey mare Silver Cloud.

Mrs Smith-Bosanquet is not often seen in the saddle, but is a constant follower of the chase on wheels, and during February 1911 gave a hunt

dance at the fine old Elizabethan residence, where three hundred guests assembled.

The occasion we had a day's hunting at the end of season 1910-11 with this sporting Hertfordshire pack, was unfortunately very wet, and the going water-logged after a night of rain, a climax of mud and misery for the small field who braved the elements. The master, who was riding the Gunner—the big brown-black horse—was hunting



Mr G. Smith-Bosanquet hunting hounds. March 1911.

a mixed pack of fifteen and a half couples, whilst Budd, ready to serve in any capacity, acted as whipper-in, riding a nice-shaped grey horse, Banbury, a new purchase from Captain F. Gooch. Tucker, owing to a "rider's strain," was not in the field, his place being taken by a second horseman, carried by Darkie, a sharp black horse, with a short tail, a good performer which had formerly been the mount for George Whitmore, huntsman to the Atherstone. Another absentee from the staff, on the sick list, was Captain Sworder, who besides

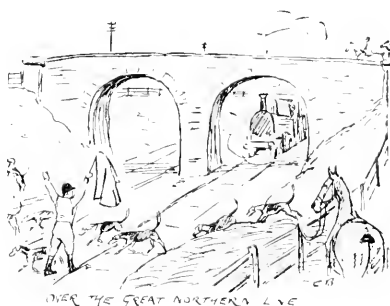
acting as honorary whipper-in, looks after the poultry claims, demanding remains to be brought to his residence, so that he may investigate and hold inquests on the same. The burly form of Mr W. H. Vincent, in hunting-cap, was in evidence, mounted on Placid Joe, a rare type of weight-carrying blood hunter, a great performer though he has been "tubed." Our own mount was Billy, a strong, short-tailed brown horse, who was clever enough to find the best going in a very water-logged district. Trotting away from kennels, we had a four mile ride in the rain at hound-pace, always a good moment to study the character and carriage of foxhounds individually, as they trot along with a buoyancy which bespeaks hope and expectation. Our way lay by Hatfield House, and passing the gates we raised our hats reverently to the bronze statue of the great statesman, the late Marquis of Salisbury, a fine piece of work erected in 1906 at the entrance to the Park. The meet was in a paddock in a neighbouring village, and our host had a table full of good things in the way of refreshment laid out for all comers, the small field numbering several young people. When we moved away, hounds started to draw a long chain of coverts, whilst we galloped up a boggy wood-ride with Budd; who had instructions to place us in a good position to get a view. The hunt secretary after marshalling the field, had a watchful eye for late comers and second horsemen, who are apt to head a fox at critical moments. Above the patter of the rain was heard the voice of the field-master chiding, evidence that somebody was getting it hot! A few minutes later the distant music of hounds came floating on the breeze, the keeper's report as to the whereabouts of a fox having been correct.

What was better still, the cry of hounds noted their approach to the wood-ride, which is an original Roman road, whose prehistoric ruts were deep in water. First a blackbird flicked over, then a cock pheasant, then another cock pheasant on the run, followed by a third, with a hen pheasant not far behind.

The supreme moment came at last, when a lithe form of rufus-brown glided over the ride; view holloas then awoke the echoes. The master, horn in hand, came galloping from the recesses of the forest, and hounds flicked over the ride congratulating one another as they went, for the wet turf carried a scent, and they crashed through the undergrowth as if glued to their fox. Then followed a long spell of woodland hunting in the neighbourhood of Goose Green, whilst we, with a section of local guides, did our best to keep within hearing of the pack, and avoid being engulfed in boggy rides, yards deep in tenacious mud. It was a bucketting experience for the hunt-horses, but from start to finish during the season it was a case of plumbing the deep, and those that survived the ordeal deserved a distinguished service order. Arriving at a central stone ride, we were glad to stop on *terra firma* for the rest of the morning, to save a good horse for a better occasion. Working their

fox in covert, hounds got him handy, and a triumphant "Who whoop!" proclaimed the well-merited reward.

The return made for Mr Smith-Bosanquet's hunt during season 1910-11 was as follows:—Including



cub-hunting, hounds were out on forty-eight days, stopped on two by frost, and had one day blank. They killed  $19\frac{1}{2}$  brace of foxes—which was above the average—marked  $11\frac{1}{2}$  brace to ground, and finding the supply fair. Scent was useful during most of the season after November, and sport was up to the average, the weather being very open. On February 4, hounds ran from the Common, Hatfield, to Northaw Wood, by Panshanger Park and Canfield, marking their fox to ground; the time was one hour and forty minutes, the point seven miles.





*By permission of "Fauldy Fair."*

THE CROWD AT KIRBY GATE, 1901







THE CROWD AT KIRBY GATE, 1901

1. Walter Kite. 2. Kipper. 3. Captain Burns Hartopp (master). 4. Mr Launcelot Lowther. 5. Mrs Burns Hartopp. 6. Lord Belper.
7. Colonel E. H. Baldock. 8. Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton. 9. Mr Arthur Coventry. 10. 11. Captain the Hon. H. H. and Mrs Molyneux.
12. Mr Hugh Owen. 12A. Mr H. T. Barclay. 13. The Duke of Marlborough. 14. Lady Angela Forbes. 15. Mr J. D. Craddock. 16. Lady Hartopp. 17. Mr A. V. Pryor. 18. General J. Brocklehurst. 19. Mrs Asquith. 20. Lord Henry Bentinck. 21. Mr Cecil Chaplin. 22. Mr Henry Chaplin.
23. The Countess of Warwick. 24. The Hon. Mrs W. Lawson. 25. The Earl of Lonsdale. 26. Mr Foxhall Kene. 27. Princess Henry of Pless. 28. The Hon. Mrs Launcelot Lowther. 29. Tom Fitt. 30. Captain Tom Boyce. 31. Mr Tempest Wade.
32. The Melton Butcher, in blue.

## CHAPTER X

### THE QUORN UNDER CAPTAIN FRANK FORESTER

Kirby Gate the hunting Saturnalia—The crowd there November 6, 1911—The hunt on the cinematograph at the Empire Theatre—Captain Frank Forester—George Leaf—The long procession to Gartree Hill—The field there—F. Earp, former whipper-in to Tom Firr—A hunt from Gartree Hill to a kill by Little Dalby—The afternoon hunt—Ash Wednesday, 1911, with the Quorn at Ashby Pastures—The cap for the Surgical Aid Society—The Belvoir Ash Wednesday of 1880, recalled—The field out on that occasion—The Ash Wednesday masks collected by Captain, the Hon. H. H. Molyneux—For and against hunting on the first day of Lent—The field out March 1, 1911—A hunt in the morning up to Melton Mowbray—A quick hunt and a kill in the afternoon—A Quorn Ash Wednesday brush for the baby—The Quorn entry, 1911—The Rev. Cecil Legard judging—Ben Capell's opinion on the entry—The winners—Captain Forester's guests at the luncheon—The toast of the day proposed by Major Robertson, and a tribute to the Quorn master.

“ Fill up a bumper ! No hounds can go faster,  
No country can equal our country of Quorn,  
Health and long life, and success to our Master.  
Long may Leaf flourish to carry the horn.”

—MR H. CUMBERLAND BENTLEY.

KIRBY GATE, the opening meet in Leicestershire with the Quorn, has come to be regarded as the people's day, a sort of hunting Saturnalia, when the country-side and dwellers in towns turn out for a jollification. Countless battalions are there to ride, drive, cycle, or walk, to eat, drink, and enjoy the healthiest and most inspiring sight under the sun. In the same way that Derby Day is a public holiday for the Londoner, and an excuse to picnic on Epsom downs, so the opening meet of the Quorn on the first Monday in November is regarded as an annual outing for Leicester, and the district within

a wide radius of the scene. The remarkable function is said to be, "very much like the Epping Hunt, and you may think yourself extremely lucky if you get back alive!"

"For here are all equal—no class legislation,  
No privilege hinders; no family pride:  
In the 'image of war' shows the pluck of the nation;  
Ride, ancient patrician! Democracy, ride!"

Though motors could be counted by the hundred on the opening day of the present season—Monday, November 6, 1911—it was a congratulation that one well appointed four-in-hand was on the scene, reviving memories of past Kirby Gates in the mid-Victorian period. The police regulations to manage the lines of traffic were as usual admirable, and the crowd of sight-seers larger than ever—convincing evidence that the chase still stands high in public favour. The day was gloriously fine with brilliant sunshine, the boisterous wind being piercingly cold and the dust awful, conditions resembling a wild day in March, for the ground was decidedly hard. Cinematographs and cameras bombarded the hunting procession at every turn, the celebrities of the chase bearing the ordeal with patient resignation. The same evening in town, from a comfortable stall at the Empire Theatre, the gay scene was shown in motion on the screen to a large and appreciative audience. First of all the kennels were shown with George Leaf taking the pack out for exercise, then the Quorn going to the meet on the opening day, and the scene of the dense crowd at Kirby Gate, the residence of Mr Astill. After that the cavalcade passed by in stately procession through Great Dalby on their way to Gartree Hill, a four mile trot from the fixture. The covert side and surrounding landscape were realistically repro-

duced on the screen, with the first fox of the season twisting his way across a sea of grass, pursued by a joyous crowd of eager foot folk. After that came the hounds and George Leaf, who, by the way, started his fourth season with the Quorn, and as becomes the traditions of a skilled Leicestershire huntsman, was in no way handicapped by the crowd.



Melton on a hunting morning.

Getting clear with a galloping cast, Leaf hunted his fox round by the two Dalbys, and killed him in the open at the end of half an hour.

Captain Frank Forester, who started his sixth year of mastership to the Quorn, organised the day's sport so that it was successful in every way, affording as it did the greatest pleasure to the holiday division who were able to see a hunt from end to end.

The long procession of riders with the Quorn

included a representative gathering of the élite of Leicestershire, foregathered from all parts of the world, numbering possibly three hundred—by no means the largest muster we have seen. Riding with the master, was his daughter Miss Mary Forester, being the only lady in the assembly who sported the blue silk collar of the Quorn, Mrs Forester (on wheels), the Duchess of Newcastle, Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton and Mr A. V. Pryor, the Earl of Harrington, Baron de Forest, Lady Guernsey, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Milbanke, Mr John and Lady Theresa Cross, Sir Gerald Hanson, Sir Frederick Fowke, Baron de Hoz, the Hon. Mrs John Gretton, Mrs J. F. Laycock, Lady Kathleen Hill, the Hon. Mrs E. Wyndham, Colonel the Hon. W. A. W. Lawson, Miss Olive Lawson, Captain the Hon. R. Robertson, Colonel Grenfell, Colonel Reginald Hoare, Mr C. W. Wright, Mr and Mrs J. F. Harrison, Mr Coomb, Colonel Gordon Wilson, Captain Herbert Wilson, Mr and Mrs A. E. Burnaby, Miss Naylor, Admiral and Mrs David Beatty, Major T. B. Atkinson, Mr and Mrs R. E. Strawbridge, Miss Strawbridge, Major and Mrs R. B. Muir, Miss Clara Muir, Major R. A. Markham, Mr and Mrs Archibald Smith, Major Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Major Tomblin, the Misses Brocklehurst, Mr P. H. Coxe, Major G. W. Hobson, Major Heycock, Mr and Mrs C. J. Phillips, Mr and Mrs J. S. Crawford, the Misses Crawford, Mrs Hepworth, Captain and Mrs Burns-Hartopp, the Misses Burns-Hartopp, Mr G. T. Wade, Mrs G. W. Hillyard, Mr Davidson, Mr and Mrs H. G. Fenwick, Major and Mrs Campbell Johnston, Captain Campbell Johnston, Mr and Mrs R. Monro, Major and Mrs Mann Thomson, Mr J. D. Cradock, Captain J. W. Burns, Captain and Mrs N. Allfrey, Mr H. C. Allfrey, Captain Hugh Ashton, Mr W. P. Cantrell-

Hubbersty, Captain George Cantrell-Hubbersty, Mr and Mrs P. Carr, Mr and Mrs F. Whetstone, Captain Brown, Mrs Burn, Captain and Mrs H. O. Peacock, Mr W. A. Chaplin, Mr and Mrs E. Paget, Mr and Mrs C. E. Hay, Mr and Mrs G. Heriot, Mrs Maxwell Angas, Mr J. Mackley, Mr Foster Twidale, Mrs Bradbury, Mr Gill, Mr H. Wyles, Mr Clarke, Mr Larkin, Mr J. B. W. Robinson, Mr J. F. Cartmell, Miss Cartmell, Herr Lowengard, Mr Carter, Mr Lousada, Mr and Mrs C. W. Stanley, Mr and Mrs Mills, Mrs Brooks, Mr and Mrs T. E. Brooks, Mr Hardinge, Mr H. Beeby, Mr B. A. Smith, Mr and Mrs S. Snodin, Mr T. Snodin, Mr and Mrs F. H. K. Durlacher, Mr Bernard Wilson, Mr W. Payne, Mr J. Payne, Mr Walter Payne, Mr H. Beeby, Mr R. Black, Mr H. S. Black, Mr R. C. Cooper, Mr H. Morris, Mr J. Tyler, Mr W. Ward, Mr H. E. Rippin, Mr S. Marshall, Mr E. W. I. Oakley, Mr S. Wilders, the Rev. R. C. Dashwood, the Rev. J. and Mrs Pallister, the Rev. F. A. Gage, and Mrs Hall, Mr H. W. Samney, Dr and Mrs R. H. Fagge, Dr H. Roberts, Mr Whittingham, Mr G. W. Brewitt, Mr R. S. Goward, Mr G. Rowlatt, the Rev. H. T. Mogbridge, Mr T. Astill, Mr G. W. Goodacre, Mr J. Otho Paget, the Rev. J. P. Seabrooke.

The sight of Lord Harrington's huntsman, Fred Earp, enjoying a day with the Quorn, revived memories of the past, for he rode fourteen seasons first whipper-in to Tom Firr. We counted twelve grey horses in the long procession, and one rider who had been on the broad of his back before the first covert was reached, for there has never yet been a Kirby Gate meet without somebody getting kicked off!

Two brace were in hiding at Gartree Hill, one of which was speedily chopped, the second going

away on the Burton side as if for the hall, and being headed swung right-handed for Bunny Spinney. Leaf lifted hounds round the covert, with W. Strickland and Nimrod Capell whipping-in, and they hunted a fine line of country across the Burton Flats to Wilds Lodge. The clear atmosphere favoured the sight-seers, for the whole journey could be viewed from the hill-side above Gartree Hill, the followers having plenty of jumping. Turning before reaching the Oakham and Melton road, hounds hunted their fox back over the Little Dalby road, and killed on the grass by the village.

Leaf then led the way back to Gartree Hill and hounds found again, but were headed in every direction, eventually getting out across the old Melton Hunt steeplechase course, reaching Burrough Hill Wood, and turned in the direction of Major Andrew Coats' residence, leftwards for the Punch Bowl. Missing this, he circled round into Cottessmore country, continuing on to Berry Gorse and Leesthorpe, where all trace was lost. There was sufficient scent so long as hounds could keep a straight line, but not enough to enable them to turn with their fox. Later on another run was started from Thorpe Trussels, nearly to the outskirts of Great Dalby village, away towards Melton with rather a halting scent, although hounds ran nicely at times. Altogether it was a far better day's sport than might have been expected, with such a combination of circumstances to be contended with. Throughout the day the cold snap in the air was exhilarating, and everyone appeared good humoured.

Harking back to the spring of 1911, we will follow the Quorn on Ash Wednesday, a special meet being arranged by Captain Forester at Ashby Pastures, where a cap was taken on behalf of the



funds of the local branch of the Surgical Aid Society—about eighty pounds being raised. In olden days the Belvoir were famous for their Ash Wednesday fixtures, meeting at Saltby Church about twelve o'clock, but in 1889, by the express wish of the late Duchess of Rutland—Lady John Manners—the fixture was abandoned never to be revived. Last year in the *Field*, Captain Pennell, Elmhirst, called to mind a memorable occasion in 1880: "I involuntarily turn to the big brush hanging on the wall above me. I reach it down to read the inscription 'Ash Wednesday with the Belvoir, 1880,' a remnant token of a great gallop from Coston covert and Woodwell Head, to a kill in the Ashwell Vale. The master elect of the Cottesmore, General John Brocklehurst, will remember it well."

Others in that distinguished gathering with Frank Gillard, and his famous whipper-in, Will Wells, included the present Lord Lonsdale, Lord Esme Gordon, Mr George Drummond, Mr Rhodes, Mr Gerald Paget, Mr Arthur Brocklehurst, Colonel Gosling, Captain the Hon. H. H. Molyneux, Captain Byng, Captain Arthur Smith, and Mrs Candy. Trophies of a Belvoir fox killed on Ash Wednesday were much sought after, and Captain the Hon. H. H. Molyneux had quite a collection of historical masks hanging over the fireplace of his dining-room, when hunting from Sanham House; a comfortable residence within sight of Great Dalby Station.



Tom Firr.

George Leaf had seventeen and a half couples of bitches in the field, the majority of them Belvoir bred, or once removed from that kennel. Some masters of fashionable packs keep their hounds at home on Ash Wednesday and do a day's "hedging" for their sins, others provide sport for the "unemployed," and so keep them out of mischief. Certainly on the occasion under consideration, March 1, 1911, the field was a large and representative gathering.

The following were reported as being present, in addition to the master, Countess Cowley, the Countess of Warwick, Elizabeth Countess of Wilton and Mr A. V. Pryor, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Count H. de Baillet la Tour, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, Count Larisch, Count Kinsky, Lady Kathleen Hill, Mr J. and Lady Theresa Cross, Colonel the Hon. W. A. W. and Mrs Lawson, Miss O. Lawson, Colonel W. A. Peake, the Hon. E. S. and Mrs Wyndham, Mrs Macfarlane, Major and Mrs R. B. Muir (the latter driving), Miss C. T. Muir, Miss C. Gardener Muir, Mr Myddleton, Mr R. Myddleton, Major T. B. Atkinson, Major Mann Thomson, Major Fortescue, Mrs Waldorf Astor, Mrs Brooks, Major R. A. Markham, Mr D. E. Johnstone, Major Heycock, Major Campbell Johnston, Capt. Campbell Johnston, Mr Raymond Greene, Capt. and Mrs J. F. Laycock, Mr F. B. Mildmay, Major Andrew Coats, Mr T. Coats, Mr H. P. Whitney, Miss Whitney, Mr A. E. Burnaby, Capt. Burns-Hartopp, Miss Burns-Hartopp, Mrs Hepworth, Capt. N. Allfrey, Mr H. C. Allfrey, Capt. the Hon. G. H. Douglas Pennant, Mr Henderson Mr A. S. Burden, Mr J. A. Burden, Mr J. J. Astor, Major Hughes Onslow, Capt. W. de Winton, Capt. Spender Clay, Mr and Mrs F. H. K. Durlacher, Mr B. Wilson, Capt. Herbert Wilson, Mrs S. Whit-

burn, Mr R. L. Fenwick, Mr and Mrs H. G. Fenwick, Capt. H. Ashton, Miss D. Hartopp, Miss Vera Barclay, Miss E. W. Philip, Mrs F. Mackey, Mr R. E. Strawbridge, Miss Strawbridge, Mr Foxhall Keene, Mrs Hepworth, Major Tomblin, Capt. Bates, Mr A. Smith, Mr and Mrs T. E. Brooks, Mr Larkin, Mr Gill, Mr Lousada, Mr J. F. Cartmell, Mr T. Snodin, Mr H. S. Black, Mr W. Payne, Mr J. B. W. Robinson, etc.

The first fox was set going from the pastures, and driving him out from the lower side, hounds pointed for Sanham House, then bearing right-handed crossed the railway that runs between Melton and Leicester. Hunting on to Great Dalby village there occurred a check, but Leaf set them right, and running on to Crown Point they gained Gartree Hill covert. Here hounds changed on to a fresh fox, running over the flats to Burton Hall Spinnies. Travelling along at a smart pace over the sandy lane and Dalby road, they ran towards Eye Kettleby, and making a sharp bend to the right reached the outskirts of Melton Mowbray. In a small paddock near the new park, fox and hounds were all together, but he managed to vanish into security, just as everyone was counting on his brush to crown the Ash Wednesday performance.

There was another fox in readiness at Thorpe Trussels, and in brief the following is a description of the hunt as told by George Leaf: "We only touched one plough field all day. There was a hunting scent, and the fox from Thorpe Trussels went very straight, enabling hounds to burst him up in forty minutes, the kill occurring near to Gartree Hill covert. The brush was presented to the Hon. Mrs W. Lawson, for her granddaughter, who was born the day before. Hounds broke up the head. You will be pleased to hear I have a

very good entry of both dogs and bitches. I think I have the best young dog-hound I have seen for a long while. He is by Belvoir Helper—out of a Belvoir Candidate bitch.”

The Quorn put forward a very strong entry, July 1911, there being no fewer than  $31\frac{1}{2}$  couples—10 couples of dog-hounds, and  $21\frac{1}{2}$  couples of bitches. The judges were the Rev. Cecil Legard of Cottesbrooke



A Quorn Flyer.

Rectory, Northamptonshire, who officiated for the sixth year and remarked “that the improvement was very apparent, for Captain Forster very wisely stuck to the Belvoir kennel for his sires, the fountain head of all excellence. The condition in which the puppies were brought before them redounded to the credit of the walkers.” Ben Capell, the Belvoir huntsman, was the other judge on this occasion, and he remarked that the dog-hounds were very good, but the bitches

were the best, and again he would say, “Walk them for a month, give them plenty of liberty, and then they will look after themselves.”

The first prize for dog-hounds was won by Wellington, walked by Mr Shaw, of Keyworth, one of the oldest supporters of the Quorn Hunt; second prize went to Comet, walked by Miss Black; third prize to Neptune, walked by Mr H. Parkinson of Sileby. The reserve hound was Draughtsman, walked by Mr Baldwin of Keyham.

The "ladies" were even more difficult to place than the dog-hounds; but Hesper stood out by herself, and was walked by Mr B. Lovett, of Nether Broughton, another of the Quorn veterans, who remarked "that he walked the puppy at the instigation of his granddaughter, and was delighted to think that he had carried off a first prize, for the first attempt." Captive made a good second, walked by Mrs Marshall of Ratby; and Nightwatch was placed third, walked by Admiral David Beatty of Brooksby. The reserve lady in a strong class was Halma, walked by Mr R. L. Fenwick, of Little Belvoir.

Captain Forester presided at the luncheon which was subsequently held, and was supported by Mrs Forester, Miss Mary Forester, Major Hughes Onslow, Major and Mrs Bradford Atkinson, Colonel W. A. Peake, Colonel Burn Murdoch, Major Collis, Major Robertson, Captain Bates, Dr Garitt, Dr Unitt, the Rev. J. and Mrs Gilbert, the Rev. F. A. and Mrs Hall, Mr and Mrs C. W. Wright, Mr and Mrs W. E. Paget, Mr and Mrs P. W. Carr, Mr R. L. Fenwick, Mr and Mrs T. E. Brooks, Mr and Mrs A. Smith, Mr and Mrs C. B. Shakespeare, Mr and Mrs W. F. Whetstone, Mr J. C. Monro, Mr and Mrs B. E. Johnstone, Mr Eaton, Mr G. T. Wade, Mr J. D. Cradock, Mr and Mrs J. B. Fernie, Mr and Mrs J. Hallam, Mr J. B. Tidmas, Mr W. P. Hubbersty, Mr and Mrs W. H. Marsh, Mr J. Smith, Mr T. Tyler, F. Earp, huntsman to the Earl of Harrington, Arthur Thatcher,



Ran into him in the open.

huntsman to Mr Fernie, Will Barnard, huntsman to Mr George W. Fitzwilliam, Tom Isaac, huntsman to the Cottesmore, Tom Hawkin, huntsman to the Blankney, and Ben Capell, huntsman to the Belvoir.

Major Robertson in proposing the health of Captain Forester, said "he was the oldest member of the Quorn committee present, and his recollections went back fifty-one years when Lord Stamford was the master. His lordship possessed remarkable will-power in some respects, but he was not a very good man to hounds. The many masters he had known were probably equal to Captain Forester in hunting, in forming a pack, and in riding to hounds; but he could truthfully say that he never met a master who combined all the qualities like Captain Forester. The present master spared no trouble in order to show them sport, and it was with the very greatest pleasure that he proposed his health, and expressed the wish that he might long be spared to act as master to the Quorn hounds."

## CHAPTER XI

### TWO FOX-UP-A-CHIMNEY HUNTS WITH THE BELVOIR, 1891 AND 1910

#### PART I

Aswarby Park and Sir Thomas Whichcote—Frank Gillard and the Belvoir dog-hounds, 1891—The Lincolnshire field out—The twenty minutes burst from Burton Plantations to Silk Willoughby—Fox up the chimney after jumping over the baby—Secured and turned down—The mask in evidence to-day—A ten mile point from Newton Wood—A small field ride a straight run over a fine country to Grimsthorpe Park—Mark to ground at dark—Home by lantern light to Belvoir kennels, 9.30.

#### PART II

Deep going in Leicestershire—The Belvoir Vale in March—A large field out at Piper Hole Dam—Preliminary Hunting—A flyer from Scalford to Waltham—On the roof of the George and Dragon—The hunt down the chimney—Relics of old Will Goodall—The vixen who saved her brush—The afternoon hunt from Melton Spinney—A cracker to Harby Hills, a kill and all the horses beat.

### PART I.—A LINCOLNSHIRE CHIMNEY-CLIMBING FOX, FEBRUARY 1891

“Wide Lincolnshire Heath may have sportsmen galore,  
And so may the pinewoods of Stapleford Moor ;  
On the green sward at Belton the marks of the feet  
May lie thick where the hunters have paced at the ‘meet’ :  
From Reeve’s gorse, or Wellingore, Reynard may break,  
And boldly his line through a stiff country take,  
While the hounds make sweet music and pick out the scent,  
And the fugitives follow with murd’rous intent ;  
And well may keen sportsmen contend for the lead,  
Until the sly rogue in the open shall bleed.”

—*Belvoir Hunt Song*, 1870.

THE story of a good run, like wine of the right vintage, gains in potency and flavour with the crust of time, and to this we owe much of the charm attached to the sport of fox-hunting, because it is

possible to look back and enjoy again the happy scenes of the chase, long after others have taken our place in the saddle. We will, therefore, hark



Lincolnshire Drains.

back to Friday, February 13, 1891, when the Belvoir hounds under the master-ship of the seventh Duke of Rutland—Lord John Manners the statesman—scored a wonderful day's sport after meeting at Aswarby Park, Lincolnshire, where resided the late Sir Thomas Whichcote. This fine sportsman of the old school, possessed

a stud of magnificent hunters, and was one of the hardest men across country in his day, besides being a great fox preserver.

The morning was bright with a nip of frost in the air, and Frank Gillard brought fifteen and a half couples of bitch-hounds the twenty miles from kennels at Belvoir. What a show these hounds always make at covert side! good looks, straight legs, and long pedigrees describe them, for they are level as the sand on the seashore. Referring to back lists, we find the kennel was full of Weather-gage blood, and the sires in office were Gambler (1884), and his litter brother Gameboy; Forecast (1885) by Weathergage; Pirate (1885) by Proctor from Nightwatch, some of the hardest blood in the Belvoir kennel, so Frank Gillard used to say; Shamrock (1886) by Dashwood, who founded a Belvoir clan; Nominal (1885) by Gambler from Needy, one of the most determined hounds on the line of a fox. Top of the 1891 entry were



Dolphin, Donovan, and Dancer, the result of a successful out-cross to Rufford Dancer, from Specious the daughter of Gambler and Special. The two



A triple alliance.

whippers-in were Caine Croft—who later on went to be huntsman in the south of England—and Frank Gillard, junior, a light-weight who afterwards went kennel huntsman to the Southwold hounds. The field riding with the Belvoir at the time was of reasonable dimensions, with quite forty per cent.

farmers and their sons, so that there was everything to further sport and good feeling. The command was taken by Lord Edward Manners, second son of the seventh Duke of Rutland, who for several years made an excellent field-master. The Squire of Aswarby—owing to gout and *anno domini*—was on wheels, viewing our performance across country through a pair of field glasses, keen to hear all about it afterwards.

Those out included Major W. Longstaffe, Mr John Earle Welby, Mr and Mrs Edgar Lubbock, Major and Mrs Fritz Amcotts, Colonel Mildmay Willson, Miss Edith and Laura Willson, Mr Thomas A. R. Heathcote, Misses Lucy, Gertrude, Maud, and Emily Heathcote, Colonel G. Parker and Miss Grace Parker, Mr Charles Parker, Mr T. Roberts, Mr Wentworth Reeves, Mr J. Fullerton, Mons. Roy, Mons. Coutourie, the Countess de Claremont, Captain Lathom Cox, Mr Montague Thorold, Mr James Hutchinson, Major Sands, Mr Arthur Hutchinson, the Hon. Bernard Petre, the Rev. George Carter, Mr F. Worsley, Mr C. Hodgson, Mr Vincent Hemery, Mr and Miss Cambell Dick, Mr and Mrs C. J. Phillips, Captain J. Rennie, Mr W. Hornsby, Mr H. Smith, Mr H. M. Escritt, Major A. de Burton, Mr James Rudkin, Mr James Hoyes, Mr Cecil Rudkin, Mr Austin Pick, Mr Tom Casswell, Mr J. Tomlinson, Mr J. Grummitt, Mr J. Shepperdson, Mr R. Stockdale, Mr Harvey, Mr F. Ward, Mr F. Godson, Mr John Nickolls, Mr J. Bailey, Mr Hedworth, Mr Constable, Mr Tom Rudkin, and Mr Ben Baxter, the shoeing smith who used to ride hard, with implements of his calling attached to the saddle in readiness for any emergency.

To give the summary of a red letter day's sport, hounds had a fast twenty minutes in the morning,

and killed their fox after getting him out of a chimney. In the afternoon there was a fine hunting run nearly straight, with a ten mile point, the events going to make a memorable occasion in the



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calendar of time, from which many local sportsmen date more important undertakings in life.

The first draw was Burton Joyce, where a brace of foxes were afoot, and with a merry chorus hounds bustled through the covert, settling down to run

over the wet clay country by Kirkby Mount. Those who got well away with them had plenty to do to keep their place and look after their fences, the drains in this wet plough country being dug deep and wide. Wheeling sharp to the left, hounds ran hard leaving Quarrington on the right, across a flat strip of arable country. Here the pilot, evidently meaning to reach Rauceby, was headed by a sheep dog, and turned for Silk Willoughby village, where an open cottage door offered a welcome shelter after a quick hunt of twenty minutes. A baby lay on the hearthrug in front of the fire, while her mother busied herself about the house; the fox jumping over the infant went up the chimney. The alarmed mother had the presence of mind to slam the cottage door just as hounds dashed up, or possibly there would have been a tragedy. Gillard was quickly on the scene with hounds, all apologies for the rude intrusion of the hunted one; and the villagers came running up in eager curiosity, flattening their noses on the window pane. We were reminded of an old sporting print by Rowlandson of a somewhat similar incident, where a fox sought shelter under an old lady's petticoat; but how manners and customs have changed since those days! Politeness now characterises the following of the chase.

The field drew up in the lane, and Caine Croft, the whipper-in, climbed on to the roof, peering down the chimney pot, where he could see the fox sitting on a ledge. A clothes prop was borrowed, and Cox of Ropsley, a keen foot-hunter, out on every possible occasion with the Belvoir, went into the house with Gillard and Mr James Hutchinson, to get hold of the fox. When Cox eventually appeared in the doorway, holding the sooty form at arms length—

after his teeth had been through his coat sleeve—the village yokels fled out of the garden as though they had caught sight of the devil himself. Carrying the fox into the open he put him down in an adjoining field, and after dwelling a moment or two, he shot away, like an arrow from the bow. “Tally ho” shouted Cox, and hounds were laid on; coursing their fox for a field or two, to roll him over in the open as he headed back to Aswarby. The mask of this historical fox now hangs in the room as we write his story; a coat of paint being the substitute for the fur, which has long ago disappeared from the hide.

The sport of the afternoon was rather disappointing, spent in hunting the whereabouts of two couples of hounds who had slipped away on the line of another fox. When we drew Newton Wood about four o’clock in the afternoon, the field of the morning was considerably reduced in size, but there was a fox at home, hounds quickly speaking to him!

How often have the best runs of a season’s sport occurred with a February fox; for a “dog” found away from his own ground, will run home, let the wind blow which way it will. The acknowledged best classic performances, all occurred in this most sporting month of the fox-hunters’ calendar, and are the Billesdon Coplow, February 24, 1800; the Waterloo run with the Pytchley, February 2, 1866; the Wendover, or Great wood-day with the Duke of Beaufort’s. All these were of great length and severity, passing through more than one county, and a dozen or more parishes. Foxes, before game preserving was known in its present form, had to travel far and wide for their food, and were consequently wilder and stouter than at the present day. But to judge the merits of a run, time and pace should be

the standard; and from forty-five minutes to an hour, is quite long enough for the best that can be ridden.

The Newton Wood foxes were under the fostering care of Mr Thomas Heathcote and his sisters, residing at Newton Hall. A fine old dog-fox with well tagged brush and a dash of grey in his coat, was viewed as he headed away for Sapperton Wood, the music of Gillard's horn rousing all to energy. Hounds threw their tongue freely as they ran through the coverts of Sapperton and Pickworth, where Mr James Hoyes—one of the best of the top-weights—galloped forward to the road and getting information from a boy scaring crows, halloed his loudest, bringing Gillard and hounds to hit off the line by the hedgerow. Crossing a nice bit of fairly fenced hunting country, towards Lenton Pastures, hounds travelled on at a holding pace, leaving Hanby on the right, where cold scenting plough brought them to their noses. Before reaching the Folkingham and Lenton road we had one or two rough fences to jump, and those leading the field were Mr Edgar Lubbock, Mr Thomas Heathcote, the four Misses Heathcotes, Mr Campbell Dick, Mr Charles Parker, Mr James Hutchinson, Mr James Rudkin and a few more. Swinging along at a nice hunting pace past Lenton church, with its fine broach spire, on the right, there was a widish drain to jump, Mr James Hutchinson giving the lead riding a thoroughbred. With many a peck and scramble we ran to Keisby on the hill top, and one left a hat in a fence, another a spur, the pace being too good to stop. The horse, too, which Gillard was riding broke his bridle, and was ridden to the finish minus the bridoon-bit and curb. For some reason this good fox disdained the shelter of

Keisby and Aslackby woods, running on to Bulby Hall Wood, where another jumping up the pack divided. Gillard with the main body stuck to the hunted one, riding past Irnham village on the right, through the corner of the Great North Wood. Horses



One of the old school of squire parsons, the late Rev. J. Mirehouse hunted a great many seasons with the Belvoir and Cottesmore hounds, and was the last to wear the rough old Cottesmore hat. He passed away at Colsterworth in 1910.

were beginning to show signs of distress as we struggled on past Hawthorpe, turning to gap and gate whenever the opportunity offered. As hounds crashed through Irnham coverts in the gloom, the wild pigeons rose from the trees, and we rode forward to Grimsthorpe Park, down to the clump of beeches near the carriage drive on the far side of the lake. Here hounds marked to ground, baying round a deep swallow hole, an

impregnable retreat where they had to leave him just as darkness was setting in. The finish was in Cottesmore territory, a good twenty-five miles from kennels at Belvoir. The night being dark, horn lanterns were borrowed at Ingoldsby to hang to the stirrup-irons; for the roads were stony. At



GRIMSTHORPE CASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Grantham the hound-van and pick-axe team were in waiting to take the hunt the last nine miles to kennels, which were reached at 9-30, with only one hound missing.

Measured on the Ordnance map the run was a good ten mile point from Newton Wood to Grimsthorpe Park, as straight a line as was ever ruled across a map. Considering the large area of country covered during the day it was a good hound per-



formance, a rare test of pluck and stamina, and never to be forgotten by the fortunate few who were there to see it.

PART II.—A LEICESTERSHIRE CHIMNEY-CLIMBING  
FOX WITH THE BELVOIR, MARCH 1910

“ Away to the chase, where the blue hills are swelling,  
O'er Belvoir's fair valley of velvet so green,  
On stretch'd pinions dwelling, the song lark is telling  
His story of love as he floats o'er the scene.

Away to the chase, as the sportsmen are thronging  
Where Whissendine's waters in deep murmurs flow ;  
Ne'er say that they're wrong in so ardently longing  
To lead the first burst at the shrill Tally-Ho ! ”

—ROBERT T. VYNER, 1850.

A wetter or dirtier galloping ground than Leicestershire during the season of deluge, 1909-10, it would be difficult to imagine, for from start to finish the grass was riding fetlock deep. But the fox-catcher sets his chart nothing daunted, whatever hindrances the elements may offer, pursuing fair weather or foul, and the Belvoir in this way managed to make a record season of 1909-10, accomplishing a full number of days hunting, besides killing seventy and a half brace of foxes.

Anywhere within the Vale is typical Leicestershire hunting ground, where it is plain to see but one Diana rules the country—she who hunts the fox—for there are thousands of acres that have never grown a quartern loaf, or sent anything to market besides butter, milk, cheese, and butcher's meat. It is a hunting arena which has no superior, and fox ground which will be open to sport, long after more cultivated districts put a veto on the chase. The season ended up better than it began,

for though March is generally a " ticklish " month for scent, the Belvoir hounds scored a sequence of good hunts, with the going in excellent riding condition. A remarkable day's sport in Leicestershire happened with the Belvoir quite at the end of the season, made memorable by a chimney-climbing fox—remindful of the similar occasion with this pack on the Lincolnshire side, twenty years previously.

With the wind-up of the Leicestershire season, an increased following is attracted to the great hunting centres for the steeplechases and point-to-points, which form the carnival of the chase. The Belvoir, therefore, had a large field to meet them at Piper Hole Dam, a fixture in a field between the villages of Long Clausen and Scalford, a weird spot with a legend attached to it, situated in the heart of the grazing country. Many twisty, narrow roads, gated through grass fields, wind in serpent-like fashion through the fields, a tortuous bumpy track for the many motors approaching from Melton, Grantham, Oakham, or Leicester. One of the penalties of popularity which the Belvoir have to pay when hunting in their Wednesday or Saturday grass country, is a following of huge dimensions, who honour the occasions by riding the pick of the stable with the hounds who have an undefeated record for speed. These beautiful weapons of the chase, when handled by an artist like Ben Capell can give a hard-riding field a proof of their breeding for courage, speed, and stamina; delighting the heart of the best and the boldest across country. Such highly-bred ones wont stand much interference, but when there is a scent on the grass, only the best mounted can live with them.

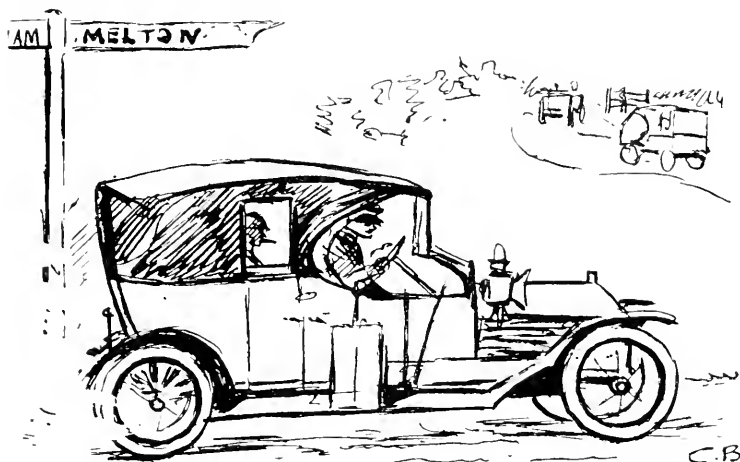
A lady commands the Belvoir in the absence of



LADY GREENALL ON "WINNING POST," IN COMMAND OF THE BLVDOR



Sir Gilbert, the master; and with Lady Greenall at the head of the hunt, the day's sport proceeds with that easy regularity which results from perfect organisation. Ably seconded by Mr E. W. Griffith, her brother, in the capacity of field-master, whose polished oratory has such a salutary effect to dam the current of impetuosity, it is not surprising that it is a pleasure to ride with the Belvoir, even on a



The way to Covert.

bad day's sport. The occasion under consideration, when the large field assembled at Piper Hole Dam, the first business was to collect a "cap" for the Farmers' Benevolent Society, which profited to the extent of £40. The assembled field included Lady Greenall in command, Mr E. W. Griffith to marshal the forces, Mrs E. W. Griffith, Lord Robert Manners, Lady Violet Manners, Count Hoyos, Major-General John Brocklehurst, the Hon. Edward and Mrs Wyndham, the Hon. W. R. Wyndham, Lord Castle-reagh, Mr Ernest Chaplin, Mr and Mrs E. Lindsey Smith, Sir Charles Welby, Miss Welby, Lady Willoughby de Eresby—the present Countess of

Ancaster—Mr Chandos de Paravicini, Mr F. H. Schwind, Mr W. H. Wilkinson, Mr Digby Wallace, Mrs Jefferson, Colonel Eric Smith, Captain and Mrs Arthur Smith, Major R. A. Markham, Captain and Mrs R. J. Ellison, Mr J. J. Aston, Major J. Bradford Atkinson, Mr Lousada, the Hon. H. R. and Miss Scott, Mr A. Mackintosh, Mr F. Lawson, the Misses Lawson, Sir Keith Fraser, Mr Foxhall Keene, Mr and Mrs R. E. Strawbridge, Mr M'Keane, Miss Podmore, Captain Allfrey, the Misses Reid, Captain Pritchard, Captain and Mrs R. B. Sheriffe, Mr F. Mackey, Captain Wood, Captain Challon, the Hon. Everard Wyndham, Lady Evelyn Cobbold, Mrs Lockett, Mr and Mrs A. Coats, Admiral David Beatty, Colonel Balfour, Mrs Corbett, Miss Phillip, Mr R. L. Fenwick, Mr H. G. Fenwick, Captain the Hon. W. Forester, Mr and Mrs R. Clayton Swan, Captain Challon, Mr E. T. Brooke, Mr Lycett Green, Mr Otho Paget, the Rev. J. P. Seabrooke and many others.

The morning was bright, with a touch of north-east in the wind after a catch of frost, not promising for a scent; but about noon the sky became dull and overcast, enabling the lady-pack to show a remarkable day's sport with the improved conditions. When the order was given, the long cavalcade nearly a mile in length, wound its way across the landscape to Harby Hills, along whose undulating slope spreads an extent of thorn and gorse, fringing the wooded heights which surround Belvoir Castle. No fox being in evidence on the hills, Piper Hole Gorse was shaken out, and started the day with an uninteresting period of sport owing to the slackness of scent; but it served its purpose by decreasing the size of the field, many of whom turned homewards after the first fox had been killed.



MRS. JEFFERSON FROM SIOUX PARK, WITH THE BELAOK







MISS JEFFERSON'S "JUMPING GREY"



Finding unexpectedly in a small covert with wood-cutters at work, on Mr Kirk's farm near Scalford, a stirring afternoon's sport commenced. To begin with, hounds hunted steadily away on the red plough land, without giving much promise of accomplishing anything above the average. After



Lord Robert Manners.

leaving the plough and getting on to the grass, they went away with a breast-high scent between Wycombe and Goadby Gorse; and a large field, neglectful of a start, suddenly realised that they had been well left. The maddening melody was borne back on the breeze, for less than half a dozen were with hounds, the rest galloping their hardest to get on terms as the pack headed straight for the

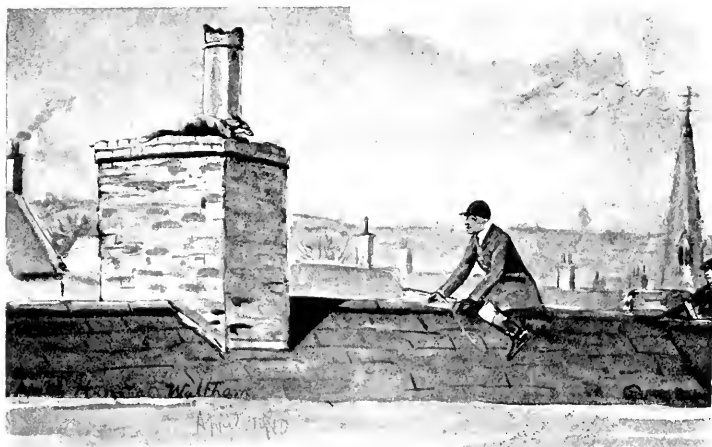
main road, with Waltham village on the right. At that point hounds turned, giving the stragglers a chance to catch their leaders, and after racing for fifteen minutes threw up their heads on the outskirts of Waltham village. The flying visit of the Belvoir will be remembered by the inhabitants for many a year to come, charming them from their doors to mingle with the galloping squadrons.

Capell took the pack in hand, and eventually marked his fox into the yard of the George and Dragon Inn, where one sensitive-nosed bitch sprang up on the low roof of an out-house, and the fox was viewed on the topmost ridge of the inn, some thirty or forty feet from the ground.

The plan of action to dislodge the fugitive from his aerial perch, was to procure a long ladder so that Jack Hewitt the first whipper-in might climb after him; and the dapper scarlet coat was on the ridge of the tall house in double quick time. Hundreds of people assembled below, in the street and inn-yard, watching the game with intense interest. So did the fox! who kept retreating and eventually climbed the tallest chimney stack. At the critical moment when the whipper-in was close to the fox, to everyone's surprise, it suddenly vanished from view down the sooty bolt hole.

The next move was to search the house below, led by the sporting landlady, Miss Welborn, a fox-hunter by instinct and birth-right, the niece of old Will Goodall, the famous Belvoir huntsman of the 'sixties. Lady Greenall dismounted, going with the search party into the house; and the bedrooms which were first tried, although full of soot, proved to be blank. So a downward cast was made by Ben Capell, to the parlour beneath, and there the falling soot and mortar in the chimney gave a clue

as to the whereabouts of the hunted one. Every department of the "house of call" was being tested to its utmost limit by a large and thirsty crowd, remindful of John Peel's famous north country saying, "now this is the first fox we have killed, and it munna be a dry un'!" The privilege was extended to the horses, buckets of gruel and chilled water being in request. The assistance of some telegraph repairers was sought, and climbing



On the ridge of the George and Dragon at Waltham.

on to the ridge of the roof they let a rope with a whisp of straw down the chimney to hasten the descent into the grate below. That a hunted fox should have sought sanctuary in the parlour of an inn, on whose walls hung so many records of the chase, was very remarkable; for over the fireplace hung a portrait of Mrs Will Goodall the widow of the famous huntsman, who spent the last years of her life living at the old house Croxton Park, pensioned by the sixth Duke of Rutland, whose portrait, with other trophies of the chase, adorned

the opposite wall. It is a characteristic of Leicestershire foxes to climb trees for safety, owing to the surface soil in many districts being loose and shallow, so that maundering dogs can easily scratch out and disturb them.

A sack was procured in which to secure the fox through the register grate, and Mr Otho Paget, the well-known hunting correspondent of the *Field*, who had divested himself of his scarlet coat, soon had the soot-begrimed fugitive safe inside the bag. The party in the parlour were Lady Greenall, Mr E. W. Griffith, the Rev. J. P. Seabrooke, vicar of the parish and leader of the chase, Ben Capell, and Jack Hewitt. Then the field-master up and said "This fox goes scot free ! for dog or vixen it deserves to live after making such a bold bid to save its brush ! " The sentiment was endorsed by the assembled field, for the bold aviator had won the popular verdict for enterprise and daring. It proved to be a vixen suckling cubs, none the worse for her long descent down the chimney ; so a second horseman was sent with the bag to shake her down near the covert from which she started. The cubs in due time we hope were instructed by the vixen, to " 'ware villages and public-houses " ; for not one in a hundred can expect to escape the evil consequences. So it proved the following Saturday, when the Belvoir again had a quick hunt over the Leicestershire grass, ending with the hunted one jumping up on to the roof of an out-building, from which he was speedily dislodged, to become a lawful prey to the pack below.

After this interlude a move was made to Melton Spinney, a famous black-thorn covert on the hill-side, seen from the railway which runs from Melton to Grantham. A hunt from this covert, which

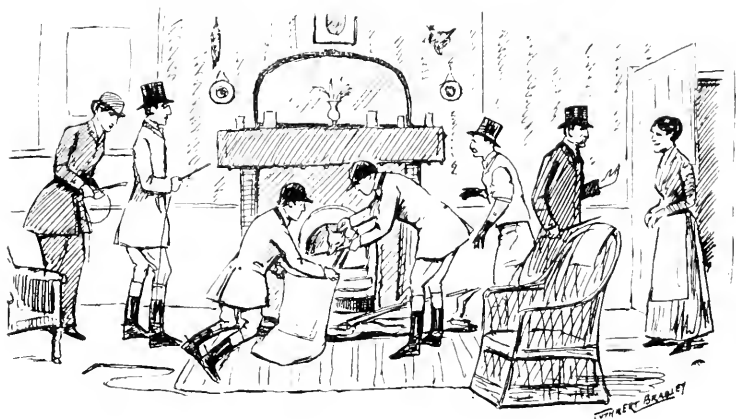


MR. L. W. GRIFFITH ON "PENNEY" FIELD MASTER TO THE BLVDOR





stands shaking out at least once a fortnight all through the season, should set the hall-mark of approval on any day's sport, situated as it is on the boundary of the Quorn, and the finest line of old pasture anywhere in Leicestershire. On the present occasion a good fox was quickly up before the pack, and a hot scent made covert no place to dwell in. The lucky star of the Belvoir was evidently in the ascendant, for hounds went streaming away at a great pace over the grass in the direction of Waltham.



Bagging the fox in the Inn Parlour.

The going was in perfect order, horses galloping on the top of the ground, and the required pace was set by hounds, without which the charms of Leicestershire cannot fully be appreciated. Turning right-handed up the brook-side towards Thorpe Arnold, there was soon plenty of diversion; for though the stream is no wider than a gravel walk in places, so that a polo pony might take it in his stride, yet its shelving banks are treacherous, making it a formidable obstacle, and it is no unusual occurrence to see some of the highest priced hunters laving their steaming sides in this classic stream. On the day under consideration, a welter-weight riding a

clever pony, fairly astonished beholders by the ease with which he accomplished his passage over Leicestershire!

Something must have headed this fox in his flight, for after circling in the direction of Melton and Thorpe Arnold he returned to covert again. Hounds, however, were wound up to concert pitch, and rattling him through the thorns were quickly away again in merciless pursuit. Swinging along as if glued to his brush, they left on the low side of Melton Spinney; crossing the brook and the railway, they raced over the grass by Scalford Hall, leaving the station to the right as they pointed for Old Hills. Two flying foxes up before the pack in one afternoon, and the pride of Leicestershire to ride this race for life, awoke the enthusiasm of all those who were fortunate enough to be there. In a long run it is possible to retrieve a bad beginning, but in a quick burst over the grass country, a moment's hesitation means the loss of place, and possibly the reputation of a good hunter; but the little band of riders might have been riding between the flags, as they followed the fleeting pack over the famous pastures.

Three times the fox was viewed just in front of hounds, but he struggled gamely on, crossing the iron-stone railway by Scalford where he was duly halloed by the men at work, who are always keen to get a view of the chase. Passing between Clawson Thorns and the village, the pilot chose the vale nearly up to Major Hobson's house, and then finding flight was useless with such a burning scent, turned short, right-handed for Harby Hills. It was a move which, with a little luck, might have saved his life; for a field away from the hills a fresh fox jumped up right in the middle of the pack—a

critical moment when in nine cases out of ten the finish is robbed of well-earned blood. Dividing their attention, it looked any odds that a brace of brushes might be handled, the bulk of the pack fairly dusting the fresh found fox for a field or so. Capell, however, with five couples of hounds, stuck to his hunted one, and killed him handsomely in the open, close to Hose at a quarter past six, after a brilliant hunt lasting over an hour; the first thirty-



Ben Capell.

five minutes being at top pace. It was a very severe run, and horses all had enough. The small field to see the finish included Lady Greenall, Mr E. W. Griffith, Mr Lycett Green, ex-master of the York and Ainsty, Admiral David Beatty, Mr R. Fenwick, Mr W. H. Wilkinson, Mr F. H. Schwind, Mr E. Brooke, who lost his hat during the run, Mr Digby Wallace, Mr Lousada, and one or two more with the hunt staff. The obsequies were performed with all rights and ceremonies, for there were many who wanted a trophy of this good dog-fox, his memory being honoured that evening with the best

bottle of port and an extra cigar. The virtues of a good gallop with hounds are unquestionable, quickening the pulse and brightening the eye of many to whom hunting means drinking in fresh energies, to successfully grapple with the more arduous duties and responsibilities of life. It was one of many instances when the Belvoir were seen at the top of their form at the end of the day, coming out with that dash so characteristic of the thoroughbred blood. The stamina and condition of a fox-hound, aided by his high courage, stamps him as one of the marvels of selection and breeding, his endurance being equal to that of three horses. As the Belvoir pack turned homewards in the twilight—after eating their fox—they trotted along with sterns up as gaily as they left kennels in the morning, though some of the horses were left for the night at the nearest farm house.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE COTTESMORE, LORD LONSDALE, AND THE BEAUTIES OF BARLEYTHORPE

The sporting trophies in Barleythorpe Hall—Two noted sales of Lord Lonsdale's Quorn and Cottesmore hunt horses—Portraits of the hunters Radiant, Marble, and Mullagh—The foxhunting centrepiece on the dinner table at Barleythorpe Hall—Lord Lonsdale's definition of a true-made foxhound, points on breeding and colour—A memory of Tom Firr and Quorn Alfred (1872)—Mr Henry Chaplin's noted strain of foxhound blood derived from Lord Henry Bentinck's sort—Mr Austin Mackenzie's success with the old Blankney blood—Purchase by Lord Lonsdale of Mr W. M. Wroughton's Woodland Pytchley bitches, and the South Cheshire from Mr Reginald Corbett—Sir William Lowther breeding hounds in 1788, and their pedigree records to-day—The three Barleythorpe entries of 1908, 1909 and 1910, and the success of Hertfordshire Sampler—The test of condition by weight—The lottery of breeding and Lord Lonsdale's Villager (1884)—What Frank Gillard said about Villager—The three noted judges of the Cottesmore and Barleythorpe entries, 1909—Lord Lonsdale's Sargeant (1909)—Some winning lady-hounds—A distinguished gathering of masters and huntsmen at Barleythorpe—Lord Lonsdale proposes the Royal toast—Speeches by the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P. and Lord Willoughby de Broke—A farmer's summary of a foxhound's appetite—The seventy chestnut hunt horses—The entry of hounds, 1910, and Lord Lonsdale's Vulcan—Other noted hounds in the kennel.

“ Now full murk lie the meads upon Barleythorpe plain,  
And the storm-god is drenching fair Catmos with rain,  
The mavis and merle they sit silent in bower,  
And the choirs of the woodlands all tunelessly cower.  
But at ten o' the morn, comes Neal with his horn,  
Works a wondrous change in the scene forlorn.  
The cry, ‘ Oh the Hunt's up,’ right cheerily sounds,  
And all Cottesmore's astir with the Barleythorpe hounds.”

—TOM MARKLAND, in *Fores Magazine*, 1886.

A VISIT to Barleythorpe during the Earl of Lonsdale's mastership to the Cottesmore Hunt, was a most interesting prelude to an inspection of hounds in kennel next morning. Barleythorpe Hall has been

a Leicestershire hunting-box for the Lowther family for about half a century, and is a comfortable residence surrounded by cedars and clipped yews situated within a mile of Oakham. Containing a large collection of sporting pictures and trophies, it is a store house of hunting records ; the old pictures connected with the early masterships of the Cottesmore, and pedigree books of hounds dating back to 1780, reviving the memory of a glorious past. Adorning the walls are the portraits of many by-



Sport and agriculture.

gone celebrities of the chase, two of which, occupying prominent positions, represent Lord Lonsdale's god-fatherly "sponser's for sport." The late Lord Henry Bentinck, so famous in the annals of hound breeding, when master to the Burton—and the late Sir Thomas Whichcote, of Aswarby Park, Lincoln-

shire, who owned one of the finest studs of hunters seen in Leicestershire, and was a noted hard rider with the Belvoir. Along one of the corridors is a continuous row of portraits of hunters, all of which have made 500 guineas before qualifying for a position in the collection. Some of these were the heroes of the great sale at Tattersall's, July 21, 1898, when Lord Lonsdale resigned the mastership of the Quorn. On that occasion there was an immense muster at Knightsbridge, and business was simply marvellous. Fifty-four hunters made an average of about 268 guineas—many of which had been carrying Tom Firr—and the horses

collectively made 17,060 guineas. The highest prices were 760 guineas, 660 guineas, and 630 guineas. The dispersal sale by Lord Lonsdale of the Cottesmore hunt horses, during Coronation week, 1911, was an equally memorable occasion. About eighty horses fetched an aggregate of 8873, as much as 790 guineas, 740 guineas and 590 guineas being refused for the pick of the stud.

A life-size picture by Basil Nightingale hangs on



In lighter vein.

the staircase at Barleythorpe Hall, a portrait of Lord Lonsdale riding a favourite, hollow-backed chestnut horse, named Radiant; jumping a double Leicestershire oxe, a feat he accomplished during the Quorn mastership. A small equestrian statuette of Lord Lonsdale in silver represents a famous grey horse named Marble, who jumped a five-foot stone wall at Kirby Gate, carrying seventeen stone. A statuette of Mullagh, a bay hunter by Cardinal out of a mare by York, sculptured by Captain Adrain Jones, and presented by the farmers

of the Cottesmore hunt during April, 1911—when Lord Lonsdale retired from the mastership—now occupies the position of honour at Barleythorpe Hall. In lighter vein, the caricatures of sporting celebrities adorn the walls of the billiard room, and one of the master of the Cottesmore as a centaur, hunting for a fox, is exceedingly humorous. Every branch of sport of which the noble owner is parton, is represented by some trophy in the Barleythorpe collection, together with big game and Arctic exploration treasures, gathered during a notable career of sporting achievements.

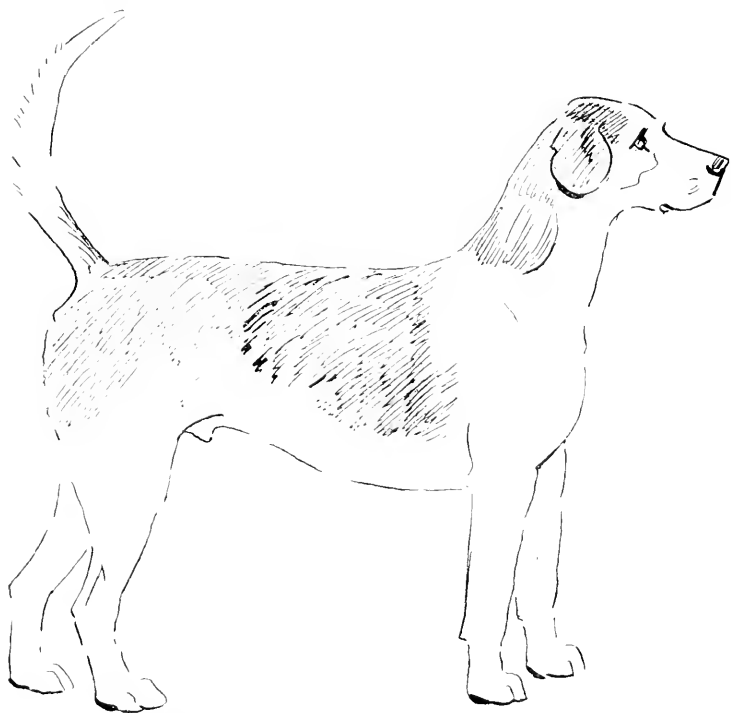
During dinner, the master of the Cottesmore and Lady Lonsdale recalled many interesting stories of the chase in an experience of thirty seasons' mastership with the Woodland Pytchley, the Blankney, the Quorn, and the Cottesmore. Like his father and grandfather, the present Lord Lonsdale has bred some of the most notable hounds of his time, being an adept at pedigrees, and the lines of blood, which to-day are the tap-root of excellence in foxhound breeding. A model in silver of the foxhound Pytchley Forager, occupied the centre of the dinner-table, with a unique group of four life-size foxes' masks in silver, two hunting horns and silver spurs on ebony plinths, the cruets taking the form of a litter of foxes, and game cocks, with John Jorrocks in silver delivering his famous "sportin' lectur'," standing on the mustard pots. When talking of hounds, Lord Lonsdale expressed decided views on the necessity of a foxhound being built on the right lines, if he is to fulfil the arduous duties of the chase at a high rate of speed. "A true-made foxhound," he remarked, "is all a matter of mathematical balance, with the centre of gravity behind shoulders that slope into the muscles of the



back, which should be level, not dipping behind the withers or arching over the loin." Faulty formation of shoulders, with overloading at the points, or width on the withers, is the cause in many instances of hounds falling lame for apparently no reason at all. Although there are many accepted model hounds, expert opinion seldom resorts to tape or weight measurements when judging proportions, because the subtle symmetry of the foxhound can best be appreciated by the eye, in the same way that the artistic values of a Greek Statue appeal to the finer senses. Very often ladies, who do not perhaps really understand the points of a horse or foxhound—but have the nicer perception for proportion—can pick out the truest shaped one, where the mind of the expert is dwarfed by a weight of knowledge. When talking of line breeding, Lord Lonsdale went on to say, that work on both sides is the all-important point, and no one can breed a pack without personally knowing the working qualities of the selected parents. A master of hounds should have the experience to superintend the breeding of his own pack, not leaving it entirely to the huntsman, whose knowledge must have a limited range, and whose time is too much occupied for the necessary research into pedigrees. When picking up any line of blood, it may often be got through a plain hound—which others have missed through overlooking his antecedents—and if faulty in conformation, points may be corrected in the next generation. It should be a rule never to use a sire before forming a satisfactory opinion of his work; but at best chance is an important factor in the fascinating theory of foxhound breeding, though there is an old saying that "Character comes from the dam, make and shape from the sire."

The question of foxhound colouring arose during the evening, and when talking of this, Lord Lonsdale incidentally brought in the story of Quorn Alfred, a roan and white hound, got as a whelp in a draft from the Craven by Mr Coupland. Quorn Alfred by Mr Garth's Painter, developed into a beautifully made dog; a great hound in chase and at the stud, winning the championship for his kennel at the Alexandra Palace Foxhound Show in 1875. Tom Firr thought the world of Alfred, and filled the kennel with his get, immortalizing his favourite by a clever pencil sketch—which Mrs Firr most kindly allows to be published for the first time. "In a level pack," Lord Lonsdale went on to say, "a conspicuously coloured hound is a nuisance, because if he is a leader people get riding to him, more often than not riding him on to a hare, letting you know all about it afterwards! The consequence is that the odd coloured hound has to be drafted before arriving at a third season hunter." Lord Lonsdale's record as a hound-breeder is very interesting and instructive; for having owned numerous packs during a variety of masterships, covering a period of thirty years, he has always declared for one particular strain of blood. I think I am right in saying that the first pack of hounds of any importance owned by Lord Lonsdale was the one he purchased from Mr Henry Chaplin in 1881, the year that gentlemen gave up the mastership of the Blankney owing to the demands made on his time by parliamentary duties. Of these hounds Mr Chaplin has said: "I bought them from Lord Henry Bentinck—that would be about 1871—and sold them to Lord Lonsdale. In the opinion of the best and finest judges of the time, they stood almost alone." Hunting history goes to prove that for

work and drive a more perfect pack than Lord Henry Bentinck's was never seen; and although they were light of bone when compared with the modern standard, their blood to-day is the foundation of excellence in the field. Lord Lonsdale hunted the Woodland Pytchley country from 1881



Quorn Alfred from a pencil-drawing by the late Tom Firr.

to 1885, and on his retirement the best of the kennel was purchased by his successor, Mr Austin Mackenzie, who came from the Old Berkley West. Still following the story of Lord Henry Bentinck's pack—because their blood can be traced in the pick of the Barleythorpe entries—it was a great piece of good fortune that they came into the possession of so scientific a foxhound breeder, otherwise their sterling qualities might have been lost for ever. During fourteen

seasons' mastership of the Woodland Pytchley, Mr Austin Mackenzie bred a beautiful pack of hounds, going a great deal to Belvoir for blood, but also to other kennels which were in form, where the blood nicked with his own. As will be remembered, these hounds year after year took many of the prizes at Peterborough; and when Mr Austin Mackenzie resigned in 1899 the pack was sold for 5000 guineas; the Duke of Beaufort purchasing the dogs and Mr W. M. Wroughton the bitches. The latter pack continued to hunt in the Woodland Pytchley country until 1908, their fame in the field and on the flags at Peterborough being carried on by their new owner; for Mr W. M. Wroughton was a keen student of foxhound breeding. When his mastership came to an end the pack was dispersed, the pick of the bitches being purchased by the Earl of Lonsdale for the private pack at Barleythorpe, for which he paid up to 200 guineas for a single hound.

From the foregoing sketch it will be seen that—aided by the lists he had always preserved—the new master of the Cottesmore was able to pick up the original Lord Henry Bentinck strains of blood, and have his old sort once again on the benches of the kennel. The year previous (1907) Lord Lonsdale had the opportunity of purchasing fifteen and a half couples of the South Cheshire bitches, when Mr Reginald Corbet gave up the mastership. After seeing them hunt, his lordship considered they were worth any money for a country like the Cottesmore, paying something like 3000 guineas for the pick of the kennel. The most famous couple were War Cry (1906), by Warwickshire Sampson (1900) from South Cheshire Wedlock (1903); and Hecuba (1906), by Belvoir Helper (1903) from South Cheshire

Crafty (1901); 500 guineas being the price of the couple. Amongst the valuable matrons was Tarnish (1903) by Cheshire Traitor (1907) from South Cheshire Seamstress (1898); and when the property of Mr Reginald Corbet she bred Sampler (1906), who won for the Hertfordshire, the champion cup at Peterborough in 1907. There is nothing to beat Sampler's breeding, possessing, as he does, the blood of many great hounds seen during the past quarter of a century. Lord Lonsdale's purchase also included Trilby (1902) by Warwickshire Trouncer (1896) from South Cheshire Chantress (1897); Warble (1904) by Atherstone Villager (1902) from South Cheshire Winifred (1898); Whimsey (1904) by Belvoir Vagabond (1899) from South Cheshire Wayward (1901); Dabchick (1905) by Warwickshire Tuner (1901) from South Cheshire Dimity (1903); Treason (1907) by Belvoir Valesman (1902) from South Cheshire Testy (1902); and many others. Such a store of valuable bitches had never before been seen in the Cottesmore country, and subsequent entries were full of interest to hound-breeders. For generations the Lowther family have been celebrated for their skill in breeding hounds; and those bred by the present Earl's grandfather, as far back as 1795, are the foundation of some of the choicest pedigrees to-day. Stud-books and records have been kept from the time when Sir William Lowther—afterwards first Earl of Lonsdale—purchased a pack from Mr Thomas Noel, and hunted the Cottesmore country from 1788 to 1802. No kennel was more fashionable than the Earl of Lonsdale's during the first quarter of the last century; and the founder of the Cottesmore country—so named by Lord Lonsdale after he resided in the village of Cottesmore—was the best of patrons to

the cause of fox-hunting for fifty years. To-day the family hunting-records and lists of hounds are some of the most treasured possessions I saw when at Barleythorpe, brought up to date by the present Earl during his four seasons' mastership to the Cottesmore.

Three entries were put forward by Lord Lonsdale (1908, 1909 and 1910), all of which we had the good fortune to see judged on the flags at Barleythorpe. On the same occasions, the Cottesmore entries were judged—separate sets of prizes being presented by Lord Lonsdale—for they were two distinct establishments, nearly two miles apart, with different sets of kennel men. Lord Lonsdale had a preference for hunting bitches, and many of the dog-hounds which he bred in the private pack were presented to the Cottesmore kennel. These make a valuable addition to the pack which belongs to the country, and include the top dog of the 1908 Barleythorpe entry, Norman, by Hertfordshire Sampler (1905) from South Cheshire Notable (1905). Also Traitor and Trojan (1908) by Belvoir Warlabby (1904); South Cheshire Tarnish (1902); Guardian and Guardsman (1907) by Mr Wroughton's Gaylad (1901) from North Warwickshire Gusty (1900); Tarquin (1906) by Mr Wroughton's Gayland (1901) from his Tantrum (1902) a winning strain. In the course of time they should enhance the value of the Cottesmore pack, whose working qualities we have noted in many an enjoyable hunt seen during the past twenty seasons, under three different masterships. Lord Lonsdale selected Sam Gillson for his huntsman in 1907, a son of George Gillson, who hunted the Cottesmore for Mr W. Baird during a long spell of good sport, and a brother of Charles Gillson, huntsman to the Meynell, under Mr Gerald

Hardy. Sam Gillson was whipper-in at Belvoir, under Frank Gillard first, and then Ben Capell, afterwards he became huntsman to South and West Wilts., going from there in the same capacity to the Bedale country, which is a capital school for huntsmen. Sam Gillson hunted the Cottesmore hounds four days a week for four seasons, leaving



The Earl of Lonsdale master of the Cottesmore.

when Lord Lonsdale gave up the mastership at the end of season 1910-11.

The type of hound Lord Lonsdale favoured was built near the ground, with plenty of bone and stuff, but no lumber, the shoulders well laid into the muscles of the back. Lord Henry Bentinck's sort we are told was a hound weighing five or six stone, but to-day the stud-hounds of some kennels weigh between ninety and a hundred pounds when in hard condition. Mr Henry Chaplin has said that "excess of bone in a racehorse or a foxhound may amount to vulgarity"; yet for a stud-hound plenty

of stuff and bone is absolutely necessary, especially to mate with bitches not overdone with these qualities. As a test for condition, Lord Lonsdale is a believer in weight; and for many years all the hunters in his possession have been regularly weighed once a month to note the progress of fitness for hard work. The average weight of a sixteen-hand hunter in hard condition to carry a heavy man, should not be less than ten hundredweight, with a measurement of six feet round the girth when in hard condition, eight and three quarter inches round, under the knee.

Breeding at any time for shape is a lottery, for a certain union may produce successes once, and failures next time; but working qualities on both sides are absolutely essential, and where a master hunts hounds himself—he has the advantage of noting which are the best workers in the pack. Level backs were a noticeable characteristic of the Barleythorpe hounds; there was no dipping behind the shoulder or arching over the loins. Lord Lonsdale used Hertfordshire Sampler with the happiest results, his blood being identically the same as the South Cheshire purchases. Then, again, the Duke of Beaufort's kennel was available, for they have the blood of Mr Austin Mackenzie's hounds; a most valuable purchase for the Badminton kennel in 1899. When going to Belvoir—where any pack can get suited—Lord Lonsdale picked up that of his Villager (1884), whom he presented to the Blankney kennel during a brief mastership. This hound was a sire that corrected many faults, and solidified the bone of kennels that used him. He was full of old Blankney blood, quite a Lord Henry Bentinck sort. The pedigree of Lord Lonsdale's Villager (1884) is as follows: by Wanderer (1878)



from Violet (1880). The sire of Wanderer was Woldsman (1874) from Gratitude (1878). Violet was by Grove Reginald (1874) from Virgin (1876). The late Frank Gillard, in his "Reminiscences," records an interesting note about Lord Lonsdale's Villager during a day's hunting, which he had at Blankney, December 31, 1885. Lord Lonsdale had mounted



Mr Henry Chaplin hunting with the Belvoir and Cottesmore, 1910-11.

Frank Gillard on a hog-maned, short-tailed chestnut, and he says: "With a scent the pack would have done well; they kept their noses down and were quick casting, particularly Villager, a good-looking, short-legged hound, well off for bone, and very muscular. This hound was used at Belvoir later with good results." To-day his blood comes through Vagabond (1899), a most successful sire of many sires at Belvoir; bred during the master-ship of Sir Gilbert Greenall with Ben Capell, huntsman. It will be remembered that the present

Belvoir huntsman came to Blankney with Lord Lonsdale in the 'eighties, and, therefore, often hunted Villager, who had everyone's good word.

Of the three entries which Lord Lonsdale put forward on the flags at Barleythorpe, the second, viz., that of 1909, was the most remarkable. So good a judge as the late Sir Herbert Langham, of Pytchley fame, told me after seeing numerous entries, "the Barleythorpe lot were the best anywhere." The occasion of the judging was most interesting, for it was undertaken by three experts who knew the breeding of the pack from its earliest history; the trio being the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., Mr Austin Mackenzie and Lord Willoughby de Broke. The Barleythorpe entry was shown by Lord Lonsdale himself, attired in kennel coat, and the company included eleven huntsmen: Sam Gillson, huntsman to the Cottessmore, Ben Capell, from the Belvoir, George Leaf, from the Quorn, George Whitemore from the Atherstone, Frank Freeman from the Pytchley, F. Earp from Lord Harrington's, Arthur Thatcher from Mr Fernie's, Will Barnard from Mr George Fitzwilliam's, Charles Gillson from the Meynell, Will Wells, late of the Hertfordshire, and Charles Travers, late of the Cotswold. Of the bitches whose produce figured in this entry all were bred by Mr Reginald Corbet when master of the South Cheshire, and included Wagtail, Harriet, Notable, Piety, Treason, Warble, Trinket, Trilby, Pansy and Vengeance. A remarkable litter of two and a half couples were by Hertfordshire Sampler (1905); who was a son of Mr W. M. Wroughton's Spanker (1900) from South Cheshire Tarnish (1902). The dam of this successful litter was South Cheshire Warble (1904), a daughter of Atherstone Villager (1902) from South Cheshire

Winifred (1898); and she strained back to Lord Lonsdale's Villager. Another litter of one and a half couple by the same sire, from South Cheshire Piety (1905) by Shropshire Chorister (1901) from South Cheshire Promise (1900) also pleased the judges. The nine young Hertfordshire Samplers between



The Earl of Lonsdale in Kennel.

them took five of the prizes. The top dog-hound was Sergeant, by Hertfordshire Sampler from Warble, his style and symmetry captivating the eye at once. Sergeant stood beautifully on short legs and good feet, his well-laid shoulders had nice length and wonderful muscular development. He measured well under the twenty-four inch standard, and looked a typical old Blankney stamp of foxhound

brought right up to date as regards feet, neck, back and shoulders. In the field he is all right, possessing an excellent nose; one of the first on occasions to wind a fox in a tree. When the pack was dispersed, Sergeant made 100 guineas, bought by Mr Harry Whitworth, master of the Holderness. His brother Sampler, a shorter coupled hound, was placed second; and Saucy, a litter sister, was second in the class for bitches. Other Samplers topped the Cottesmore entry, which was above the average in quality. Belvoir blood came to the top with a beautiful litter of three couples by Ragman (1906) from South Cheshire Treason (1907) a daughter of Belvoir Valesman (1902) and South Cheshire Testy (1902). Rosy of this litter was placed in front of all the ladies; she was beautifully level, stood perfectly, and with well-sprung deep ribs, looked typically Belvoir in outline; a model for the kennel.

A distinguished company, entertained to luncheon by the Earl and Countess of Lonsdale at the Barleythorpe kennels, on the occasion of the 1909 Puppy Walkers' Show included the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, field-master of the Cottesmore, Lord Annaly, master of the Pytchley, Captain Burns Hartopp, ex-master of the Quorn, Colonel H. Wickham, ex-master of the Fitzwilliam, Mr Austin Mackenzie, ex-master of the Woodland Pytchley, Lord Willoughby de Broke, master of the Warwickshire, Mr Henry Chaplin, ex-master of the Blankney, Mr E. W. Griffith, field-master of the Belvoir, and Mr James Hornsby, one of the staunchest supporters of the chase. The speeches after the luncheon were of exceptional interest, the noble Earl first scoring off his own bat when proposing the toast of King Edward. "Gentlemen, I need not dilate on His Majesty's qualities, which endear him to us all,

but congratulate you on being his subjects, and ask you to drink his health in a bumper." This was the signal for a spontaneous ovation, the large assembly rising to their feet as one man. Lord Lonsdale then added further comments on the debt of gratitude to the puppy walkers for building up so splendid an entry of hounds; concluding by saying, "I now call on my right hon. friend, Mr Harry Chaplin, to propose the toast of the puppy walkers, and congratulate ourselves that we have to-day secured for judges, two distinguished members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, whose power of oratory will surpass any attempt of my own!"

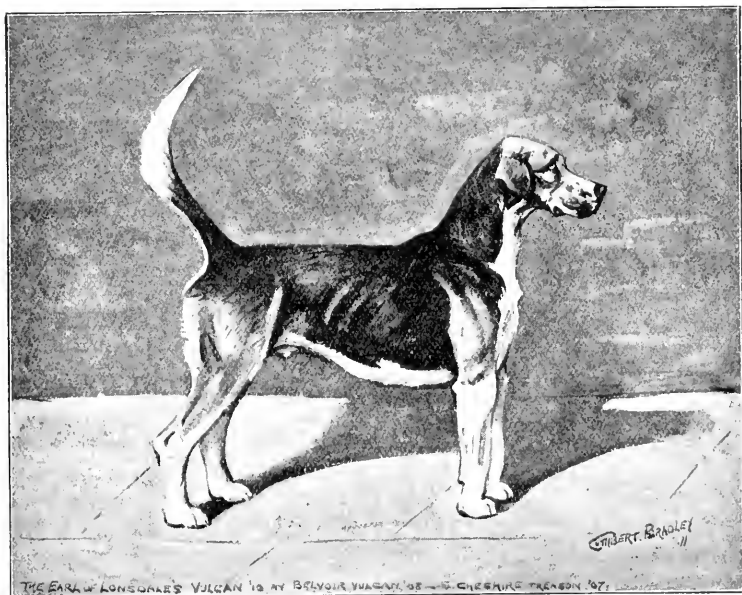
The Member for Wimbledon on rising was received with prolonged cheering and musical honours, for Mr Henry Chaplin is well known to be one of the best of the heavy-weights in Leicestershire. Smoothing out the lapels of his coat, and adjusting the string of his eye-glass—the tricks of the accomplished orator—Mr Chaplin faced the music, expressing surprise and pleasure at meeting so distinguished a body of the Cottesmore hunt—for he loved better than anything else in the world, the horse and the hound. He told us he had seen a good many in his time; and considering the short period within which his noble host had collected the pack of hounds, it was the most remarkable achievement, in a sporting sense, he had ever seen in the whole course of his life. Mr Chaplin rounded off a speech which delighted his hearers, by saying, "I think my noble friend and colleague, member of the House of Lords, and master of the Warwickshire, will express in more adequate language, the sentiments we felt when judging the beautiful entry you gentlemen put before us."

Then Lord Willoughby de Broke rose in response,

alert and ready in speech, with an admirable sense of humour, which provoked rounds of applause. He said, that "he responded with the greatest diffidence in the presence of Mr Henry Chaplin and others, who were more accustomed to public speaking, for he (Lord Willoughby) happened to belong to a branch of the legislature which did all the work, leaving the talking to the House of Commons. With regard to the judges' task that day, he could assure them that from the time Paris was asked to award the golden apple to the three graces, he did not think any judges had been in a position of greater difficulty than they had been, trying to adjudicate upon the merits of the beautiful 'ladies' of Lord Lonsdale's remarkable entry." The popular master of the Cottesmore brought down the house with a racy rejoinder when thanking the judges, adding that knowing his noble friend of the House of Lords so well, he anticipated the verdict, which had worked out exactly as he thought it would, with Rosey first, Saucy second, and Demure awarded only reserve number! But the fun of the toast list did not end there, for a successful puppy walker, after confessing that "he was no speaker, but a demon for 'ard work and 'untin', a smallholder and therefore never short of employment," went on to say, "It gave him great pleasure to walk a foxhound puppy with a good appetite, because they always did well. If you multiply the appetite of three sheep and two ducks by two; you can arrive at the appetite of a foxhound puppy fit to win a prize."

The company then rose, and made a tour of inspection round the Barleythorpe stables occupied by seventy hunters, the majority being long-tailed chestnuts of a thoroughbred type.

The entry of 1910, judged by Mr W. M. Wroughton, ex-master of the Woodland Pytchley, and Will Barnard, huntsman to Mr George Fitzwilliam, was not quite so noticeable as the previous one; but included a wonderful dog-hound Vulcan, by Belvoir Vulcan (1908), top of his entry, and son of Belvoir Weaver (1906). The dam of Lord Lonsdale's Vulcan was Cheshire Treason (1907), a daughter of Belvoir



Bought for 200 guineas by the Marquis of Waterford.

Valesman (1902) and South Cheshire Testy (1902). Lord Lonsdale's Vulcan is dark coloured, built near the ground, with immense bone and muscular development, and Mr Maunsell Richardson compared him to a Brocklesby dog-hound which won at Peterborough years ago. A long hound with beautiful style, Vulcan has a massive dog-hound's head; his bone might be described as abnormal for a hound of his inches, and like his sire, he is a worker; a capital hound to draw a bad place. When the

pack was dispersed, young Vulcan was bought by the Marquis of Waterford for 200 guineas, and went to Ireland, where he will be invaluable as a sire. It is worthy of note that six of the winning hounds, in this and the Cottesmore entry, were by Tarquin (1906); whom Lord Lonsdale purchased from Mr W. M. Wroughton, being by his Gaylad (1901) from his Tantrum (1902); and he was afterwards presented to the Cottesmore pack. The only home Cottesmore-sire represented in the 1910 entry of either pack was Hermit (1906), a tan and white hound, with deep ribs and fair bone; a son of Belvoir Helper (1903) and Pastime (1901). He had not been used before Lord Lonsdale's mastership, but proved successful as a stud-hound, sireing Songstress, top of the 1910 Cottesmore entry. Her sister Safety, also in the entry, we had the pleasure to walk for the hunt. A dictum with Lord Lonsdale all through life has been, "that hounds cannot be too good." Splendidly he maintained this in the Cottesmore country—in which he was himself bred and born—for a more sorty pack of hounds never occupied the benches of a kennel.



## CHAPTER XIII

### A DAY WITH MR E. A. V. STANLEY AND THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY

Record prices of hounds made by the masters of the Woodland Pytchley—Mr E. A. V. Stanley's beautiful pack—The Woodland Pytchley county described by "Brooksby"—The kennel lists of 1911, and extensive purchases at noted sales—The record price for a litter of hounds made by Mr Frank Bibby—Radiant, Remedy, Revel, and Rompish (1908)—Belvoir blood—A valuable collection of bitches—A motor drive through the Woodland Pytchley country—A meet of hounds at Carlton Hall, and a hunt in the Woodland country towards Market Harborough—The Manor House at Brigstock and its trophies—The Point to Point Races, April 1911—List of those there, the luncheon to 900, and the master's speech.

"But the gorse is bending and shaking ; bracken, and brush, and fern,  
Are torn and riven asunder by muzzle and waving stern,  
As Reynard within eludes them by many a wary turn.  
It's getting too hot to hold him, the covert rings with the cry  
Of that glorious Pytchley chorus, that maddening melody,  
As twenty couples of ' ladies ' proclaim that this fox shall die."

—MR HARRY CUMBERLAND BENTLEY,  
*Member of the Pytchley Hunt.*

MANY notable hounds have occupied the benches of the Woodland, or North Pytchley kennel, since its establishment in the village of Brigstock, Northamptonshire ; after a certain portion of woodland country was lent by the Pytchley Hunt in 1874. During the masterships of Mr G. L. Watson, Lord Spencer, and Capt. Pennell Elmhirst ; covering a period up to 1881, the hounds belonged to the Pytchley hunt ; but since that time each successive master has provided his own pack to hunt the country. When the present Lord Lonsdale held the mastership of the Woodland Pytchley between 1881 and 1885, he purchased the Blankney pack from

Mr Henry Chaplin. The next mastership of fourteen seasons by Mr Austin Mackenzie is a bright page in foxhound records; for in that time he established a pack whose fame will long be remembered, skilfully blending the Lord Henry Bentinck blood with the Belvoir. Mr W. M. Wroughton purchased Mr Austin Mackenzie's bitch pack, and lent them to the country under the masterships of Lord Southampton and Mr Walter de P. Cazenove. In 1903, Mr Wroughton retired from the mastership of the Pytchley and took office with the Woodland Pytchley until 1908, in that time breeding a beautiful pack; the best of which were purchased by Lord Lonsdale for his private kennel at Barleythorpe. Two hundred guineas was given for Warrenty; 310 guineas for the couple Drapery and Dreamy, by Belvoir Ranter; 260 guineas for Fortitude and Wafer; the whole pack realising 4280 guineas.

Each successive master to the Woodland Pytchley, when he dons the cap of office, would appear also to take up the mantle of his predecessor by starting to breed a kennel of the first class. It was, therefore, a great pleasure once again to turn to Brigstock during November, 1910; and see the present occupants of the benches—the beautiful bitch pack which Mr E. A. V. Stanley purchased at recent sales, when much of the choicest hound blood came into the market.

A sight of the Woodland Pytchley country is sufficient to inspire ambition in the breast of the hound man; for undulating grass and woodland meet the eye whichever way you turn. "Brooksby's" verdict, after holding a mastership, is the right one: "A fine hound country and a goodly one to hunt." As is well known, Mr Stanley won his laurels carrying the horn with the Quantock

Staghounds, and with him was the present kennel huntsman, H. Roake, who was for a few seasons huntsman to the Rufford. The 1910 Woodland Pytchley entry—and Mr Stanley's first for fox-hunting purposes—was numerically strong, comprising nineteen and a half couples of bitches. These Roake drew for my inspection on the flags, presenting a sorry appearance, good quality, and built near the ground. It so happened that the top of the entry was the produce of staghounds on both sides, a very nice litter of three couples, by Devon and Somerset Vendor (1908) from Quantock True-lass (1906). The dam of this litter strained back to a noted hound of Mr Stanley's old pack, named Tradesman, a wonderful line hunter, who could keep the lead, and was the death of many a stout stag and hind. This promising litter were named Venus, Verdant, Velvet, Venery, Vengeance, Venial, and Verily; the first-named bitch, Venus, standing out by herself, and with excellent bone and feet. Others of the entry were by the Milton sires Pageant, Rookwood, Saladin, and Partner; Atherstone Villager; South Shropshire Regulus, Stoker, and Prodgal. For the 1911 entry, Belvoir blood was liberally dipped into, with satisfactory results.

A study of the summary of the kennel list disclosed the fact that the pack was in the zenith of its vigour, with fifty-six couples of bitches; nineteen and a half couples being one year old, fifteen couples two years old, fourteen and a half couples three years old, four couples four years old, one and a half couple five years old, one and a half couple six years old. The chief purchases came from dispersal sales of three crack kennels, as follows, the V. W. H. (Cricklade) when Mr Butt Miller retired from the mastership at the end of 1910. At this

sale, Mr Stanley was the largest purchaser, giving 230 guineas for the three bitches, Diligent (1908), Blissful (1908), and Active (1908); the latter couple being by Belvoir Chanter (1903), who was the son of Vagabond (1899), from Cheerful (1897). At the same sale, three other bitches, Woodbine (1908) by Atherstone Conquest (1904), from Dingle (1908), and Tariff (1909), also fell to Mr Stanley's bid of 220 guineas. At the sale of the South Shropshire, when Mr J. C. Dun-Waters retired from the mastership, the pack made an aggregate of 3250 guineas; twenty-five and a half couples being purchased by Mr J. S. H. Fullerton for the York and Ainsty country at 2826 guineas. At this sale, Mr Stanley purchased eight couples of unentered bitches, and the same afternoon, when Mr Nells' hounds came under the hammer, a further couple of bitches, Positive (1908) and Honesty (1908), by Badminton Pembroke (1905) and Fortescue (1906), went to the Woodland Pytchley kennel for 185 guineas. The third dispersal sale, with its opportunity of acquiring some of the choicest blood, was that of the North Shropshire kennel, when Mr Frank Bibby retired from the mastership. For four sisters, one season hunters, Mr Stanley paid 440 guineas; three brothers of the same litter going to another kennel for 270 guineas; which about establishes a record as regards price for one litter of hounds, namely 710 guineas.

We started by asking for these four sisters, Radiant, Remedy, Revel, and Rompish (1908), to enjoy the sight of their beautiful proportions while the eye was fresh to do so. They are by Milton Donovan (1905), a Peterborough champion; from Mr Frank Bibby's Rakish (1904), by North Shropshire Chorister, from their Revel, by Atherstone Trojan. In 1909 Rakish won as the best brood

at Peterborough for the Southdown hunt. Very level in appearance, the four sisters looked like a team, up to the Peterborough standard of excellence, possessing wonderful bone, great ribs, and deep chests. Built near the ground, their beautiful quality gave them the symmetry of 23 inch hounds, though they stood 24 inches. The colour of lemon-tan and white is typically Milton, and the close rounding of the ears gave the character of dog-hound heads.



Mr E. A. V. Stanley hunting hounds.

The bitch with the truest lines was, perhaps, Radiant—they are difficult to divide—but she evidently captivated Mr Heywood Hardy's artistic eye, for he placed her right in the foreground of his grand picture of the North Shropshire pack, which was presented to Mr F. Bibby. Revel had, perhaps, a trifle the most bone and substance; Remedy, a charming bitch, had a grand fox-catching type of head; Rompish, the smallest and lightest coloured of the four, was a wonderful hound in the field—"a real tryer." Revel, Remedy, and Rompish, to-

gether with their dam, are included in Mr Hardy's picture. To have acquired four such noble matrons for a kennel—no matter the price—was a bold bid for success with future entries, and their career will be noted with some interest by those who follow hound breeding.

What price the dam of this remarkable litter would have made it is difficult to guess ; but, " for sentiment sake," Mr Bibby writes : " Rakish, herself, and several more of the same blood, that were old favourites of mine, were not sold at the sale ; but I gave them to my late huntsman, Herbert Jones—who went to the Southdown—to take with him. You will see that Rakish won the first prize for brood bitches at the Peterborough show of 1909, the year I gave up. I was very anxious that they should go on being bred from, on the same lines, and Mr Misa, master of the Southdown, kindly allowed Jones to do this."

The following day I had the pleasure of seeing these beautiful sisters in the field, and heard their deep, stirring music in the far-famed woodlands, which Whyte Melville said are the best in England. When looking through a kennel list, and asked what I want to see next, I invariably go for any of Belvoir Warlaby's stock—which gives the successful outcross of Grafton Woodman—and generally draw a prize ! Wallflower (1908), the daughter of my favourite, from V. W. H. (Cricklade) Nelly (1905), came up to expectations, for she was a big stylish bitch, with the stamp of Belvoir on neck and shoulders. Rich in colouring, she was all liberty when skimming over the flags, and came in a couple with Bridget (1906) from the V. W. H. kennel—the latter being by their Bandit (1902), from Night-jar (1899)—the price paid being 175 guineas. For

a Leicestershire grass country, where many of the fields are a hundred acres, big hounds seem most suitable, also their music is good to hear in the deep woodlands ; and Mr Stanley would appear to favour a big stamp of hound, so long as they are built near the ground. A very nice model bitch, standing on the roundest of feet, was Tragedy (1907), by Atherstone Conquest (1904), and so typical of the type of that kennel is she that I easily picked her out. Long and low, with deep, rich colouring, she looked like work, and came in a purchase of a couple and a half at the V. W. H. (Cricklade) sale, to Mr Stanley's bid of 160 guineas. A nice, short-coupled, weighty bitch was Blissful (1908), by Chanter (1903), from V. W. H. Buxom (1902), though the hard going in the cub-hunting season damaged her feet. Treasure was another Belvoir-bred one that caught my eye, by Warlock (1906), from V. W. H. Trusty (1904) ; in fact, those I have mentioned can only serve as a sample of the treasures of the kennel, for other critics might rearrange the order.

In the field Mr Stanley has an excellent hunting-pack, and they fly to his horn with the greatest confidence. This I noted during an enjoyable day's hunting seen on the Market Harborough side of the country. The fixture was at Carlton, on a bright frosty morning in November, and Roake trotted on to covert with nineteen and a half couples, whilst we did the eight miles in the master's motor, speeding through a district of county mansions and fine timber. The famous Lord Cardigan of Deene—where his widow now lives—was a great man with these hounds ; so was the late " Squire " Tryon, of Bulwick Park, father of the late Admiral George Tryon. The chief woods of Weekly Hall, Geddington, Broughton, and Grafton are the

property of the Duke of Buccleuch—and good fox ground. The hunt staff are well mounted on long-tailed hunters, above the average of servants' horses in quality and appearance. Mr Stanley had two of his favourites out, a true made bay, with a white face, named Boots; and Hames, a big black horse with rare hips and jumping quarters. My own mount from the master's stable was a Leicestershire horse, with perfect mouth and manners, which means so much in the enjoyment of a day's sport. Hounds quickly found their first fox in the grounds of Carlton Hall; but the hunt was a brief one, the smart bitches racing into him before he could get clear of the home park. After that we hunted a beautiful country of grass and woodland, looking across to Mr Fernie's domains on the far banks of the Welland.

The Manor House at Brigstock, formerly an ancient monastery, is a most interesting old-world building, and has been used by a succession of masters for a hunting-box convenient for the kennels. In the hall and dining-room Mr Stanley has many fine-antlered heads, trophies of the chase during his mastership in the west country; but as a foil to these are numerous life-size, coloured plaster models of foxes peering down from shelves and niches in the dark oak panelling. It is quite evident that the heart of the master of the Woodland Pytchley is in fox-hunting, and he has the making of a first-class pack of hounds.

The annual Point to Point Races in connection with the Woodland Pytchley hunt were brought off in Brigstock Park on Wednesday, April 5, 1911, by the kind permission of Lord Barnard and his tenants; a remarkably good course of three and a half miles being prepared. The event is one



of the most popular in the Kettering and Thrapston districts, and was very largely attended; the company including either members or representatives of



Trophies of Mastership.

the many influential families residing in the Woodland Pytchley country. The weather was probably the most changeable ever experienced, for during the time the first race was being run, the sun shone

out brightly, while the next event was delayed by a heavy snowstorm, accompanied by a strong and bitter cold wind; a true sample of "March many weathers."

Amongst those watching the races on the course were:—Mr E. A. V. Stanley (master of the Woodland Pytchley), Mr Leonard Brassey, M.P. for North Northants, and Lady Violet Brassey (Apethorpe Hall), Sir Arthur and Lady de Capell Brooke (Great Oakley Hall), Sir Charles Gunning and Miss Gunning (Benfield), Captain Sowerby (Sudborough), Colonel H. and Lady Ethel Wickham (Barnwell Castle), Colonel G. W. and Mrs Ripley (Cottingham), Mr W. and Mrs Plevins (Woodford House), Mr H. and Mrs Czarnikow (Cranford Hall), Mr R. and Mrs Bagnell (Cranford), Mr Heard (Cottingham), Mr G. V. Charlton (Woodford), Captain Watts Russell (Biggin Hall), Major J. Mills (Tansor), Mr J. Arkwright, Mr C. F. MacKee (Oundle), Mrs Scott (Cotterstock), Lieut.-Colonel, Mrs and Miss de Crespigny (Burton Latimer Hall), Captain Maunsell (Rothwell Grange), Colonel, Miss and Mr Benyon (Islip), Mr Benyon (Sudborough), Mr O. D. Luck (Blaston), Mr J. Burgess (Carlton), Mr H. and Mrs Burgess (Cottingham), Mr J. H., Miss, and Mr Smith (Oundle), Mr R. C. Fowler, Mr C. A. Pelham (Shire Lodge, Corby), Mr T. F. Spencer, Mr H. F. Preston, Mr R. M. Everitt, Mr F. Everett, Mr E. Collings, Mr W. P. and Mrs Symonds, Mr R. W. Stockburn, Mr L. Richards, Mr B. Harris, Mr J. H. Nicholls, Mr A. Cole (Kettering), Mr D. T. Thring, Mr J. T. Clifford, Mr E. Bonser (Wekley), Mr W. Barnard, the huntsman to the Fitzwilliam hounds, Mr Wingfield, Mr J. A. Potter (Oakley), Mr C. Berry and the Misses Berry (Brampton Ash), Mr and Mrs F. J. Steward (Brigstock), Mr G. W. Sumner

(Desborough), Mr J. A. Preece (Drayton), Mr and Mrs Bussey (Grafton Park), Mr J. Leonard, Mr J. C. Walker, Mr A. E. Ayres (Finedon), Mr and Mrs J. C. Bell (Newton), Mr J. E. Clarke (Warkton), Mr C. Dunkley, Mr W. T. Stopps (Barton Seagrave), Mr L. Nash, Mr J. Battle, Mr Foskett (Cranford), Mr J. Singlehurst, Mr G. Singlehurst, Mr H. Sheffield (Weldon), Mr W. Sheffield (Oakley), Mr J. and Mrs Northern (Newton), Mr E. Barritt (Harrington), Mr W. Norton, Mr J. Talbutt, Mr F. Barlow (Burton Latimer), Mr D. Gilbey (Deene), Mr A. Gawthrop (Twywell), Mr W. Measures, Mr H. Varah (Thrapston) Mr J. Wilford, Mr G. Brown (Stoke Albany), Mr Gorringe, Mr Ernest Stokes (Great Bowden), Mr W. Whitehead (Shelton Hall), Mr Welstead (Kimbolton), Mr J. Isaacs (Scaldwell), Mr W. Asberry (Raunds), Mr Armstrong (Rushden), Mr Turner, Mr W. Wyatt (Desborough), Mr J. Wright (Farming Woods), Mr W. Northern (Gretton), Mr S. F. and Mrs Bagshaw (Isham), Mr H. Twelftree (Brigstock Park), Mr J. R. Ellis (Grafton Underwood), Mr J. Branston (Weldon), Mr S. J. Whitlock, Mr R. Horn (Irthlingborough), and others.

Mr E. A. V. Stanley, the master of the hunt, as usual entertained his guests, the tenant-farmers and their wives, to the number of about 900, an excellent luncheon being provided in a large marquee on the course.

The master, in a telling speech, said he was glad to welcome them there that day, and to express his pleasure at seeing them present in such numbers. He could truly say that all the members of the hunt were delighted to see the tenant-farmers and their wives present, and also so many non-hunting farmers as well. It was to the latter they wanted to show their gratitude for allowing them to ride over their land all

the season; for they remembered that the non-hunting farmers could not get the enjoyment out of the sport "as did those who followed the hounds." Mr Stanley then expressed the hope that they would all have a pleasant afternoon.

Sir Arthur and Lady Brooke also had a private tent on the course, and entertained a party of farmers and friends to luncheon.

The officials at the hunt-races were Mr E. A. V. Stanley, M.F.H., Mr Leonard Brassey, M.P., Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Bart., Sir Charles Ginning, Bart., Mr C. W. B. Fernie, M.F.H., the Marquis of Exeter, Mr G. W. Fitzwilliam, M.F.H., Lord Annaly, M.F.H., Colonel H. Wickham, Mr H. Czarnikow and Mr W. Plevins (Stewards); Sir Charles Gunning and Colonel H. Wickham (Judges); Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke (Starter), Colonel G. E. Ripley (Clerk of the scales); and Captain Sowerby (Clerk of the course).

## CHAPTER XIV

### SOME YORKSHIRE HUNTING NOTES—LORD MIDDLETON'S, THE HOLDERNESS, THE BEDALE, THE SINNINGTON, AND THE HON. H. VANE'S HOUNDS

Yorkshire hunting tradition ; and sport in every stage—Lord Middleton's kennel of foxhounds for working blood—The present and ninth Lord Middleton as a public worker and master of hounds—The late Sir Tatton Sykes' hounds—The succession of masters since 1764—The Sykes and Willoughby families hold the mastership for one hundred years—The succession of huntsmen to the pack—On the flags at Birdsall—Captain the Hon. Francis Johnstone, and Rev. Cecil Legard judging the entry—Tom Bishopp the huntsman—The young entry for 1911—The entry of 1910 and Belvoir Stormer—Lord Middleton's Stalwart (1907)—Lord Middleton's Deacon (1905)—Lord Middleton's Viceroy (1903)—Lord Middleton's Rector (1906)—Lord Middleton's home-bred hunters and their pedigrees—What Parson John Russell said about pony blood—The mares—The thoroughbred sires—The Holderness kennel in 1902, and the Peterborough winners Handel and Sanguine—Mr Harry Whitworth at Scarborough Hall—Mr James Hall's mastership, 1847 to 1877—His famous stud of hunters—Two hard-riding clerics, the Rev. Cecil Legard and the Rev. J. P. Seabrooke—Brief history of the Holderness hunt from 1726—Blacklock second in the Leger of 1817, and his famous descendants—Altsidora, winner of the Leger in 1813, and the inn signboard—Mr Robert Vyner of Notitia Venatica fame—The kennels at Cherry Burton—The hunt horses—The 1910 entry of young hounds—Holderness Trojan (1908)—Mr H. Preston, editor of "Foxhound Stud-book"—The dog-hounds—Lord Lonsdale's Sergeant (1910), purchased for the Holderness kennel—The Bedale hounds—Mr John Moubray, master since 1904—Peter Farrelly, the huntsman—The Bedale 1910 entry—Bedale Wellington (1908)—Bedale Galloper (1910)—The pack on the flags—Frank Freeman and Sam Gillson former huntsmen—The kennels at Leeming Bar—The Sinnington said to be the oldest hunt—The master Mr Penn C. Sherbrooke—The changes made by Mr R. Clayton Swan—Peterborough successes—Mr Alfred "Nimrod" Pearson—Mr Tom Parrington—Jack Parker—At the Sinnington kennel to see the entry—The nature of the country—A good day's sport and the Scots Greys join the field—The field out, March 9th, 1911—Prince Arthur of Connaught presented with the mask—The Hill and Johnstone family, masters of a Yorkshire pack for ninety-two years—Sir Everard Cayley—Mr Robin Hill—The Hon. H. Vane, master of the pack—The kennels at Snainton—The 1911 entry—The characteristics of the pack—The hunt horses.

## COME A-HUNTING

“ Come along, let’s away, wa mun all on us gan,  
 It’s t’ last day to ‘hearken ti t’ sounds  
 O’ t’ sweetest o’ music, that ivver fills t’ wood,  
 T’ whinny, or t’ spinny, ther’s nowt near so good  
 As t’ song ‘at is sung by the hounds.”

—*Old Sinnington Hunting Song*, 1808.

## LORD MIDDLETON’S HOUND AND HUNTERS

THERE is a wealth of hunting tradition associated with the county of Yorkshire, whose broad acres are divided into territory for some sixteen packs of hounds to hunt. Venatic custom exists within its borders dating back to the remote periods of history, trencher-fed packs showing sport in the rougher districts, side by side with noble establishments, where everything is done to meet the requirements of a progressive age. With so many hunters and hounds in the county; Yorkshire constitutes a hunting-world in itself, fostering sufficient talent to keep sport going all over England.

The fame of a country is associated with the excellence of its hounds, and if this be true, there is no more famous kennel in Yorkshire than that of Lord Middleton’s; which for generations has possessed a noted strain of working blood, transmitted through its stallion hounds to many packs seeking for improvement. Lord Middleton’s fine establishment at Birdsall near Malton, is one of the most important breeding centres to-day; where the best pedigree stock of all descriptions is reared, including hunters, shire-horses, cattle, and foxhounds. The nature of the country with its hills like miniature mountains, fine stretches of grass, still more plough and big woodlands, compels the highest qualities in horses and hounds. Great attention has been

paid to the breeding of Lord Middleton's kennel for generations past, and there is no more sporting district in Yorkshire than the tract in the north riding, "betwixt sea and heather," which is hunted by these hounds. Lord Middleton, on the death of his father in 1877, succeeded to the mastership; and is known to be one of the hardest workers on Royal Commissions in the House of Lords, when measures are brought forward to benefit agriculture and country life. At home in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, or the North of England, the noble master is a model landlord, closely associating himself with the interests and welfare of those around him. It is rather more than a hundred years since the late Sir Tatton Sykes—then Mr Sykes—established this pack with kennels at Eddlethorpe, hunting the country four days a week at his own expense. The present hounds are descended from that famous pack, which were noted for working qualities and beautiful tongue.

The hunt appears to have originated with Sir Thomas Gascoigne, as far back as 1764; and on his retirement in 1773, the Duke of Hamilton succeeded, holding a short mastership. Then Mr George Lane Fox took office, to be succeeded in due course by Lord Mexborough, Mr Henry Bumper Saville, and Sir Walter Vavasour. In 1786 a committee was formed, comprising Mr Willoughby—afterwards Lord Middleton—Mr Compton and Lord Carlisle. This arrangement lasted three years, and then Mr Willoughby became master, followed by Mr Legard, and Mr C. Duncombe; bringing history up to 1804. The most important period of the hunt commenced with the mastership of Sir Masterman Sykes, who went on for over twenty seasons; although for a short time he was assisted by Mr

Digby Legard, and Mr Watt of racing renown, who twice won the Leger, with Blacklock and Altisidora. The Sykes family were identified as masters for the next fifty years; after that time Lord Middleton bought the hounds in 1834, and later kennels were built at Birdsall. Mr H. Willoughby—eighth Baron Middleton—father of the present peer, took over the country in 1853; and there was no better sportsman, or amateur huntsman of his time. The beautiful range of kennels at Birdsall were erected by the late Lord Middleton, from his own plans; which have been adopted by other hunts of more recent date. The greatest attention was paid to the breeding of hunters and hounds, his lordship showing splendid sport for five and twenty years, and at his death in 1877, being succeeded by his son—the present and ninth holder of the title.

The huntsmen who have had charge of the kennel, include names to be found on the illustrious scroll of fame; the finest exponents of the noble science, Tom and George Carter, Ben Morgan, Will Grant, and Tom Bishopp the present huntsman.

It has been our good fortune to spend two days on the flags of Lord Middleton's kennel, the occasions being the judging of the young entry of 1908 and 1911.

Unlike the puppy shows at other kennels, these occasions are private in character, with only the house-party from Birdsall as spectators, and therefore an exceptionally good opportunity to study the hounds. The day is always a long one—five hours being spent on the flags—for Lord and Lady Middleton like to see each hound of the fifty-three couples in kennel, drawn for inspection. The same two judges officiate year by year, Captain the Hon. Francis Johnstone, and the Rev. Cecil Legard; to



whom the breeding of the pack is thoroughly known. With the best of expert opinion at our elbow, to mark the pedigrees which bring in certain lines of blood—running back to the mighty Trojan of 1780, and at the same time point out the characteristic traits of certain families of hounds—a day on the flags at Birdsall is most interesting



Tom Bishopp.

and instructive. Tom Bishopp established his fame as a hound-breeder when huntsman to the Grafton—breeding Waggoner, and Woodman—whose blood comes into some of the most fashionable pedigrees of to-day. From the Grafton, Bishopp went for a spell of office to the Quorn, first under Captain Burns Hartopp, then Captain Frank Forester; and in 1907 went to Lord Middleton's—where he had previously acted as whipper-in—exchanging places with George Leaf, who replaces him at Quorn.

The entries for 1911, all over the country, were not numerically strong, for the wet winter was the cause of great mortality amongst young hounds, and of seventy couples sent out to walk by Lord Middleton, only thirty couples were returned to kennels. After further drafting, Bishopp put forward fifteen couples, nine of dogs, to six of bitches; and these were an active lot of the medium-size favoured at Birdsall, showing the right amount of stuff and quality, with well-sprung ribs, and quite good as to their feet, knees, and bone. The offices of the home sires, Dexter, Deacon, Stalwart, Viceroy and Rector had been depended on for the greater part of the entry; and it was their produce that won the honours on the flags; with one exception, that being a nice bitch, Welcome, a daughter of Belvoir Warlaby, placed second. The other outside sires represented in the entry were Belvoir Nestor, and Bedale Wellington; the latter being a very nice sort of dog, full of Belvoir blood, and a nailer in his work. The first prize dog of this entry was Strickland, who showed more stuff than any of his companions, and is a nice turned hound, by Stalwart.

Lord Middleton's previous entry of 1910 were a very beautiful lot, improved out of all recognition, with work and kennel condition. They form a pack of themselves, comprising eighteen and a half couples of one season hunters; a very valuable addition to the kennel, containing as it does many who promise to blossom into stallion hounds. The home-sires Stalwart, Deacon, and Viceroy were practically responsible for the whole of the entry, and we liked the winner, named Strider, a son of Stalwart, standing well on short legs—Bishopp saying that he is excellent in his work. Vicksburg,

and Vexer, by Viceroy are two capital dogs with well-knit frames. The bitches showed deep ribs and plenty of stuff. The pack all through presented the colouring characteristic of the Belvoir blood, with splashes of white on necks and shoulders, though there were no conspicuously whole coloured hounds. In breeding they are only one generation



Top of the kennel.

removed from Belvoir, and Belvoir Stormer (1899), a son of Belvoir Dexter (1895), from a bitch by Grove Harkaway, has been extensively used with the best results, for to-day some of his grandsons are first in the field, and stand well in the kennel.

The sires in office Bishop reserved until last, and the hound we liked best when renewing acquaintance for the second time, was Stalwart (1907), by Steadfast (1904), who was by Belvoir Stormer (1899).

He is a noble dog, compact and near the ground, resembling the old Paradox sort—so Mr Legard remarked—just the pattern in size and character for the requirements of the country. Stalwart stands beautifully on the flags, and there is a workman-like look about his appearance, satisfying the eye that he combines the right amount of substance for a stallion hound, with quality. Deacon (1905), by Dexter (1902), a son of Belvoir Dexter (1895) has an extra special character for work, a foxhound with marvellous instinct for finding a fox, or hitting off a line when nothing else can touch it. On his dam's side, Deacon has Grafton blood, and that of Pytchley Potentate, a Peterborough champion by Belvoir Gordon. All the Deacons have a good deal of the old Belvoir Dexter character about them, and are nailers in their work. Viceroy (1903) by Belvoir Villager (1897), from Wildfire (1899) we did not see; although we remember him on a former occasion, a nice tan dog with black on his ribs, who stood well on short legs, and was a most determined hound in chase. One of the models of the kennel was Rector (1906), a son of Reprobate (1899), who was by Pytchley Freshman; and this is a line of blood by which the kennel sets much store. When Rector showed on the flags, Mr Legard pronounced him to be "the sort the late Lord Henry Bentinck bred for," he looked every inch a foxhound, and has a beautiful daughter, Redolent, in the 1911 entry. It is quite evident that Lord Middleton has some great working hounds; and being bred in a scientific way, it must be a kennel to go to for blood and improvement.

A day at Birdsall is not complete without an inspection of the hunt stables, around which Lord and Lady Middleton personally conducted their guests

after luncheon. During the past sixty years, two Lord Middletons have bred their own hunters, and carefully preserved pedigrees. The present Viscount has for the past thirty years interested himself in the movement, as originated by the Hunters' Improvement Society; and Birdsall to-day is an object lesson as to what can be accomplished. This is illustrated by a certain stamp of blood-horse throughout the stables; for Lord Middleton had a splendid store of brood-mares available, descendants of those bred by his father for the purpose of winning hunt-races, as well as mounting the hunt-staff. Touchstone blood is the foundation of the pedigrees, but many of the mares strain back to the old Yorkshire pack-horses, a few dashes of pony lines giving qualities of stoutness and constitution. The hunters are of a medium-size, like the hounds built near the ground, possessing that desirable blend of quality and substance, which stamp them as the best conveyances for any country. Such an authority as the late "Parson" John Russell, once said, "for a hunter to get through a really big run, he must have pony blood lurking in him somewhere." Amongst the forty-five hunters in the stable, only two were purchased, all the rest being home-bred, and they include weighty mares with well-sprung ribs, the best performers being reserved for brood purposes; so that qualities for work are preserved on the same lines in the stable as in the kennel. The thoroughbred stallions which Lord Middleton purchased for the stud, include Gordon, a son of Hermit; Sherbrooke, by Dutch Skater; Red Eagle, by Thurio; and Wales, by Belgrave. The huntsman told us, "that the Gordons were all something out of the common as hunters,

such clever ones to sweep up and down the hills, and the longer the day the better they liked it." At one time there were thirty hunters in the stable by Gordon, and as many more young ones out at grass, or in the hands of the breaker. Red Eagle proved a great success as a hunting sire, for when racing he was a long distance horse in training up to his sixth year; added to this he won three royal premiums, and was placed three times first at the Great Yorkshire Show. Wales is perhaps the most powerfully built thoroughbred horse in England, with great length in front of the saddle, depth through the heart, big well-shaped hocks and knees. The produce by Wales possess wonderfully developed muscular quarters, and are the best of performers; blood-hunters up to weight. After hearing so much about the short supply of horses in England, it was a great pleasure to find Lord Middleton has such a wonderful stud at Birdsall, "home-bred, and of the best approved stamp."

### THE HOLDERNESS HUNT

On two occasions it has been our privilege and pleasure to visit the Holderness kennel, and enjoy the sight of stallion hounds whose names come into the pedigrees of several packs. The first visit was in 1902, during the long and successful mastership of the late Mr Arthur Wilson; when the kennel won the champion cup at Peterborough with Sanguine, a beautiful dark-coloured bitch; and first prize for unentered dog-hounds with Handel and Dasher, by two Belvoir sires of those names shown by Walter Medcalf, then huntsman. The second visit to the Holderness was during August 1910, when we spent the day with Mr and Mrs Harry

Whitworth at Scorbrough Hall, seeing a fine collection of sporting trophies and cups, in addition to the treasures of the stables and kennels. The old hall is a quaint, one-storied house in a garden characteristic of the last century, and makes a connecting link with the past history of the hunt; originally being the residence of Mr James Hall, who held the mastership of the Holderness from 1847 to 1877. That was a period of good sport, and the country regained its former prestige; a pack of hounds being bred, good as any man could wish for, either on the flags or in the field. Mr Hall was a welter-weight, but not to be beaten across country, and few masters had such horse flesh under them. When his stud of forty-six hunters was dispersed by Messrs Tattersall, they averaged £140 apiece all round, the top price being £700 for Leotard, a brilliant performer ridden by Miss Frances Hall. At the latter end of Mr Hall's mastership, two hard-riding clerics were followers of the Holderness hunt; the Rev. Cecil Legard, son of a former master Mr Digby Legard; and the Rev. J. P. Seabrooke who afterwards migrated to Leicestershire, and is now Vicar of Waltham, in the gift of the Duke of Rutland. The Revd. Cecil Legard married Miss Hall, daughter of the master.

The Holderness hunt dates from 1726, and the country, as at present constituted, has existed since 1765, when Mr William Bethell of the Low Hall, Bishop Burton, held the mastership from 1765 to 1794. His successor was Sir Mark Sykes with Mr Richard Watt of Bishop Burton by Beverley, who will always be remembered as the owner of the famous Blacklock that ran second to Ebor in the St Leger of 1817—beaten by a head. The skeleton of Blacklock, Mrs Hall Watt has had recently set up

at Bishop Burton, and we there saw a fine collection of racing pictures, portraits of Blacklock and other horses, treasured heirlooms of the Watt's family. It is interesting to note that Blacklock was the sire of Velocipede, Voltaire and a host of other winners, besides sires, and brood mares.

Through Voltaire comes the line of Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, and St Simon. Referring to Mr Theo. Taunton's most interesting book of "Famous Horses," he there says, "In 1894 the winning descendants of Blacklock numbered 106, who appropriated between them 201 races, of the aggregate value of £76,770, 10s." Another St Leger winner, owned by the late Mr Watt, was Altisidora, a chestnut, daughter of Dick Andrews, and Mandane—by Pot-8-os—foaled 1810. In the St Leger of 1813 she beat Camelopard, Tiger and others; her memory being kept green by a portrait, which is the sign-board of the inn bearing her name at Bishop Burton, showing also the harlequin-jacket which were Mr Watt's colours.

Mr Digby Legard, Mr Hay, and Mr Tom Hodgson's masterships followed, the latter going on in the same capacity for the Quorn. After that Mr Robert Vyner, of *Notitia Venatica* fame, was master for one season, succeeded by Sir Clifford Constable and a committee. Mr James Hall, whom we have already alluded to, came next with a thirty season reign; the Hon. Alan Pennington was master for one season; then Mr Arthur Wilson went on for twenty-seven seasons, to be succeeded in 1905 by Mr Charles Brook from the Badsworth a good houndman who remained until 1908. Mr Harry Whitworth then came back from Ireland, to take up the duties of mastership in his native country.

The kennels are at Cherry Burton, three miles



from the master's house; the old red-brick walls and pantile roofs, shaded by gigantic trees, presenting a picturesque appearance suggestive of a coaching hostelry. The kennel arrangements are managed by Mr George Heigham who hunts hounds for Mr Whitworth, as he formerly did when in Ireland; the position of first whipper-in and kennel huntsman, being then filled by Tom Hawtin, who has since gone as huntsman to the Blankney. The kennel lists are appropriately bound in Mr Whitworth's racing colours, the sight of which prepared us to anticipate something extra well-bred occupying the hunt stables. Amongst the fifty horses stabled at the kennels and the hall, are several which have carried silk successfully, steered to victory by their owner in hunt races and steeplechases. All are Irish bred hunters, a beautiful bang-tailed type of blood-horse, able to gallop and stay in deep going; for the nature of the Holderness country with its wide drains and holding plough, requires the very best to keep hounds in sight.

Turning to the kennel, Mr Heigham drew the pick of the 1910 entry, and these included Traveller, a nice young dog by Cheshire Crouner. Furrier and Sampson were a well-matched couple of golden tan dogs by Fitzwilliam sires. Norman, by Brocklesby Nathan, was a nice turned dog on the small side, also Tattler, Nonsuch, and Drummer. Perhaps the best-looking bitch of the entry was Heiress, by York and Ainsty Helper, who is by Belvoir Helper, and she is a golden tan, showing length and substance.

Years ago there used to be much black colouring in the kennel, but now there is a more sorty appearance throughout the pack, which show the fashionable black, white, and tan. Amongst the dog-hounds we liked Trojan (1908), by Handel (1902)—the Peter-

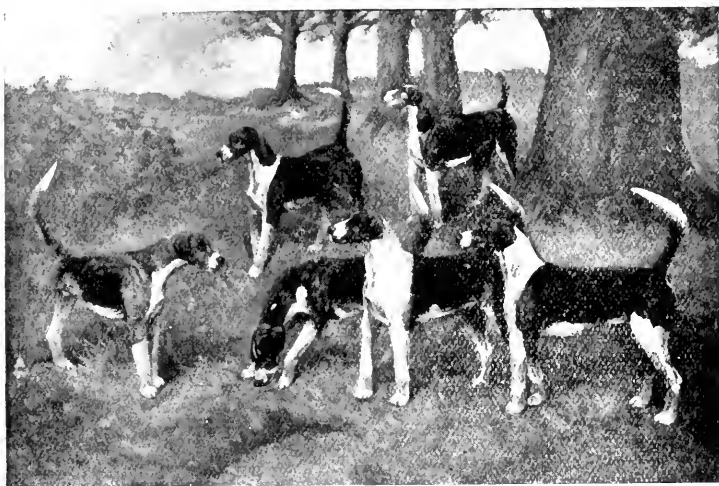
borough winner by Belvoir Handel—from Twilight (1902). Trojan as a second season hunter, was much admired by Mr H. Preston—who succeeded the Rev. Cecil Legard in the editorship of the foxhound stud-book. Trojan is a dog of some size and substance, good bone, and length, with a countenance well splashed with white, very characteristic of his sire. Another stallion hound with some weight about him, and Belvoir in colouring, was Carnival (1906), by Dasher (1902)—the Peterborough winner by Belvoir Dasher; and some of his get are to be found in Lord Middleton's kennel. Others passed before us in review order, were hounds Mr Whitworth brought with him from the Westmeath kennel at the end of an eight season mastership, and included Trueman (1907), by Warwickshire Turncoat (1897) from Brocklesby Trinket (1901); Dancer (1906), by Mr Charles M'Neill's Dasher (1902) from Brocklesby Ringlet (1902); Doncaster (1906), bought from the North Shropshire kennel, a nice sort of dog by their Dexter (1900), from their Stately. Other purchases, from the same kennel included Discord (1905), and Norry (1908). The full strength of the kennel was fifty-six couples, and included twelve couples by Handel (1902).

A subsequent visit to the Holderness, during August 1911, was prevented by the railway strike—much to our disappointment—for Mr Whitworth has considerably added to the value of the kennel by the purchase of the two stallion hounds, Cheshire Crouner (1906) by Mr Wroughton's Spanker (1900) from Cheshire Crumpet (1904); and Lord Lonsdale's Sergeant (1910) by Hertfordshire Sampler (1905) from South Cheshire Warble (1904). At Lord Lonsdale's dispersal sale of hounds, Mr Harry Whitworth purchased Sergeant for 100 guineas, and he has already

proved himself a valuable sire who will make his mark in pedigrees.

### THE BEDALE HUNT

For many years the Bedale kennel purchased the Belvoir draft of young hounds, with the happiest results, for the eye is immediately arrested by the sorry appearance of the pack to-day. In the



The Bedale Dog-hounds, 1910.

Student, 1910—Warrior, 1907

Workman, 1910—Druid, 1908—Vulcan, 1909—Galloper, 1910.

autumn of 1910 we spent several days at the kennels near Leeming Bar on the Great North Road; painting two groups of hounds for Mr John Moubray, the master, who succeeded the Duke of Leeds in 1904. The huntsman, Peter Farrelly, of Irish extraction, we found a very keen kennel-man, well versed in the science of hound breeding; and the two entries of 1909 and 1910 which we saw, were of considerable merit. With Belvoir as their foundation, the lines of blood had been most happily picked up, and the last entry of the two, we thought the

best. The sires of this entry were Bedale Carnival (1907), Wellington (1908) and Druid (1908); Meynell Stormer (1906), Prodigal (1904) and Warrener (1907); Brocklesby Vulcan (1903) and Prowler (1907); Belvoir Rioter (1908), Hartsholme (1908) and Harper (1908); Lord Middleton's Dexter (1902) and Stalwart (1907); Tynedale Governor (1907) and Woodman (1907). The full entry was twelve couples of dogs, to ten couples of bitches; the top dog-hound being by the home sire, Wellington. Unfortunately the kennel suffered a severe loss a few days before our visit, by the death of Wellington, who was described as "a hound with good ribs, well coupled up, plenty of bone, and a nailer in his work." He left a very nice son in Galloper, top of the 1910 entry, a lengthy young dog with style and carriage, standing on good legs and feet. An own brother to Wellington we saw in the kennel named Warrior, a light wiry sort, who hunts himself to a shadow, and he is not in office. Then there was Druid (1908), by South and West Wilts Landlord (1905), from a bitch by Belvoir Dexter, a nice turned hound with plenty of stuff and quality. Workman (1910) a big-framed hound by Wellington from a bitch by Tynedale Alfred; Student (1910), a nippy sort rather light of bone, by Lord Middleton's Stalwart, from a Belvoir Dexter bitch. One of the nicest young dog-hounds was Vulcan, first in the 1909 entry, a son of Brocklesby Vulcan, a good topped 23 inch hound, standing well. The bitches were very smart and sorty, the slashing Dinah (1907), Dowager (1909) and Hilda (1910), top of their respective entries, with the stamp of Belvoir on necks and shoulders. Others that we admired were Waspish (1906), Amazon (1910), and Ruby (1910); the twenty-eight and a half couples of ladies making a rare

show on the flags, looking in the pink of hunting condition.

The Bedale has always been considered an excellent school for huntsmen, and a country in which to make a pack of hounds ; for parts are wild, bringing out the best hunting qualities of huntsman and hounds. In the past it has been a stepping-stone for promotion ; and Frank Freeman, now huntsman to the Pytchley, learnt much that was useful to him, when carrying the horn for the Bedale. Sam Gillson was also another who stepped from the same position, to hunt the Cottesmore under Lord Lonsdale.

The old, red-brick kennels are the property of Mr John Osborne, who previously used them as racing stables, and they lie on a hill-side away from human habitation, being it is said the same height above sea-level as Harrogate. A double set of kennels, some distance apart, are provided for hounds to divide their time during summer and winter. The old loose-boxes with substantial padlocked doors are evidence of a racing establishment in years gone by, but are now occupied by the hunt horses. Various necessary buildings have been added for the convenience of the forty-four couples of hounds, which is the strength of the Bedale kennel.

### THE SINNINGTON HUNT

Intense patriotism for hunting exists in the dales of North Yorkshire, and many are the traditions of sport seen, when harrying "beasts of chase and beasts of venerye," from Thirsk down to the sea coast. It is said that the Sinnington country has been hunted continuously for two centuries and a half, since the time of George Villiers, second Duke

of Buckingham, who was the first master. Many are the packs which lay claim to be the oldest in the country; but the Sinnington must have been



Mr Penn Sherbrooke, M.F.H.

one of the first, though continuous records have not been preserved. Through the kind invitation of the present master of the Sinnington, Mr Penn C. Sherbrooke — whom we knew when hunting with the Belvoir and the South Notts in his native county, before taking on the duties of mastership in 1894—and renewing acquaintances, we

spent a most interesting day in August 1911 at Kirby Moorside. Mr Sherbrooke admits that he owes success in mastership to the assistance of his wife, who is the daughter of the immortal Mr John Chaworth Musters, of venatic and hound fame; and like her father one of the best across country. The previous master to the Sinnington, Mr R. Clayton Swan, during the three seasons he was in office, brought about great changes, building kennels for the pack which up to then were trencher fed; also the hunt servants until 1894, found their own horses out of the wages they received. Mr Swan left seventeen couples of hounds—taking the rest to hunt the Morpeth country—and Mr Sherbrooke built up a pack with Burton, Blankney and Belvoir blood during the ten years of his first term of mastership. After hunting for one season the country vacated by Sir Everard Cayley, Mr Sherbrooke returned to the Sinnington, to join Lord Helmsley in a joint-mastership; and has attained

success, breeding the pack, which won at Peterborough in 1900, with an unentered dog-hound Rambler; and still greater honours in 1903, when Pastime was the best brood bitch in the show. Mr Sherbrooke has hunted hounds himself during the whole time of his masterships, with the exception of (1902-3), when Mr Robin Hill carried the horn. During the early years of mastership there were



Judging at Peterborough, 1890.

Mr Reginald Chandos Pole, Mr P. A. W. Carnegy, Mr Tom Parrington.

many difficulties to contend with, new methods, altered conditions, and a scarcity of foxes. The untiring zeal since 1879 of the honorary secretary, Mr Alfred Pearson, has been the mainstay of the Sinnington hunt; enabling it to weather the storm through critical periods of history. "Nimrod," as Mr Pearson is affectionately termed all over the sporting North, we met, with Mr Sherbrooke, on the flags of the Sinnington kennel; and afterwards he introduced us to his great friend, the veteran Mr

Tom Parrington, who lives close by. In more ways than one our visit to the Sinnington was a memorable occasion and most enjoyable; a talk with Mr Parrington, who held a mastership of the hunt from 1879 to 1884—besides instituting the first foxhound show at Redcar as far back as 1859—revived many stirring periods in the annals of the chase, and marked the changes that have taken place. On two occasions we remember seeing Mr Parrington judging hounds at Peterborough, the first being when Oakley Rhymer, shown by Tom White-more, won the champion cup; and a second occasion in 1890 when Quorn Dreamer secured champion honours for Tom Firr. To-day Mr Parrington takes the keenest interest in hunting matters, and has many friends dropping in to talk over sport.

No chapter on the Sinnington would be complete without mention of the name of Jack Parker, who for thirty-seven years carried the horn, retiring in 1890 at the age of sixty-eight; and it may truly be said his spirit still animates the country-side. Eminently a sportsman—and a huntsman afterwards—gifted with a true sense of humour, many of his quaint sayings are well remembered by those who knew him. A long and very interesting chapter on Jack Parker is to be found in Mr J. Fairfax Blakeborough's book on "England's oldest hunt." Such a record in years to come will be of great value, because it sets forth a period in hunting-history which has passed away. Over the door of the huntsman's cottage at the kennels, the name of Jack Parker is to be seen inscribed; for future generations to remember the enthusiasm of one who was regarded in his time as a hero. We most of us realise that "the good old times" were not all good, and former generations of sportsmen



closely associated hunting with drinking ; entirely at variance with modern ideas, the fact is. Times have altered for the better !

Our visit to the Sinnington kennel happened to be on the hottest day of the year, ninety-three degrees in the shade, and that too within twelve miles of the east coast ! The young entry were the first Mr Sherbrooke gave R. Sherwood the order to draw for inspection. A big entry of young hounds are required every season, for it is a country with all sorts of going and steep hills, which try the stamina of a pack, four seasons being the average period of working capabilities. Thirteen couples was the size of the entry, for the two-day-a-week pack of thirty couples all told. The best of the young dog-hounds were by Milton sires, and showed the characteristics of that kennel, with a good many white or nearly white hounds ; which colour Mr Sherbrooke finds easy to sight in rough-going and hill-side cover. The Sinnington has been described as "the best two-day-a-week country in England," and a finer line to ride than that from Tylar's Bridge and Malton could hardly be found. The Sinnington hounds are a pack with plenty of drive and tongue, fit to go and no lumber to carry ; Mr Sherbrooke liking a big lot in the field, twenty couples or more. Foxes do not come to hand easily owing to the character of the country, the number killed being no criterion of the sport enjoyed. The greatest number accounted for during Mr Sherbrooke's mastership in a season is fifteen brace, with innumerable runs which ended in "marked to ground," for in the hill and moorland district, stopping is almost impossible. From Appleton Moor you get a view of the whole county, and the vale of grass stretching away into blue distance towards Malton, presents

a fine hunting panorama. A well-bred horse that can gallop and stay is necessary to keep hounds in view on a scenting day, for the strong black thorn-fences come quickly, and ditches are wide. The extent of the country is twenty miles by ten miles, consisting of hill and vale; the latter excellent riding with good scenting qualities, and there is practically no wire.

The following is an extract from the diary of the Sinnington hunt, setting forth an excellent run seen during March 1911, being one of a sequence of good days, when the officers of the Scots Greys, stationed at York, joined the field and quickened up the hunt. On Thursday, March 9th, the meet was 11.15 at Marton village, and Mr Penn C. Sherbrooke, joint-master and huntsman was in command, in the absence of Lord Helmsley, master, kept away by Parliamentary duties. Besides the usual followers of the Sinnington hunt there were out: Prince Arthur of Connaught, Captain Seymour, Captain Walter Long, Mr Pender, Lord Eliot and others of the Scots Greys; Captain Burrell, 12th Lancers, Mrs Hohler of the York and Ainsty hunt. The regular following of the Sinnington hunt includes Mr Edward Shaw, and Miss Shaw, Captain and Mrs Behrens, Mrs and Miss Hunter, the Hon. Gervase and Miss Beckett, Mr and Miss W. W. Lupton, Mr G. Lloyd Prescott, Captain Deakin, Mr E. S. Horton, Miss Innes Hopkins, Miss Cooper, Major Baker, Captain Fuller, Mr K. H. Beaumont, Mr E. J. Radcliffe, Mr T. Laughton, Mr Henry Cholmondeley, Mr Robert Pearson, Mr William Brown, Mr J. Mason, Mr C. S. Hopkins, Colonel Scoby and Mr Scoby, Miss Harrison, Mr J. Petch, Mr Marcus Kendall, Mr G. S. Hill, Mr L. H. Beaumont, Mrs Hall, Miss Fisher, Miss D. Darley, Mrs Wickham Boynton,

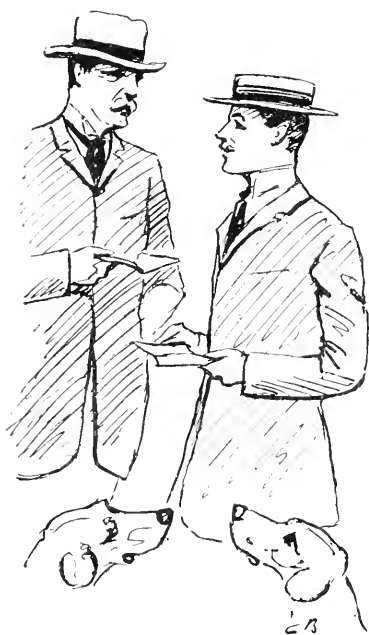
Mr John Brown, Mr R. C. Dixon, Mr Tom Barker, Mr Wm. Frank. Mr Robin Pearson, Dr and Miss W. Withington, Mr R. Rivis, Mr Alfred "Nimrod" Pearson, the hon. secretary, with Mr Tom Parrington on wheels.

The pack for the day was eighteen and a half couples, and finding in Rookborough covert close to the village, they ran hard in a south-west direction down to Sparrow Hall Bridge, crossing the river Dove. The fox then turned sharp northwards and ran up the east bank of the river to Edstone, over the hill, across Marton Common farm to Sinnington Mill. It was a very sharp five and thirty minutes up to that point, then hounds checked; but hitting it off up the Seven beck side they ran to Sinnington Lodge, across the railway and over Wrelton Cliff in the direction of Pickering. A storm came on and scent failed considerably, but after patient hunting below Wrelton, Aislaby, and Middleton villages, through the grounds of Keld Head House, hounds killed their fox dead-beat in Mr Ryley's garden at Savile House, on the outskirts of Pickering. It was a capital hunt of one hour and twenty-five minutes, the first thirty-five minutes being very fast. The mask of this good fox was presented by Mr Sherbrooke to Prince Arthur of Connaught. A move was then made to Rookborough covert, and a fox bolted from the artificial earths, led the pack at a good pace for fifteen minutes; saving his brush by getting to ground in the railway embankment at Sinnington Manor. The next draw was Muscoates Whin, and hounds ran in the direction of Salton. Turning right-handed they crossed the Riccal beck, running along the Rye beck on the north bank past Ness Hall and village, to Nunnington at a nice pace. There plough caused slow hunting and several

long checks, but they managed to creep on, and eventually a lucky holloa at East Newton Hall took them over the Rye beck and railway at Nunington Station. Getting close to their fox in Loskay Hill covert, they ran him away across the railway, through Scarlet wood, and killed near Stonegrave village, after one hour and ten minutes, making a good finish to a fine day's sport.

### THE HON. H. VANE'S HOUNDS

The country as at present constituted has existed since 1808, when Mr Richard Hill formed a pack with which he hunted until 1855. At his death Mr John Hill took over the mastership and sold the hounds in 1862 to the Duke of Grafton. Mr Harcourt Johnstone formed a fresh pack in 1862 and continued master till 1881, when he was succeeded by Captain the Hon. Francis Johnstone, who established a good working pack, which on his retirement in 1900 was sold for £1000, to Mr W. Baird, master of the Cottesmore, and Mr W. M. Wroughton, master of the Woodland Pytchley.



Captain the Hon. F. Johnstone and  
the Hon. H. Vane.

The hunt had until then been in the mastership of the Hill and Johnstone families for ninety-two years, and was immensely popular with the country-side. In 1900

Sir Everard Cayley commenced a five seasons mastership, and succeeded in obtaining the services of Mr Robin Hill, an amateur huntsman, son and grandson of former masters.

Mr Robin Hill, at one time acted as joint-whipper-in to the adjoining Sinnington Hunt, a year later becoming huntsman to both packs; hunting hounds four days a week in the two counties. In 1905 Mr Penn Sherbrooke held a brief mastership, to be succeeded by the Hon. H. Vane—son of Lord Barnard

—who is the reigning master, and carries the horn himself.

During August 1911, we had the pleasure of visiting the old kennels at Snainton, on the high road, midway between Scarborough and Malton, the occasion being Mr Vane's puppy show. The judges on this occasion were two ex-masters of the pack, the Hon. F. Johnstone, and Mr Penn Sherbrooke; with Mr Robin Hill a spectator, smoking his favourite cigarette holder made from the thigh bone of a fox's leg; the trophy of a memorable day's sport. The kennel-huntsman, Bert Thatcher, brother of Arthur Thatcher of Cottesmore fame, had a useful entry of nine couples to put forward, the best young dog and bitch being of the same litter, by name Dalesman and Destiny, sired by Lanark and Renfrew Romeo (1904), from Atherstone Dingle (1906). The second prize dog was Vanguard by Mr Fernie's Ferryman (1903), a rare sort of hunting-hound who strains back to Quorn Alfred.



Mr Robin Hill's fox-leg cigarette holder.

The strength of the kennel is fifty couples, as compared with twenty-five couples in Captain Johnstone's mastership ; and the bulk of the pack are dog-hounds, their music and temperament being found better adapted for hunting the large expanse of moorland. Mr Vane has purchased drafts of hounds from which he hopes to get a good pack together, and of these we saw seventeen couples of noble young dog-hounds from the Marquis of Zetland's kennel. The two that stood out, being Rioter by Belvoir Rioter, and Falmouth by Belvoir Vulcan. Some big-framed bitches were also to be seen from the Brocklesby, the pick of these being Semstress, a two season hunter by Meynell Stormer ; Perfect, a three season hunter, by Brocklesby Vulcan ; and Dismal by Brocklesby Drayman. Hounds during a day's hunting, travel miles unattended over the moors, where no horse can get with them, and consequently have to be well broken to "'ware sheep and riot."

In the stables were sixteen horses compared with six in Captain Johnstone's time, and these were a nice short-legged stud showing quality ; the nature of the country with its steep hill-sides and loose stones being exceptionally trying. The kennels have been very much improved and added to, every department looking well found—not forgetting one of Mrs Burns' celebrated Jorrocks' weather vanes on the gable of the stable.

## CHAPTER XV

### A HUNT WITH LORD ANNALY, FRANK FREEMAN AND THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS

The character of the Pytchley country—Lord Annaly and Frank Freeman, an ideal combination for sport—A record of good runs, season 1910-11—A visit to Mr J. H. Stokes at Great Bowden—Whyte Melville's Market Harborough—Mr J. H. Stokes at home and his reminiscences of early days' hunting and show-yard successes—George Carter and the Fitzwilliam—Record of the show-hunter, Whisky—To Sibbertoft by motor—The Pytchley hounds at the meet, and memories of Lord Spencer's mastership—Frank Freeman and his record—Lord Annaly greeted by hounds—Some Peterborough Pytchley champions—The characteristics of the Pytchley master—The field at Sibbertoft—The find at Marston Hills and a ringing hunt of an hour—The holding going on the grass—A kill at De Trafford Gorse—Another hunt from Sulby Gorse—A hundred brace killed during the season—Lord Annaly's departure for India, and his deputy—Followers of the Pytchley hunt past and present.

“ The Pytchley hounds are running hard across the Badby Vale,  
They fly like swallows on the wing altho' it blows a gale :  
'Twould make an old man young, I swear, to see so brave a sight,  
As scarlet flashes past and gleams—the Pytchley collar white.”

—By Mr H. CUMBERLAND BENTLEY,  
*Member of the Pytchley Hunt.*

THE district hunted by the Pytchley has been described as “ the admitted best four-day-a-week country in England,” with its oceans of uninterrupted pasture for beef and milk, on which has never been raised a quartern loaf. The hounds for such a country are the best ; possessing drive, dash, and music, sweeping along over the undulating panorama of grass in the full enjoyment of a scent. It is essentially a riding country to delight the heart of the brave man with a good horse under him, and a second class performer for such a country will only spoil pleasure and ruin nerve. From the roof

of a certain Market Harborough hunting-box we have counted a thousand head of cattle grazing in the view; the fences being necessarily strong to keep the roving bullocks in bounds. For days together a Pytchley hound may hunt without ever being off the grass, though there are some muddy corners in this happy hunting ground!

With Lord Annaly master, and Frank Freeman huntsman, the Pytchley has an ideal combination, resulting in most enjoyable seasons of sport. That of 1910-11 was one of the most open in the history of the hunt, hounds being stopped on three days only by frost and weather, sport too was excellent, though the going was holding; many runs with point and pace coming into the season's record. Altogether it was memorable, and the fact that a hundred brace of foxes were slain, stamps the Pytchley as a killing pack. Towards the end of the season, as the going improved there were a sequence of good runs, recorded briefly in the *Northampton Herald*, as follows: "Saturday, March 4th, there was a glorious gallop of forty minutes from Loatland Wood. The great run on Saturday the 11th from Badby Wood across the Grafton country finished near Wappenham. Then again Saturday the 18th, when hounds met at Oxendon, they scored a six and a half mile point, followed by a finer gallop ere the day was over for Perser's Hill Gorse. Then came Saturday 25th at Kilsby, where three splendid gallops filled in the day—two of them on Warwickshire ground—finishing late near Chuckburgh; the twenty-two minutes from Lilbourne to South Kilworth, on Wednesday the 29th ult., followed by a fine hunt later on of an hour and a half, will not readily be forgotten by those who had the privilege of joining in them."





THE PYCHILLY HOUNDS WITH FRANK FREEMAN, GREETING THE MASTER, LORD ANNALY



We have to thank Mr J. H. Stokes for a mount with the Pytchley on Saturday, April 1, 1911, when they met at Sibbertoft village, some four miles from Market Harborough. A good gallop resulted with the morning fox, ending in blood, and affording a stranger an excellent impression of Pytchleydom at its best; with a brilliant field of nearly three hundred riding along. Journeying from Grantham to Market Harborough by the morning train, gives



Mr J. H. Stokes giving a finishing touch.

a fine panorama view of Leicestershire's fair fields; classic ground where the mightiest Nimrods of past generations have ridden. Every field and every fence has an association that conjures up some episode of the chase, some name famous in the annals of hunting. Market Harborough recalls one of Whyte Melville's best sporting novels, and to-day is the centre from which three or four of the grass-country packs can be reached. A motor was in readiness to speed us with all haste to Mr Stokes' house at Great Bowden, a village that seems

to be the kingdom of the horse. Here you may meet representatives of every nation and language; looking for the pearl of great price, in a hunting paradise. There in the distance is the farm with its jumps, and the private pack of harriers kennelled close by; the big riding-school electrically lighted, where a horse can be extended in his gallop or jumped at any hour of the day or night. Square after square of stabling meets the eye, with weather vanes of life-size hounds and foxes; to remind newcomers that their hunting instincts must be up to concert pitch. The walls of the office are covered with winning rosettes; for successes in the show-ring with hunters, average over £1000 a year in prize value since 1899; reaching £2000 in 1905, 1907 and 1908. Among Mr Stokes' patrons he numbers representatives of all the great hunting families in England, His Gracious Majesty, King George heading the list, together with the late King Edward VII. And among foreign potentates are H.M. the Emperor of Austria, King Alfonso of Spain, and the late King Humbert of Italy. Masters of hounds include the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Lonsdale, and Sir Gilbert Greenall.

But there is Mr Stokes himself absorbed in trimming the tail of a magnificent grey weight-carrier; which was to be our mount. As a boy the world-known dealer of hunters had a passion for the chase, when at home on the farm with his father in Northamptonshire. His earliest recollections are riding a pony in Rockingham forest with George Carter, hunting the Fitzwilliam hounds. Happening to get in front of the old huntsman, who had rough and ready methods of tuition, he roared at him, "Confound your impertinence, boy, what do you mean by getting in front of me?" at

the same time blowing a terrible blast on his horn. Away down the ride bolted the pony like a rabbit, and taking charge of the youthful John Henry, jumped the gate out of the wood. By a miracle the rider remained in the saddle, and the old hunts-



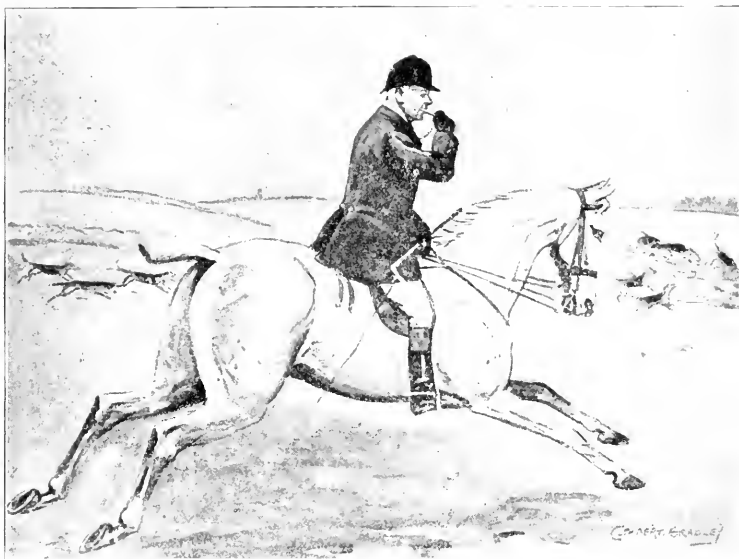
Captain Pennell Elmhirst on Boreas, for forty seasons Brooksby of the *Field*, master of the Woodland Pytchley, 1880-81.

man, mollified in manner towards the boy, finding a purchaser for the pony before the day finished. At the end of the season Master Stokes sold, in one day, three hunting cobs; and was supremely happy, establishing what he then considered would make the record for a life time! However, these were by no means the most noted transactions Mr Stokes has accomplished during a long career, and perhaps

the best hunter he ever owned was the noted show horse Whisky. This was a 14-stone hunter that won seventy first prizes in the show-yard, one second prize, and twenty-four champion prizes. Whisky wound up the season of 1906 by winning Lord Tredegar's prize of £20 for the best 14-stone hunter, a sporting event decided over a stiff line of hunting-country; which he jumped faultlessly. Although Mr Stokes is not seen in the saddle so often as years ago, he is well represented by his only son Ernest, who hunts as often as he can with the Quorn, Pytchley, and Mr Fernie's, having the advantage of being beautifully mounted. Mr Ernest also hunts his father's pack of harriers, bought from Mrs "Squire" Cheape—boasting the choicest blood which has won the ribbons on the flags at Peterborough.

The motor throbbing impatiently at the door, warned us that the horses had gone on to covert, and Mr Ernest at the wheel was watching the clock that said it was time to be off to Sibbertoft, the best part of five miles away. The road was twisty, and the view a fine stretch of undulating grass, neutral ground for the Pytchley and Mr Fernie's, for the most part characteristic of Leicestershire with racing fences and shallow ditches. Hounds had already arrived on the grass in the middle of the village, a bitch pack of fifteen and a half couples, a keen, wiry-looking lot, with ears unrounded as Lord Spencer would have it during his famous masterships in the 'seventies and 'nineties. Also the hunt staff have six buttons on the coat tails, a relic of the great statesman's livery. Frank Freeman sat his bang-tail blood horse with an expression of solemnity, as did Tom Firr; turning over in his mind some fox-hunting problem which is to insure the

success of the day's sport. A striking figure in the saddle and one who goes across country in the smoothest possible style, Freeman served a brilliant apprenticeship as whipper-in to the Belvoir, and afterwards the Cheshire. Going as huntsman later to the Bedale, which has proved an excellent school



Will Dale, huntsman to the Duke of Beaufort, blowing his silver whistle.

for hound-work and dogged perseverance when hunting a fox. To-day Frank Freeman is a brilliant exponent of the "noble science," one of the best of the new school of huntsmen, very quiet with his hounds and never in front of them, possessing a marvellous intuitive instinct as to the run of a fox. Tall and slight, with the suspicion of a stoop, Freeman is to the manner born, and comes of an illustrious family of huntsmen.

When Lord Annaly rode up, the hounds greeted him in joyous fashion, for he is one of those who loves to watch them in their work; riding along

as Asheton Smith must have ridden, eager only to see his favourites hunt. Lord Annaly will not have hounds lifted or interfered with, and they are full of the hardest blood derived from Brocklesby, Lord Henry Bentinck's, and other proven sources; for no pack has been more sensibly bred during the past thirty years. Harking back to the 'nineties in Mr W. M. Wroughton's mastership with John Isaac huntsman, this kennel won the champion cups at Peterborough in 1899 and 1900, for the best dog-hounds, Pytchley Potentate (1897) by Belvoir Gordon, and Pytchley Marquis (1899) by Belvoir Dexter. To-day both these hounds are represented in the kennel, and in the summer of 1911 the Pytchley competitors won some of the spoils on the flags at Reigate show.

The meet had a decided note of cheeriness, Lord Annaly making a splendid figurehead to the celebrated old country; for no master could be more successful than the urbane Irishman, with so genial a manner and tactful disposition, to control and lead "the white collars" of the Pytchley. The country under his management has entered upon years of prosperity, and hunting-boxes have sprung up in all directions. From the meet we rode to the wooded hills of Marston; a long procession which included Lord Althorp, the Hon. S. Stanley, Mr Harold Lowther, Mr J. G. Lowther, Lady Bridget Coke, Mr Bristow, Mr A. Church, Mr de Trafford, the Misses de Trafford, Mr Mark Carzenove, Captain Pennell Elmhirst, Mr T. Guy Paget, Mr H. G. Peachey, Miss Naylor, Mr W. M. Wroughton, Mr, Mrs and Miss Loney, Mr and Mrs Mason, Captain G. Paynter, Mr Nickalls, Mr Gwyer, Major Campbell, Captain R. B. Parker, Sir A. C. Cory-Wright, Miss Potter, Mr Schiliezzi, Mr Atter-



bury, Mr Bassett, Mr and Mrs Mills, Captain Alexander, the Rev. Cecil Legard and many others.

The Pytchley turf was riding fetlock deep, the gallant grey which we bestrode galloping on through the deep, over the trying ridge and furrow, as only a good one knows how. Hounds got quickly to work towards the Castle Ward earthworks, and in a very few minutes there was an inspiring view halloa from the valley below. Down the steep, boggy ride of the covert swept a competitive body of Pytchley leaders, with every horse fighting for his head. Before half of us had filtered through the bog in the gateway on the top side of covert, the fortunate few could be seen in the beautiful valley below, sailing away at the tail of hounds. It was poor consolation to one well left behind, holding on for dear life as a keen horse made the precipitous descent of that execrable wood ride, to be told by our neighbour that "Freeman always goes away from covert a regular burst for the first mile." Having established himself on good terms with the hunted one, he then lets hounds hunt as they will, playing with his victim as a cat does with a mouse; for it is five to one on a kill at the finish. Hounds were racing away close at their fox, and to save his life he doubled to the left in the valley, running along the foot of the hills on the Hothorpe side, in the direction of Sulby to the left of Naseby covert. The first twenty minutes sufficed to squander a very large field over the face of the country, but coming round left-handed gave us the opportunity to see the leading division with Lord Annaly and Frank Freeman riding across the vale of grass. Never dwelling, the chase swept on past Naseby, in the direction of Longhold, skirting which, they went straight away over the Kelmarsh road and

Clipstone, completing a wide ring at a good holding pace back to Marston Hills. It was a severe gallop for horses, and the cloud of steam as we packed in a gateway, or checked momentarily by a covert told its own tale. Still pursuing, Freeman steadily worked up to his fox, passing through De Trafford Gorse, hounds hunting nicely out on the Bosworth side through Carnell's Spinney, and with a brace travelling before them they ran into De Trafford Gorse and killed. It was a good finish for a hunt which had lasted just over an hour, the ground being the most holding and trying in the Pytchley country; some of the hill-sides resembling miniature mountains. The bitches were so keen at the finish that they broke their fox up and ate him without any further ceremony, whilst the dismounted field stood about in groups on the hill-side of a wild and picturesque bit of hunting-country. One incident at the finish was the runner, standing in the gateway with a silk hat which he had picked up; anxiously scanning the field for a bare-headed rider.

The order was then given for Sulby Gorse, and a light-coloured fox took to flight at once in the direction of the Woolleys, where he saved his brush by getting to ground. Further stirring sport took place in the district of Sibbertoft and Hothorpe Thorns, back to the trying Marston Hills again. The hundred brace of foxes killed by Freeman during the season 1910-11 was accomplished almost unassisted by that modern instrument of fox-catching termed a spade.

With Lord Annaly's departure for India, during November 1911, in attendance on the King, the command was taken by his son-in-law, Sir Charles Lowther. As usual, Lord Annaly issued his customary courteous appeal to landowners and farmers

in the country ; thanking them at the same time for their kind assistance, support, and encouragement, which “ made easy and pleasant his duties as master.” Adding that it will be his “ constant endeavour to show appreciation for all the kindness shown to him.”

Amongst followers of the Pytchley we may mention Lady Delia Spencer, Major-General Sir John Brabazon, Sir Mervyn Manningham Buller, Lord and Lady Dalmeny, Colonel J. Hill, Major Leslie Renton, Major and Mrs Barry, Captain and Mrs Alexander, Mr and Mrs Harry Cumberland Bentley, Captain Middleton, Captain Weir, Captain E. C. Sowerby, Mr Vere Wood, Mr R. B. Loder, Mr C. B. Ismay, Mr and Mrs H. St J. Mildmay, Mr H. E. Courage, Mr Woodfield, Miss Marks, Mr and Mrs J. G. Trollope, Mr T. Ratcliffe, Mr T. E. Manning, Mr C. E. Thorpe, Mr J. V. Collier, Mr and Mrs O. C. Wallis, Colonel Coote, Mrs Aikman, Mrs Clark, Mrs Byass, Miss Caledcott, Miss Thornton, Mrs D. K. Courage, Mr and Mrs H. P. Cross, Mrs Fair, Mr and Mrs Sydney Loder, Mr Slow, Mr Bradbury, Mr Poyser, Miss Steele, Mr F. S. von Stade, Mr and Mrs Harold Brown, Mr and Mrs Gilbert Robinson, Mr Nunneley, Mr Dick Farmer, Mr Callis, Mr J. Cooper, Mr A. Britten, Mr J. Brown, Mr W. Warren, Mr E. Kimbell, Mr Percy Bletsoe, the Rev. J. O. Hichens.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE SIRES OF THE BELVOIR KENNEL DURING SIR GILBERT GREENALL'S MASTERSHIP, 1896-1912

The points of a foxhound, by Somerville—Fox-hunting on the flags in summer—The proportions of a Greek statue, compared with the foxhound—Weight and measurements of Belvoir sires—Skill in breeding for the kennel—The triumphs bred by Goodall, Gillard, and Capell—Two great entries, 1899 and 1906—The reasons for correctness of outline, and mathematical balance—The best made machinery wears the longest—Fixed standards of outline or comparison when viewing hounds—Belvoir Weaver (1906), and his famous sons—Grafton Woodman—Weaver's characteristics and pedigree—Belvoir Vulcan (1908) and his son, Lord Lonsdale's Vulcan (1909)—Belvoir Wizard (1909) and his famous sons Belvoir Curate (1911), and Meynell Wiseacre (1911)—Belvoir Chorister (1910)—Belvoir Ragman (1906), his characteristics and pedigree—Belvoir Rallywood (1909) and his famous daughter Grafton Rakish (1911), champion at Peterborough—Meynell Waverley (1909), champion at Peterborough (1911), son of Belvoir Warlock (1906)—Belvoir Helper (1903) and his characteristics—Belvoir Daystar (1903) and his son Harper (1908)—Belvoir Dasher (1900) and his granddaughter Waverley (1908)—Belvoir Smoker (1907)—Ages of sixteen and a half couples of stallion hounds in office in the Belvoir kennel—Bluecoat, the famous hunt-terrier, and his history—A tribute to the skill of Sir Gilbert Greenall—Ben Capell—The future mastership.

“ . . . See there, with countenance blythe  
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound  
Salutes thee cō'ring, his wide op'ning nose  
Upwards he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes  
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;  
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue  
In lights or shades by nature's pencil drawn,  
Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs  
Fleck't here and there in gay enamel'd pride  
Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown tail  
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;  
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands ;  
His round cat-foot, straight hams, and widespread thighs,  
And his low-drooping chest, confess his speed,  
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,  
Or far extending plain ; in every part,  
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill

Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.  
Of such compose thy pack."

—SOMERVILLE.

FOX-HUNTING on the flags is a summer occupation, and by the middle of June hounds are on show, in glory of new summer coats, with the bloom and gay colouring to rival the beauties of the butterfly. During the season's sport, expert opinion decides on the merits of hunting qualities, and in the summer, viewed on the flags, there is the opportunity to study the nicer detail of make and shape. The subtle symmetry and finished

anatomy of the foxhound—like the proportions of Greek statuary—requires constant study before appealing to the finer senses. So we find hound-men making pilgrimage to Belvoir on the eve of Peterborough, to refresh eye and memory, with a standard of perfection in type and outline.

The Duke of Rutland's kennel, so splendidly maintained by Sir Gilbert Greenall, a past-master in breeding all kinds of pedigree stock, has for a great many years stood alone for its excellence and purity of lineage. It is the Mecca for all hound-breeders, and there are few who do not admit they have used the blood with advantage to their kennel.

The Greeks and Romans made the nude in sculpture their own; it was of their times—but to-day a superbly proportioned foxhound is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, and therefore the fit object for our study. We all have our ideals,



The Duke of Rutland.

and of the foxhound, Canon Kingsley once wrote, "Next to an old Greek statue there are few such combinations of grace and strength as in a fine foxhound. Majesty is the only word; for if he were ten feet high instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you compare him? It is a joy to see such perfection alive." That it is possible to fault even the most approved model hounds, only adds zest to the worship of the ideal; for after all it must be remembered that the statue of the Venus of Milo—the most superb piece of sculpture worked at the end of the grand Greek period, was inspired by the limbs of eleven of the most beautiful ladies of the time. Human perfection in every detail is only supposed to exist in the brain of the artist.

The Belvoir hounds have aristocracy of bearing in keeping with their high lineage, and Ben Capell is unrivalled at putting before the critics a succession of beautiful models, who stand so that every line of their symmetry can be appreciated at a glance. The foxhound represents the highest type of breeding; the result of nature, not limited, but developed by high civilisation. So far as the Belvoir are concerned, after visiting the kennel regularly during the past twenty years, and following the expert opinion of Captain Pennell Elmhirst, "Brooksby" of the *Field*, it would appear that they are surpassing even their own standard of excellence. Very closely bred, they are a proof how closely a pack of hounds may be inter-related, without loss of constitution or working powers. The Belvoir hounds to-day will measure or weigh against those seen on the benches generations previously; for bone and muscle have been consolidated in a marvellous way, and that too without any loss of the beautiful quality. Weighty sires are to be

relied upon to produce weightier sons, physique and shapeliness being maintained with very little help from outside strains of blood. The value of such purity of ancestry cannot be overestimated, and the greatest interest is centred on each successive entry put forward at Belvoir; to see what sources of blood have been skilfully blended with



Master Gilbert and Edward Greenall on the flags at Belvoir.

the parent stock. As the saying is, nothing succeeds like success; and the looker-on is apt to take it for granted that these triumphs of selection and breeding are arrived at without much difficulty on the part of the kennel management. As was once remarked in our hearing by an irreverent hard-rider, watching the entry being judged, "Difficulty! why there's no difficulty breeding hounds when you've got such a grand store of Belvoir bitches;

if you put them to tom cats, the puppies would come right!" It was an unconscious tribute to the high standard of feet and legs in the kennel; and the services of a grand array of stallion hounds are there available for the needs of any pack in the United Kingdom, seeking quality, symmetry, bone, constitution, power of frame—and hunting abilities as a matter of course. The nicest science has to be exercised when breeding a sire whose blood will suit the matrons of his own kennel; and in doing so, at critical moments, Sir Gilbert Greenall and Ben Capell have been most fortunate. If it had been otherwise, the results would at once have been disastrous; for when a kennel arrives at the zenith of its fame, only the most skilled expert, backed by good fortune, can keep it there. To-day, when hound breeding has improved in a marvellous manner throughout the country, and many beautiful packs have sprung into existence; so that stallion hounds are not hard to find as was once the case, Belvoir sources are in greater demand than was the case twenty years ago.

On the occasion of our last visit, Ben Capell was showing to quite a large party assembled on the flags, assisted by the first whipper-in, Jack Hewitt; the dog-hounds being put forward in rotation. To enjoy an hour or two so spent, it is necessary to know something about the antecedents of this most interesting family of foxhounds, bred out into branches which never get very far away from the parent tree. The gradual development of the kennel from 1850—when Will Goodall brought Rallywood from the Earl of Yarborough's kennel—has been set forth at length in the preceding volume, "Good Sport."<sup>1</sup> To-day the blood of Brocklesby

<sup>1</sup> See "Good Sport," vol. i., chap. xvii.



Rallywood is diffused through every fashionable kennel in England. Belvoir's Rallywood (1853), by this illustrious sire, founded the present family of hounds; Belvoir's Weathergage (1876), Gambler (1884), Dexter (1895), and their sons built it up; Belvoir's Dasher (1900), Vagabond (1899), Stormer (1899), Handel (1899), Weaver (1906), and Ragman (1906), crowning the edifice. During Sir Gilbert Greenall's sixteen seasons of mastership, the policy has been to keep the kennel in the zenith of vigour, with large entries of young hounds every year. Entries of hounds vary in quality like everything else, their numerical strength and value depending on the vagaries of weather, effects of distemper, and other causes. It is generally agreed that the entries of two years, 1899 and 1906, were of exceptional merit; giving as they did a group of stallion hounds whose fame is perpetuated by descendants in the kennels throughout the United Kingdom. The first great entry of 1899 included Vagabond, Handel, and Stormer; that of 1906, Ragman, Weaver, Warlock, and Hampton. Many hours of contemplation are spent on the flags at Belvoir every summer, by more than one hundred masters of hounds and other experts, studying the descendants of these sires.

The usefulness of some animals may have been impaired by breeding for points, but the foxhound has never become the "sport of fashion," for his beauty is more than skin deep; wise men versed in the science of the chase deciding what his construction should be, to perform successfully the strenuous duties entailed by a faster era of sport. Modern perfection of symmetry of outline may be compared with the finish of high-class machinery, which can stand the test of time, and speed of

working ; inferior quality buckling up under such severe strain. Carrying not an ounce of superfluous lumber when in hard condition, the frame-work of the modern foxhound is beautifully constructed, to travel at a high rate of speed with the least possible effort or shock to the internal organs. Studying carefully the make of a foxhound, we may note the reasons for the correctness of outline, and the mathematical balance, which his frame presents to the eye. The correct shape of neck, shoulders, feet, legs, and strength of loin have more inherent value than the mere beauty of outline. Experience has shown that loaded shoulders cannot act over ridge and furrow at the end of a long day's hunting. Crooked legs turn the elbows inward, knocking the wind out of a hound by thumping on the ribs when travelling at a high rate of speed. Long fleshy toes are more susceptible to damage than short round ones, and any weakness of construction below the knee is all against a hound wearing for any length of time. Ribs and heart room are of vital importance ; the turn of back and loin satisfying the eye that they indicate constitution and staying powers. Best of all, high-breeding gives the splendid courage which is the motive power of the modern foxhound. Economy is, therefore, one of the most important reasons which furthers the interests of foxhound breeding, because the best bred ones wear the longest, and do the most work. The Belvoir sort would appear to be everlasting ; for such famous hounds as Rallywood, Weathergage, Gambler, Dexter, Handel, Stormer and Ragman, all passed the allotted span of life ; their names appearing in the kennel lists right up to the tenth season.

Something might be said about each of the six-

teen couples of stallion hounds which Ben Capell put forward year by year; for their respective merits call to mind many models of the kennel, which we went to see two generations ago. Regular kennel-goers carry a fixed standard of outline in their mind's eye, and to thoroughly appreciate the symmetry of the foxhound it is necessary to see them often enough.

Belvoir gives us a sight of the ideal, and Peterborough sets the standard of type; both of which are institutions that should be visited annually by the students of foxhound breeding. Memory, however, is an uncertain jade, and the foxhound eye requires constantly attuning before we can walk into a kennel and appreciate what is set before one. Even a skilled huntsman who had been out of office for a year, admitted as much when he said, "let us go in your kennel, Will, and have a look round, for I have clean forgotten what a hound looks like, and I am due to judge at a puppy show to-morrow!" Some there are who close the kennel-book with the remark, "the best foxhounds I ever saw were Quorn Alfred, shown to me by Tom Firr; Belvoir Gambler, shown by Frank Gillard; and Belvoir Dexter, shown by Ben Capell; I never hope to see their like again!" As there is no animal that has kept up with the times like the foxhound, and met the requirements of the age in which he lives, this is only a pessimistic view to take; for the standard of excellence everywhere is considerably higher than was the case ten or fifteen years ago.

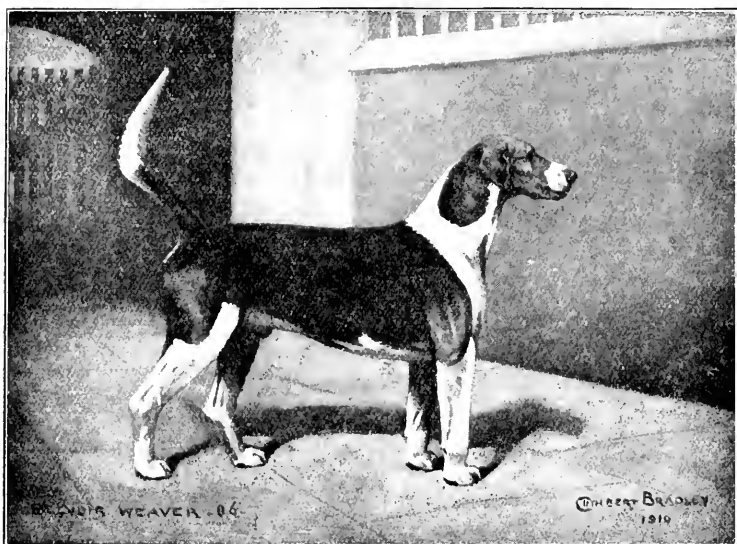
The two principal families of hounds now at Belvoir are the Weavers and the Ragmans, each showing their characteristics of outline. Crossed in and out, the most successful results have been obtained, as may be judged by the quality and substance of the coming

sires and matrons of the kennel. Weaver was one of the stars of the kennel, flourishing between 1906 and 1910, sireing some remarkable weighty sons distinguishable for beautiful quality. It is a testimony to Weaver's excellence as a sire, when we note that his three sons, Vulcan (1908), Wizard (1909), and Chorister (1910), were all placed first in their respective Belvoir entries. Furthermore, the 1911 entry was headed by his grandson, Curate, the son of Wizard; a massive dog-hound with enormous forearms, like those of a lion; well-sprung deep ribs, bone carried down to his toes, and the beautiful quality one always expects to find. In the third generation there is no suspicion of deterioration of power or substance; it is the old Gambler sort we have before us, cast in a rather larger mould. A long, low hound, near the ground and beautifully balanced, the substance being marvellous in proportion to the height; leading the eye to the middle of the hound directly we view him on the flags. Weaver's pedigree brings in the blood of Grafton Woodman (1892), which has proved a most valuable outcross for the kennel. Grafton Woodman, strained back to Belvoir Founder, stood well in the kennel, and was a great hound in his work. The sire of Weaver was Warlabby, top of the 1906 entry; a rich-coloured hound from a Vagabond bitch, a model nearer the twenty-three inch standard, on nothing like the massive scale of his son Weaver. The sire of Warlabby was Wonder (1898), who was by Grafton Woodman; and Wonder was by no means an impressive hound to look at, but proved a most valuable sire for the Belvoir kennel.

On the flags Weaver was a masterpiece, handsome even for a Belvoir hound, with the deepest rib measurement,  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches, ever seen in the kennel;

a good working hound, "his opening note was the finest thing you ever heard!" If we had to make such a noble hound over again, the length of his toes was about the only point to improve upon; for with that exception he met you well, and stood magnificently on the grandest hocks.

His sons showed a strong family likeness to their



Belvoir Weaver, 1906.

sire, and the young Weavers worked out top of many an entry for other packs. His pedigree reads as follows:—

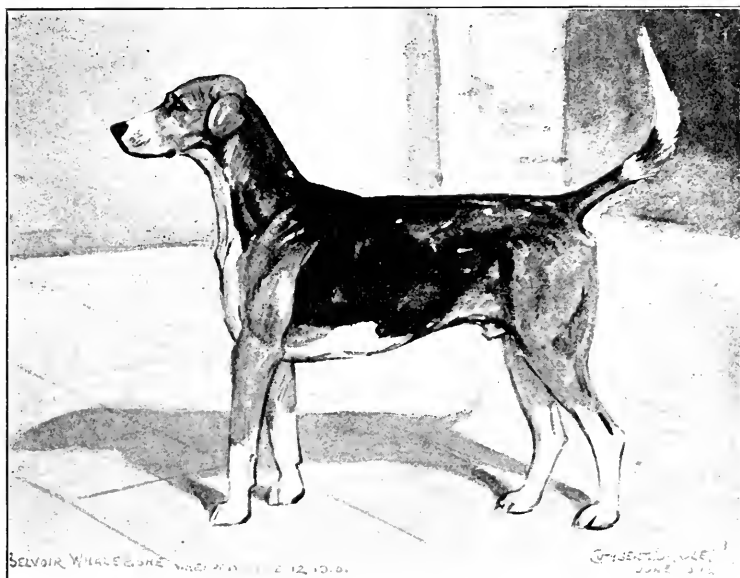
Weaver, 1906	{	Warlaby, 1904	{	Wonder, 1898	{	Grafton Woodman, 1892.		
				Violet, 1901		Vantage, 1895.		
	{	Garnish, 1901		{		Vagabond, 1899.		
						Heartless, 1899.		
						Watchman, 1892.		
						Dorothy, 1889.		
			{	Dexter, 1895	{	Resolute, 1894.		
			{	Gambol, 1899		Gravity, 1894.		

Vulcan (1908), representing Weaver's first season as a sire, was placed top of the Belvoir entry, and

combines the blood of Vagabond (1899) through his dam, Vision (1905). He is a rich-coloured hound, deep in the rib and built near the ground, a determined sort in chase, characteristic of the old hard blood of Tapster and Pirate, which Gillard prized so much. It can be said that he made his mark when sireing, for the Earl of Lonsdale, the beautiful young dog Vulcan (1910), from South Cheshire Treason (1907), a Belvoir Valesman bitch. At the dispersal sale of hounds, Lord Lonsdale sold his young Vulcan to the Marquis of Waterford, for the Irish pack, the price being the record for the year 1911, namely 200 guineas. Lord Lonsdale's Vulcan had the biggest forearm we ever remember seeing on a foxhound of his inches, standing as he did,  $23\frac{1}{2}$  inches. His rich colouring too, of blue black and deep Belvoir tan, was identical with that of his sire. Weaver's next particular bright star to cheer the hopes of the Belvoir, was Wizard of the following year. The breeding of this young dog on his dam's side, made him most valuable as a sire to suit the matrons of the home kennel. Spiteful (1905), the dam of Wizard, was by Ringwood (1901) out of Saintly (1901); and Ringwood was the son of Ransack (1894), who was the son of Donovan (1891), the son of Rufford Dancer. Wizard was a dog that won the admiration of many masters of hounds, being low-set and powerful, a model in outline, with distinguishing white ticks in his rich-coloured coat. We have before alluded to his son Curate, who heads the 1911 Belvoir entry, and Wizard had the further distinction of sireing Meynell Wiseacre, the best unentered dog-hound at Peterborough hound show, 1911. A young hound who ran Curate very close in the 1911 Belvoir entry was Whalebone, by Warlabby (1904) from Snowdrop (1908), a noble

upstanding dog with size and quality. Of him Brooksby said in the *Field*, "he is the gem of 1911, and worth a long journey to see. A picture of elegance and power combined, owning no suggestion of lumber, yet with immense bone down to his ankles."

Still one more conquering hero has to be recorded



Belvoir Whalebone, 1911.

to Weaver's credit, by name Chorister, who won the cup for the 1910 entry. This is a slashing young dog, perhaps higher on the leg than the other winners by this sire. All quality, with immense bone carried well down, and very perfect symmetry, he stands over a lot of ground, looking the right stamp for a Leicestershire grass country. On the side for his dam, Charmer (1906), Chorister brings in a valuable outcross to Lord Galway's Woldsman; and his broken colouring is rather

typical of that dog, and his great-grandsire, Belvoir Woldsman (1898), a son of Watchman and Honesty; who was walked by the Master at Wools-thorpe. Belvoir Woldsman was a hard worker, carried no flesh on his ribs, had a beautiful tongue, and although not straight, sired some good whelps for the Bramham Moor and Atherstone kennels. The distinguishing characteristics of the Weavers is their generous countenances, their dignity of carriage, and the mysterious blending of size, shape, and colour. The group of stallion hounds by Weaver, now in office at Belvoir include—beside those already mentioned—Wiseman (1908) Wexford (1909), Chimer (1910), Contract (1910), Hazard (1910), Roland (1911). Weaver unfortunately came to a sad end, laid low by the kick of a horse beside Sproxton's Thorns, in the spring of 1910.

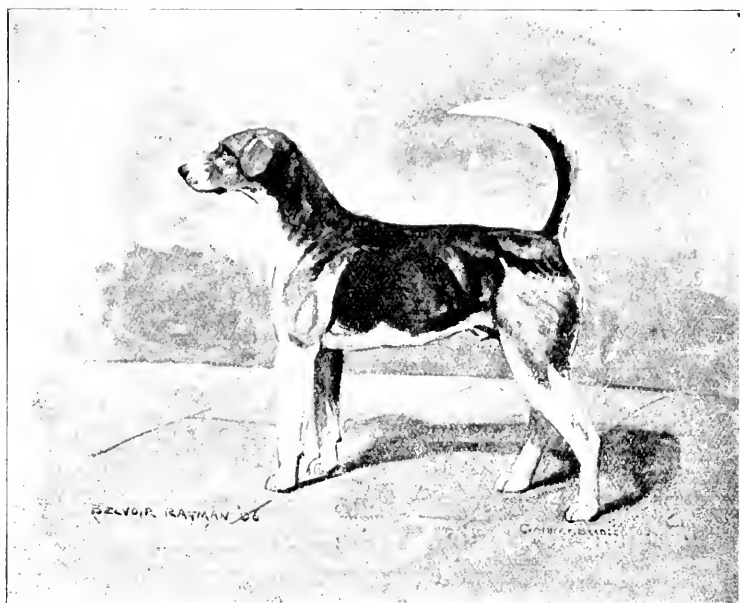
The Ragman group of stallion hounds are a clan of themselves, who have on every occasion run the Weavers very close in the contest for supremacy on the flags. It is easy to recognise the family characteristics of the Ragmans, who are a taller build of hound, with a shoulder not nearly so oblique as that of the Weavers. Generally distinguishable by a paler colouring of tan, they look determined hunters, able to stride along to the top, and stay there. Ragman was first in his entry, 1906, beating Weaver; though the popular verdict was about equally divided between the merits of the two hounds. Since then, the progeny of these two famous sires have fought out the finish on the flags at Belvoir; with the result that the Ragmans have on each occasion had to take second position to the Weavers. The breeding of Ragman made him a particularly valuable sire for the home kennel, to



mate with the daughters of Dexter, of which there were several. The following gives his pedigree:—

Ragman, 1906	{	Royal, 1903	{	Holderness Rustic, 1897	{	Belvoir Rusticus, 1894.	
			{	Vanish, 1897	{	Alice, 1894.	
	{	Heresy, 1900			{	Dexter, 1895.	
					{	Vengeance, 1890.	
				{	Dexter, 1895	{	Watchman, 1892.
				{	Honesty, 1892	{	Dorothy, 1889.
						{	Hermit, 1890.
						{	Sunshine, 1886.

The Ragman stallion hounds now in office at Belvoir, are Rioter (1908), Dalesman (1909), Druid



Belvoir Ragman, 1906.

(1909), Dandy (1909), Dabster (1909), Garnet (1909), Rallywood (1909), Reveller (1909), Salesman (1909), Donegal (1910), Deadlock (1910), Doric (1910), Nominal (1910). It must not be forgotten that the young sire Rallywood—placed second in the 1909 entry—a son of Ragman and Ransome (1903), had the distinction to sire Grafton Rakish (1911), who as an unentered bitch established

a record by winning for Mr Charles M'Neill and Sir Samuel Scott the champion cups at the Peterborough and Reigate hound shows. Of Grafton Rakish it was said by the critics of the *Field*, "She has nearly every good point a young foxhound bitch should have. She has good bone, adequate substance, nice size, good legs and feet, is symmetrical and prettily turned, with a deep brisket and loin. We thought her the most charming foxhound in the show." Mr M'Neill kindly supplied the following measurements of this beautiful model, taken by independent parties. Height 24 inches, girth round heart, after three hours exercise and no food since previous day, 31½ inches; round arm, just below elbow, 8½ inches; round neck 17 inches; from tip of nose to tip of stern, straight over back line and head, 59 inches. Later reports tell us that this charming daughter of Belvoir Rallywood, has "entered the very best to hunting."

Yet a third champion cup went to the credit of the Belvoir blood in 1911, when the Peterborough verdict pronounced Meynell Waverley (1909) to be the best dog-hound on the flags. This grand two-season hunter combines the blood of Belvoir, and the old Hugo Meynell sort, which were the first to hunt foxes in Leicestershire. Meynell Waverley (1909) was bred by Mr Gerald Hardy,—who is a pastmaster in the science of breeding hounds,—the result of a union with Belvoir Warlock (1906) and Meynell Promise by their Trader. Referring back to Belvoir lists, it will be found that Warlock (1906) was a son of Stormer (1899), who was one of the best hounds seen on the line of a fox, in whose veins coursed the blood of Grove Harkaway and Belvoir Dexter. Warlock was a hound of some





*By permission of the "Field."*

BELVOIR HELPER 1903

size, with great bone below the knee, and sired some beautiful stock.

One of the smartest middle-sized sires was Helper (1903), a seven season hunter by Handel (1899), from Ruby (1900). A nicely inbred dog to Watchman, placed second in the entry to Daystar—who was, glorious son of Dexter, beautiful even for a Belvoir hound! “See this hound stand,” said Ben Capell drawing Helper for inspection. “He will stand for a week, it’s no trouble to him. Did you ever see rounder, closer, cat-like feet on a foxhound? One gentleman said to me, ‘are his feet right?’ and all I could say was, ‘I don’t really know because I never had a good view of them!’ He carries his bone right down to his toes, and is a nice sized ‘ribby’ dog that is getting a lot of good stock all over the country. Shelly hounds are no use for sires, you must have stuff to get your stock big enough, lots of bone for wear and tear. A great hound in his work, Helper does drive on, and no mistake! He will be there!” The loss of Daystar, killed out hunting in his second season, was a great disappointment for the kennel; though fortunately he left some daughters who have perpetuated his fame. The union of Helper with Gauntlet (1905), the daughter of Daystar, resulted in Harper (1908) one of the finest stallion hounds in the kennel. It used to be Capell’s delight to draw Ragman and Harper together on the flags for inspection, and so alike were they in character and outline, that even the most practised eye had to guess which was which. What a gloriously matched couple they would have made for Peterborough, if the Ducal kennel had ever been a competitor in public! Harper is a foxhound in every line, standing on the best of legs and feet.

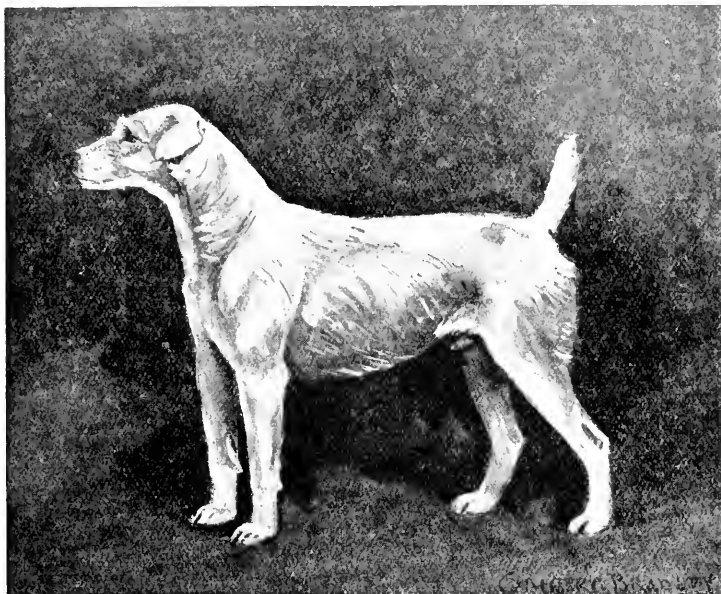
Another great hound was Dasher, who stood out so prominently at the head of the 1900 entry, and Belvoir's hopes were centred in him to succeed in office his illustrious sire Dexter. But, alas! too early in his career he fell a victim from the kick of a horse; though fortunately not before there were some of his get in the kennel, including Worcester (1904) who was in the list of stallion hounds.

A massive low-set son by Stormer (1899) is Smoker (1907), from Spiteful (1905), and Capell pointed him out as having "the best knees in the kennel." But he is not a hound to show himself, generally appearing to be deeply absorbed in thought when seen on the flags.

For many years the Belvoir had a noted fox-terrier, named Bluecoat, running with the pack; a dog with a wonderful character for work, who never tired in the longest day's hunting. Bluecoat was about as game as they make them, and between times the sweetest-tempered dog imaginable. Bred by Mr F. T. Poyser when master of the County Galway Blazers between 1899 and 1902, he was presented as a puppy to Nimrod, the eldest son of Ben Capell, huntsman to the Belvoir. For many years Bluecoat was the only sort of dog allowed inside the huntsman's house; and he grew up with the family, developing wonderful intelligence and hunting instincts. A nearly all white dog with a few blue ticks in a strong working coat, he was a good stamp of hunt-terrier, rather short in the neck, but good over the back, and through the loin. Known all over the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire district where the Belvoir hunt, he soon established a reputation for work and gameness, keeping up all day with the pack.

In his latter years Bluecoat became the property

of Mr R. Clayton Swan, ex-master of the Morpeth and Sinnington Hunts, with whom he was a great favourite, being always brought to Belvoir for the hunting season. The sire of many good puppies, he is succeeded at Belvoir by one of his sons, and poor old Bluecoat died in harness last spring,



Belvoir Bluecoat, the hunt-terrier.

drowned when swimming after a rat ; much to the regret of his owner, Mr Clayton Swan.

Looking through the Belvoir 1911 list, the following are the ages of the stallion hounds, one eight-season hunter ; one seven-season hunter ; one six-season hunter ; three five-season hunters ; four four-season hunters ; twelve three-season hunters ; thirteen second-season hunters ; total sixteen and a half couples of stallion hounds. Belvoir is in the zenith of fame, a national institution for the purest source of blood to any kennel seeking to

improve the quality of its hounds. To the regret of the Belvoir country, Sir Gilbert Greenall resigns the mastership at the end of season 1911-12, Ben Capell relinquishing the post of huntsman at the same time, after an honourable record of service.

The Duke of Rutland, acting on the advice of the hunt committee, nominates Lord Robert Manners, D.S.O., and Mr Thomas Bouch—ex-master of the Tipperary and Atherstone hunts—to be joint-masters of the Belvoir hunt in succession to Sir Gilbert Greenall. The Duke of Rutland at the same time consents to continue the arrangement, by which he lends the hounds and kennels to the country. May the beautiful “Ducal pack” show as good sport in the future, as they have in the past.



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